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**VENUS AND ADONIS**

**1593**

**FACSIMILE**

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HENRY FROWDE, M.A.  
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY  
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SHAKESPEARES  
VENUS AND ADONIS

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF  
THE FIRST EDITION

1593

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## PREFATORY NOTE

THIS reproduction in collotype facsimile of the unique copy in the Bodleian Library of Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis* forms, with the accompanying reproductions of the earliest editions of *Lucrece*, *Sonnets*, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and the play of *Pericles*, a supplement to the facsimile reproduction of the First Folio, which the Oxford University Press issued in 1902. All the compositions which find a place in the present publication were excluded from the First Folio, and this undertaking therefore completes the presentation of Shakespeare's writings in their most authentic shape.

The five volumes which are dealt with here were published in Shakespeare's lifetime in varying conditions, which are described in detail in the editorial introductions. All the volumes are of the highest bibliographical rarity, and in cases

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where more than one copy of the first edition exists, that one in the best state of preservation has been chosen for reproduction.

Not merely the first edition of these Shakespearean volumes, but all the reissues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, survive in very few copies. With a view to perfecting the bibliographical story, reproductions in facsimile are given of the title-pages of the rarest of these reissues.

Thanks are due to the Curators of the Bodleian Library for permission to reproduce the original editions of *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, of *Lucrece*, 1594, of the *Sonnets*, 1609, and of *Pericles*, 1609. Mrs. Christie Miller has generously permitted the reproduction of her copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, which is in the library at Britwell. This volume has not been photographed before, and is in far finer state than the only other copy known—that in the Capell Collection in Trinity College, Cambridge.

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the Trustees of the British Museum; three by permission of the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge; and one—the *Venus and Adonis* of 1599—by permission of Mrs. Christie Miller of Britwell.

In the case of each of the five works, the editor has endeavoured to give a history of all surviving copies of original editions and of early reissues, as well as to indicate their present homes. In the notes to his introductory essays he has made specific acknowledgement to the many owners who have aided him at particular points in this difficult part of his research. Among those who have given him much general assistance, he feels it right to mention here the American collectors, Mr. E. Dwight Church, Mr. W. A. White, and Mr. Marsden J. Perry; Mr. George Parker Winship, Librarian of the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, Rhode Island; Mr. Strickland Gibson, of the Bodleian Library; M. Hugues Vaganay, Librarian of Les Facultés Catholiques of Lyons; Mrs. Strong, Librarian to the Duke of Devonshire; Mr. R. E. Graves, Librarian of the collection at Britwell; Mr.

Strachan Holme, Librarian to the Earl of Ellesmere ; Mr. F. J. Payne, whose full and competent notes on textual points have been very suggestive ; and Mr. W. B. Owen, late Scholar of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, who has given the editor valuable help in the collation of the texts and has rendered him much other service in preparing the work for the press.

*October 1, 1905.*

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## I

SHAKESPEARE'S poem of *Venus and Adonis* has a peculiar fascination alike for the poet's biographer, critic, and bibliographer. It is sufficient to mention three points of interest. Firstly, the volume, alone in the great roll of Shakespeare's works, includes a precise personal statement from the dramatist's own pen respecting its composition. Secondly, it supplies a singularly illuminating clue to the relations subsisting between Shakespeare's early work and the poetic efforts alike of his contemporary fellow countrymen and of the poets of the Italian Renaissance. Thirdly, it was the earliest of his writings to find its way to the printing press, and, although the early editions were extraordinarily numerous, exceptionally few early copies survive. Neither the intrinsic nor the extrinsic character of the volume is to be exactly matched in variety of interest in the whole range of Shakespearean literature.

No more valuable fragment of autobiography exists than the dedicatory letter bearing the poet's signature, which is prefixed to the original edition of *Venus and Adonis*. It is addressed to 'The Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Titchfield'. Only one other of Shakespeare's works, *The Rape of Lucrece*, was similarly distinguished by a prefatory epistle from the poet's pen, and that was addressed to the same patron. But the inscription before the *Venus and Adonis*, which is somewhat fuller and yet at the same time somewhat simpler in expression than its successor, differs from it, too, in supplying

Points of  
interest.

'First heir  
of my in-  
vention.'

information under the author's hand as to the chronological place which the work fills in the long list of his achievements. Shakespeare, in his letter to the Earl of Southampton, declares his *Venus and Adonis* to be 'the first heir of my invention'.

The frank tone of the address to the Earl combines with evidence from the poem's internal characteristics almost to compel the critic to interpret those words—'the first heir of my invention'—in their obvious sense. A difficulty inevitably suggests itself. By the year 1593, when the poem was first published, Shakespeare had written at least four original plays, and had revised as many more by other hands.<sup>1</sup> None of these eight plays had yet gone to press, but such work must have been composed subsequently to 'the first heir' of the author's 'invention', if that phrase is to be taken quite literally. The needs of the situation are, however, easily satisfied by the assumption that *Venus and Adonis* was written, or at any rate sketched out, several years before it was published. The theory, which there is abundant internal and external testimony to justify, that this tale in verse was in all essentials the earliest of Shakespeare's experiments in poetry, does not exclude the likelihood that it was freshly elaborated before it was printed. There is indeed ground for the suggestion that the work lay in manuscript in the author's desk through four or five summers, during which it underwent occasional change and amplification.

The tone of  
the poem.

Shakespeare's assurance that the poem was the first-fruits of his mighty faculty is amply confirmed by its tone

<sup>1</sup> The four original plays are in my view *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Romeo and Juliet*; the four revised plays are in my view *Titus Andronicus* and the three parts of *Henry VI*.

and subject. Neither makes it easy to quarrel with the conclusion that it was originally drafted while the poet's quick sympathetic intelligence was first growing conscious of its power. From the purely literary point of view the work often reaches heights of poetic excellence, which might have glorified the maturity of lesser men. But, viewed in relation to Shakespeare's ultimate achievements, it shows the promise of greatness more plainly than the fruition. The signs of immaturity are not to be mistaken. The lascivious temper which plays about the leading incidents is more nearly allied to the ecstasies of adolescence than to the ripe passion of manhood. There are many irrelevant and digressive details which, though as a rule they bear witness to marvellous justness of observation and to exceptional command of the rich harmonies of language, defy all laws of artistic restraint. The metre, despite its melodious fluency, is not always so thoroughly under command as to avoid monotony and flatness. The luxuriance of the imagery is one of the poem's most notable characteristics, and for the most part it serves with precision its illustrative purpose. But there are occasional signs of the juvenile tendency—of the vagrant impulse—to accumulate figurative ornament for its own sake. Nearly all the figures are, moreover, drawn from a somewhat narrow round of homely experience, from the sounds and sights of rural or domestic life. The 'froward infant still'd with dandling', the changing aspects of the sky, the timid snail creeping into its shell, the caterpillar devouring foliage, are among the objects which are employed by the poet to point his moral. All betray an alert familiarity with everyday incidents of rustic existence. The fresh tone and the pictorial clearness of the many rural similes in the *Venus and Adonis* seem, in fact, to embody the poet's early



impressions of the country-side,—impressions which lost something of their concrete distinctness and filled a narrower space in his thought in adult years, amid the multifarious distractions of the town.

The subject-  
matter.

The subject, too, savours of the conditions of youth,—of what Shakespeare called in his *Sonnets* (LXX. 9) ‘the ambush of young days’. Shakespeare chose to occupy his budding fancy with a somewhat voluptuous story—an unsubstantial dream of passion—which was first revealed to him in one of his classical school-books, and had already exercised the energies of famous versifiers of his own epoch in England and on the continent of Europe. As in the case of most youthful essays in poetry, the choice of so well-worn a topic as Venus and Adonis shows Shakespeare to have embarked at the outset of his poetic career in a consciously imitative effort, even if the potency of his individuality stamped the finished product with its own hallmark. Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* had emulated the example of Theocritus and Bion, the pastoral poets of Greece, in narrating the Greek fable of Venus and Adonis. Ovid’s poem filled a generous space in the curriculum of every Elizabethan school, and at all periods of his career Shakespeare gave signs of affectionate familiarity with its contents.

But Ovid was only one of the literary companions of Shakespeare’s youth, and the Latin poet dealt with this tale of Venus and Adonis in bare outline. In spite of his deep obligation to the great Roman, Shakespeare did not confine his early poetic studies to him. There are ample signs that he filled out Ovid’s brief and somewhat colourless narrative on lines suggested by elder English contemporaries, Spenser and Marlowe, Lodge and Greene. In finally manipulating the theme there cannot be much doubt, too, that Shakespeare

worked up some vitalizing conceptions which were derived from the Italian poets. Long before he wrote, foreign writers had elaborated the simple classic myth in narrative verse which closely anticipated his own in shape and sentiment.

Most of the varied influences which moulded Shakespeare's poetic genius, indeed, find a first reflection in *Venus and Adonis*. In it, recent impressions of the country life of Warwickshire seem to be fused, not merely with schoolboy devotion to Ovid and youthful enthusiasm for the new birth of English poetry, but with genuine appreciation of the taste and feeling which the Renaissance had generated in all cultivated minds of Western Europe. On foundations offered by the novels of Italy and France—some of the most characteristic fruit of Renaissance literature—Shakespeare at the height of his powers reared many of his best-known plays. The same elements of literary sustenance, the same force of literary sympathy, which fed the stream of Shakespeare's genius in its maturity, seem, in the eye of the careful student, to course in embryo through *Venus and Adonis*, 'the first heir' of his invention.

## II

CRITICS of *Venus and Adonis* hardly seem conscious of the fact that the story of Venus and Adonis engaged the attention of poets in Italy, France, and Spain, as well as of England, both before and after Shakespeare approached the theme.<sup>1</sup> The extent to which Shakespeare was acquainted with the preceding foreign efforts may be difficult to appraise, but that

Distribution  
of the story.

<sup>1</sup> J. P. Collier strangely wrote of *Venus and Adonis* sixty years ago: 'It was quite new in its class, being founded on no model either ancient or modern; nothing like it had been attempted before, and nothing comparable to it was produced afterwards.'

he had learned something of them is a proposition that is hard to refute. In any case it is desirable to indicate briefly the distribution of the story in the literature of the European Renaissance, not merely because the attempt does not seem to have been made before, but because only thus is Shakespeare's work, whatever its precise measure of indebtedness, set in its rightful place in the broad current of contemporary thought and aspiration. Shakespeare's achievements are commonly treated in isolation—as work detached from the great movements of his epoch. In many instances the supreme quality and individuality of his genius may largely justify the critic in ignoring the links that bind the poet to his era. But in the case of *Venus and Adonis*, no such transcendent merits are in question. He writes on a lofty level. But the plane along which he moves is that in which many others of the century had their being, and his literary no less than his historic position is misrepresented, when the similar work of those who wrote a generation or two before him, or at the same time as he, is passed by in silence.

The Greek  
festival of  
Adonis.

The story of Venus and Adonis, which had its source in Phoenician or Assyrian mythology, was absorbed at an early period by the religion of Greece. The earliest poems in honour of Adonis, the beloved of Venus, who was prematurely slain in a boar-hunt, were elegiac hymns written to be sung at an annual religious festival commemorative of the youth's sad death.<sup>1</sup> Sappho and Praxilla wrote such lyrics

<sup>1</sup> The compilers of the Vulgate version of the Old Testament introduced a reference to the familiar Adonaic festival. Cf. 'Et introduxit me per ostium portae domus Domini, quod respiciebat ad Aquilonem: et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant plangentes Adonidem' (Ezek. viii. 14). The Hebrew text reads Thammuz, the god of light. According to the story as it was ultimately incorporated into the religion of Greece and of all the lands by the shore of the Eastern Mediterranean, Adonis, after his wooing by Aphrodite (Venus) and his physical death in the boar-hunt, was suffered, at the earnest entreaty of the

of lamentation for ritual observances in the sixth century B.C. But it was three centuries later, in the closing epoch of classical Greek literature, when the worship of Adonis flourished in its chief glory, that the theme was developed to best effect by Theocritus and Bion, the Greek pastoral poets of Sicily. The fifteenth of Theocritus' Idylls describes the celebration of the festival of Adonis, and includes a beautiful psalm sung in the hero's honour. The finest of all Greek poems on the theme is Bion's pathetic *Lament for Adonis*, which enjoyed the admiration of the poets of the Renaissance, and ultimately suggested to Shelley his *Adonais*, the great elegy on Keats.

Idylls of  
Theocritus  
and Bion.

goddess of love, to spend in spirit half the year in Hades with Persephone (Proserpina) and half the year on earth with Aphrodite. The myth seems an anthropomorphic interpretation of the annual birth and decay of vegetation, Adonis being identified with the spirit that brings the flowers and fruits year by year to life, and then deserting them leaves them to decay. This interpretation is confirmed by the name of 'Gardens of Adonis' (κῆποι Ἀδωνίδος), which was conferred throughout Greece in classical times on earthen vessels, in which plants were brought to fruition with exceptional rapidity and then usually faded as quickly. Many classical authors mention these flower-pots under the name of 'Gardens of Adonis' (cf. Plato, *Phaedrus* 276). In 1 Henry VI, i. 6-7 Joan of Arc's 'promises' are likened to

#### Adonis' gardens

That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next—

sure evidence of ripe classical knowledge in the author of this scene. Spenser in his *Faerie Queene* (Bk. iii, Canto vi, Stanzas xxix-lxiii) gives an elaborate description of 'The Garden of Adonis', which he represents allegorically as the great treasury of Nature's seeds—

The first seminary  
Of all things that are born to live and die  
According to their kinds.

Developing his theme somewhat irregularly, Spenser finally makes the 'garden' the eternal home of the immortalized hero Adonis, where he is visited by his lover Venus (Stanzas xlii-xlix). Milton, doubtless imitating Spenser, wrote of

Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son.

(*Paradise Lost*, ix: 439-41.)

Ovid's  
narrative.

From Greek literature the story spread to Roman. Ovid's narrative of the fable in his *Metamorphoses* (x. 520-738) is a mere skeleton, and is awkwardly obscured by the interpolation of the independent story of Hippomenes' foot-race with Atalanta (ll. 560-707). But Ovid caught something of the temper of Theocritus and Bion, and added a few mythological details. It was through the Latin that the tale in the first instance reached the poets of Western Europe. Dante's slight allusion to Venus' infatuation (*Purgatorio*, xxviii. 64-6) and Chaucer's apostrophe to Venus in *The Knight's Tale* (2227-8)—

For thilke loue thou haddest to Adon,  
Have pitee on my bitter teres smart,

are Ovidian reminiscences.

Shakespeare, too, gained his first knowledge of the myth from Ovid. He had opportunities of reading the Ovidian tale in both Latin and English from his school-days. Golding's English verse translation of the *Metamorphoses*, of which the publication was completed in 1567, was constantly reprinted during Shakespeare's lifetime, and the dramatist adapted many passages from it in plays of all periods of his career.

Ovid's account of Venus' infatuation for Adonis, of her warnings against the ferocity of the boar, of his love of the chase, of his death in the boar-hunt, of the goddess' grief, and of her lover's transformation into a purple flower, are the broad bases of Shakespeare's poem. Apart from verbal coincidences, some of its leading characteristics—the free employment of pictorial imagery, and the frank appeal to the senses—indicate that Ovid, whether in the Latin original or in the English translation, was a primary source of inspiration. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid passed indeed beyond the bounds of the Latin poet's brief version of the

simple story of Venus and Adonis. Shakespeare drew crucial hints for his superstructure from two independent episodes of the *Metamorphoses*, firstly from the wooing of the reluctant Hermaphroditus by the maiden Salmacis (bk. iv), and secondly from the hunting of the Calydonian boar (bk. viii). The coyness, which is the main characteristic of Shakespeare's Adonis, does not distinguish Ovid's Adonis, who is mildly responsive to Venus' embraces; it is the characteristic of another of Ovid's mythical heroes, Hermaphroditus. Such lines in Golding's rendering of the tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus as

Leave off, (quoth he), or I am gone and leave thee at a  
becke

With all thy tricks,  
and

Striue, struggle, wrest and writh (she sayd) thou froward  
boy thy fill,

Do what thou canst thou shalt not scape,

can be matched almost verbatim in Shakespeare's poem. There is nothing faintly resembling them in Ovid's tale of Venus and Adonis. The white figure of the boy Hermaphroditus, gleaming beneath the water as he bathes, is likened by Ovid to an image in *ivory* or a white *lily* encased in clear glass.<sup>1</sup> Adonis' white hand is compared by Shakespeare to

A *lily* prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or *ivory* in an alabaster band. (363-4.)<sup>2</sup>

But it is possible that Shakespeare interwove this Ovidian

<sup>1</sup> In liquidis translucet aquis, ut eburnea siquis

Signa tegat claro, vel candida lilia, vitro (Ovid, *Met.* iv. 354-5).

<sup>2</sup> In *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 241-2, Shakespeare quotes as symbolic of extravagant wealth, 'jewels in crystal for some prince to buy . . . tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glass'd.'

story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus at second-hand—that he appropriated it from an original poetic adaptation by an English contemporary, Thomas Lodge.<sup>1</sup> It is beyond reasonable doubt, however, that Shakespeare's eye caught direct Ovid's description of the Calydonian boar, which figures in the eighth book of his *Metamorphoses*. Golding thus renders Ovid's description of the brute of Calydon (*Metamorphoses*, viii. 284-6):—

His *eies* did glister blud and fire: right dreadfull was to see  
His *brawned* necke, right dredfull was his *beare* which grew  
as thicke

With pricking *points* as one of them could well by other sticke.  
And like a front of armed *Pikes* set close in *battall* ray,  
The sturdie *bristles* on his *back* stode staring up alway.

In Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* the boar is pictured thus (619-21, 625-7):—

On his *bow-back* he hath a *battle* set  
Of *bristly pikes*, that ever threat his foes;  
*His eyes*, like *glow-worms*, shine when he doth fret; . . .  
His *brawny sides*, with *hairy bristles* arm'd,  
Are better proof than thy spear's *point* can enter;  
His short thick *neck* cannot be easily harm'd.

By way of acknowledging a large indebtedness to Ovid, Shakespeare selected a somewhat self-complacent quotation from him as the motto of his poem. On the title-page are the two lines from Ovid's *Amores* (I. Elegy xv. 35-6):—

Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flayus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 32 sq. infra.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid's *Amores*, translated by Marlowe about 1589, was first printed about 1597. That translation was probably accessible to Shakespeare in manuscript. Marlowe rendered the cited lines thus:—

Let base conceited wits admire vile things,  
Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses' springs.

But had Shakespeare gone to Ovid alone, his *Venus and Adonis* would not have taken the shape which is familiar to us. The scholars of the Renaissance rediscovered in the sixteenth century the Greek pastoral poetry of Sicily, and many poets of the Renaissance, while they continued to pay much deference to Ovid, sought inspiration in Theocritus and Bion as well. Not Ovid's *Metamorphoses* alone, but also Bion's elegy was translated into all the vernacular tongues of Western Europe, and it was sometimes under the Greek influence, and sometimes under the Latin, and more often under the two influences combined, that there came to birth the massive *corpus* of poetry on the classical legend in Italian, French, Spanish, and English.

Through the Renaissance literature of Italy the story spread rapidly. At the end of the fifteenth and at the beginning of the sixteenth century it was a frequent theme in Italy of scholarly Latin verse<sup>1</sup>, and early in the sixteenth century it found its way into the vernacular Italian poetry. The vogue of the story was greatly extended by an Italian rendering of Bion's elegy (wrongly assigned to Theocritus under the title of *Epitafio di Adone di Teocrito*), which appeared in a collection of *Rime Toscane* in 1535.<sup>2</sup> A very

In the  
Renaissance  
poetry of  
Italy.

<sup>1</sup> Numerous Latin poems on Venus and Adonis by Italian scholars, including Alciati, Sannazaro, and Minturno, are found in Gruter's *Delitiae Italorum Poetarum*, vol. i, pp. 32, 90, 1311; vol. ii, pp. 723, 924, 1452. In *Pontani Opera*, 1503, an epigram *De Adonide et Venere*, p. 10, gives a vivid description of nature's grief on Adonis' death; see also *De conversione Adonidis in citrui*, p. 139. Slight reference is made to Adonis by Ariosto in his *Orlando Furioso*. He is mentioned under Ovidian influence as a type of ardent lover, Canto vi, Stanza 57, and as the child of an incestuous union in Canto xrv, Stanza 36.

<sup>2</sup> This was first published in Paris in 1535 and reissued in Venice in 1538 and 1547. The author's name is given on the title-page as Amomo; nothing else seems known of him. Cf. F. Flamini's *Studi di istoria letteraria italiana e straniera*, 1895, pp. 256 sq.



few years later three well-known figures in the history of Italian literature developed almost simultaneously the theme in original Italian verse. All wrote in the same eight-lined stanza under Greek and Latin influences, which were mingled in different proportions, but they arranged the common material according to their individual fancy.

Dolce.

Lodovico Dolce, who translated Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Euripides' tragedies into Italian, besides writing many original plays and poems of classical temper, published in 1545 his *La Favola d'Adone* ('The story of Adonis') in eighty-four eight-lined stanzas. Dolce followed Ovid slavishly, even setting on Venus' lips the interpolated tale of Hippomenes' suit of the swift-running Atalanta. But he seems to essay some originality by making Jove contrive Adonis' death at the entreaty of Juno, who is jealous of Venus and seeks to injure her.<sup>1</sup>

Tarchagnota.

The second Italian poem, *L'Adone*, was in seventy-four eight-lined stanzas, and was by an Italian of Greek origin, Metello Giovanni Tarchagnota. His work was published at Venice in 1550. Tarchagnota avoids Dolce's digressions, and is his superior in passionate and picturesque expression.<sup>2</sup> He felt more nearly the spontaneous charm of the Sicilian poetry.

Parabosco.

Within less than a decade a versatile friend of Dolce, Girolamo Parabosco, an organist at St. Mark's, Venice, who made a reputation as writer of madrigals as well as of novels and poems, tried his hand on the theme in a poem of

<sup>1</sup> Dolce's poem was appended to the first issue of his play called *Il Capitano*, which appeared at Venice, 1545. The British Museum has no earlier edition than that of 1547.

<sup>2</sup> Of the first edition, which is extremely rare, there is a copy in the Grenville Collection at the British Museum. The copy in the Biblioteca Nazionale in Rome was reprinted at Naples in 1898, edited by Angelo Borzelli. Tarchagnota, who died at Ancona in 1566, was a Greek and Latin scholar and an industrious compiler in prose, chiefly from Greek and Latin. His poem *L'Adone* seems his sole surviving experiment in verse.

fifty-four eight-lined stanzas—*La Favola d'Adone*. He worked on the simple lines of Tarchagnota, and strictly confined himself to depicting Venus' passion and Adonis' death.<sup>1</sup>

The warmth of feeling which is inherent in the legend Marino. was reflected by Dolce, Tarchagnota, and Parabosco, in the comparatively sober colours which were characteristic of the Greek poets. The like restraint is observable in the briefer Italian poems on the subject which figure in the 'Rime' of Luigi Groto, called *Cieco d'Hadria* (Venice, 1577), and in *L'Adone, idillio di Ettore Martinegro* (Venice, 1614). But ultimately a more famous poet of the Italian Renaissance, Giovanni Battista Marino, gave freer play to a lascivious imagination, and wove round the story a voluptuous epic in twenty cantos, which was again entitled *L'Adone*. Marino, as an extant letter proves, designed near the outset of his career a poem of Adonis on the restricted plan which Parabosco and Tarchagnota adopted. He also translated anew Bion's *Lament*. But the work grew under his hand, and finally emerged in the prolix and affected collection of mythological improprieties, which has given him claim to rank with the chief literary masters of lubricity. Marino's poetry was well known to Shakespeare's contemporaries<sup>2</sup>, but his epic

<sup>1</sup> This was first published at Venice as an appendix to the third book of Parabosco's *I quattro libri delle lettere amoroze*, Venice, 1561. The literary work of Parabosco, who died in 1557, and of Dolce, was not unfamiliar to the Elizabethans. Watson notes that two of his 'passions' (Nos. lxx and c) in his *Hecatompathia* (1582) were based on 'the invention of M. Girolamo Parabosco', and Drummond of Hawthornden records that in 1612 he read Parabosco's *Lettere amoroze*—the volume which includes the poem *L'Adone*. George Gascoigne's tragedy of *Jocasta* is a translation of Dolce's version of Euripides' *Phoenissae*, and Lodge acknowledged that several poems in his *Marguerite* were written 'in imitation of Dolce, the Italian poet'. I can find no reference in Elizabethan literature to Tarchagnota.

<sup>2</sup> As early as 1592 the poet Daniel issued by way of appendix to the collection of sonnets, which he entitled *Delia*, a translation of one of Marino's poems, which he called *The Description of Beauty*.

of Adonis was not completed till 1623—long after Shakespeare's poem was published. The history of his endeavour, however, affords salient proof that the topic persisted in Italian literature throughout Shakespeare's career.

In the  
Renaissance  
poetry of  
France.  
Melin de  
St. Gelais.

Passerat.

A like story has to be told of the history of the tale in France. It gained its first hold on French readers, when Melin de St. Gelais published in 1547 a beautiful rendering in French of Bion's *Lament*. This was probably completed ten years earlier, and was constantly reprinted. Before 1574 a graceful lyricist, Jean Passerat, penned a short poem in 134 lines of rhyming couplets called *Adonis, ou la Chasse du Sanglier*. It is a simple narration on Ovidian lines of Adonis' beauty, of Venus' infatuation, of her warnings of the boy against devotion to the chase, of his impetuous challenge of the boar, of his death, and his transformation into a flower.

Gabriel le  
Breton.

Subsequently the fable was turned by another French writer to more complex uses. It was made the basis of a tragedy called *Adonis*, by Gabriel le Breton, a Paris lawyer, who published his work in 1579. The play was designed as an allegorical elegy on the death of King Charles IX of France, on May 30, 1574. Adonis represents the dead king, and Venus typifies grief-stricken France. Venus' lamentations show more tragic power than appears in any contemporary adaptation of the theme. The machinery involves the introduction of characters like Mars, Diane, Cupidon, L'Ombre d'Adonis, and two shepherds, Montan and Sylvain, in addition to the hero and heroine. But the conventional lines of the tale are generally respected, and there are no intricacies of plot.

In the  
Renaissance  
poetry of  
Spain.

In Spain it was Italian example which directly inspired the treatment of the story. One of the most accomplished of Spanish statesmen, Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza,

who in the course of his diplomatic occupations visited both Italy and England during the first half of the sixteenth century, produced in 1553 a Spanish poem called *Fábula de Adonis*, in eight-lined stanzas, which enjoyed wide popularity in the peninsula. Don Diego narrated the legend after the manner of Dolce. Other Spanish poets subsequently repeated Mendoza's experiment. In the miscellaneous collection of poetry, the *Cancionero jeneral* of Amberes, which appeared in 1557, there figured an attractive poem on the subject in short metre. A writer of repute, Juan de la Cueva (1550-1609), penned in eighteen 'ottavas reales' the *Llanto de Venus en la muerte de Adonis*<sup>1</sup>, and there is a stilted sonnet by Lope de Vega's friend Juan de Arguijo (d. 1629), entitled *Venus en la muerte de Adonis*. Finally, in the last decade of the century, the theme was elaborately recast by a more distinguished pen. Lope de Vega's tragedy entitled *Adonis y Venus*, which greatly developed the ancient legend, is the most notable adaptation of the story in the literature of Spain.<sup>2</sup>

Don Diego  
Hurtado de  
Mendoza.

Juan de la  
Cueva.

Lope de  
Vega.

Thus a cursory survey of the literature of the European Renaissance shows not merely that the story of Venus and Adonis had already travelled far and wide before it engaged Shakespeare's attention, but that it was still enjoying active life abroad while he was working upon it. The strong family resemblance which exists among the component parts of this many-languaged Adonic literature is mainly due to the common sources in classical poetry. Only where there recur in two or more poems details or reflections or

Family like-  
ness among  
the Renais-  
sance poems.

<sup>1</sup> *Obras poeticas*, Seville, 1582.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Observaciones preliminares*, ix-xxv, before Lope's tragedy *Adonis y Venus* in *Obras de Lope de Vega publicadas por la Real Academia Española*, Tomo vi, Madrid, 1896. Several narrative poems on the same subject appeared in Spain during the seventeenth century. Cf. Alonso de Batres' *Fábula de Adonis y Venus*, and Juan de Moncayo y Gurrea's *Venus y Adonis* (Zaragoza, 1652).

Shakespeare  
and the  
Italian poets.

imagery which are not derived from Ovid or Theocritus or Bion can any theory of immediate interdependence deserve a hearing. There are too many details peculiar to Shakespeare's poem and to its Italian predecessors, to preclude the suggestion that Shakespeare was acquainted with the latter and absorbed some of their ornaments and episodes.<sup>1</sup> The deliberate setting of the scene of *Venus and Adonis* amid flowers blooming under the languorous heat of summer skies is outside the scheme of the Latin or Greek poets. Yet this is a feature which is common to the work of Shakespeare and the Italians. Dolce gives (Stanza vii) an enchanting picture of the pleasant spot ('alma stagion') where Venus and Adonis first meet:—

Quivi tra gigli le vermiglie rose  
Vi dimostrano ogn' hor liete & vezzose.

Parabosco (Stanza iii) is equally alive to

L' herbette e fiori et ogni verde stelo  
which deck out the fair trysting-place ('la bella stagione'), and nearly bury Adonis out of sight. Shakespeare is no more sparing of references to lilies and roses. Flowers—'blue-veined violets' and primroses—embroider the bank (ll. 125, 151) whereon Venus lies while she tempts Adonis. Again, Tarchagnota's opening stanza shows the afternoon sun shining on the flowery meads:—

Nè l' ardente stagion, che in ciascun prato  
Secca ogni vago fior, ch' odor rendeva;  
Era già Phebo oltre il meriggio andato,  
E partendo men caldo il ciel faceva.

<sup>1</sup> A similarity meets us in the preliminary pages. Each of the early Italian poems is preceded, as in the case of Shakespeare's work, by a very short dedicatory epistle in prose addressed to a patron. In two cases the patron is a man, and in the third a woman. The pointed brevity of the salutation, and the employment of prose instead of verse, are somewhat rare characteristics which are precisely paralleled in Shakespeare's two narrative poems.

The sun's rising or falling rays constantly illumine Shakespeare's story, which opens in the dawn of a summer's day.<sup>1</sup> The sunlit atmosphere, no less than the flower-strewn grove, seems redolent of an Italian origin.

There are indeed other and more definite accretions to the classical legend, both in Shakespeare and the Italian poets, which seem to indicate loans levied by the English poet on his foreign predecessors. The impressive execration of death which Shakespeare puts into Venus' mouth has the true ring of poetic fervour, and bears the stamp of the Shakespearean mint (ll. 931-54, 991-1002). But Shakespeare appears there to work up an episode in the Italian poem of Tarchagnota, who set on Venus' lips an impassioned complaint, in a like number of lines, of the blind cruelty of the hard-favoured Tyrant (Stanzas liv-lix). 'Tu morte crudel,' 'o cosa mostruosa e strana,' cries the Venus of the Italian poet at the thought of Adonis' loss; Death, she sorrowfully reflects, destroys the pleasure of mortal life as suddenly as it devours the beauty of the flowers of the field. The sentiment is clothed by the Venus of Shakespeare in richer language, yet it is doubtful if it would have had its precise place in the English poem's machinery, but for the Italian suggestion.<sup>2</sup> Again, Venus' final retraction in

- <sup>1</sup> Cf. Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn. (ll. 1-2.)  
A summer's day will seem an hour but short. (l. 23.)  
And Titan, tired in the midday heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them. (ll. 177-8.)  
The sun ariseth in his majesty:  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold. (ll. 856-8.)

<sup>2</sup> In introducing Venus' apostrophe to Death, the Italian poets themselves developed a very slight and bare hint in Bion's *Lament*, where Venus is made to describe Adonis as 'journeying to Acheron, that hateful king and cruel' (στηνὸν βασιλῆα καὶ ἔχριον).

Shakespeare of her railing indictment of Death seems to grow out of the goddess' gentle cry in the Italian of Tarchagnota, when Death claims her lover:—

Io ti perdonerei ciò che fatto hai.

Venus is represented, too, by Shakespeare as excusing the boar's murderous assault on Adonis on the ground that the fatal thrust was an amorous embrace, to which the brute was provoked by the boy's beauty. Venus exclaims in Shakespeare's poem:—

He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.  
'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

(*Venus and Adonis*, ll. 1110–16.)

The boar's appeal to Venus after Adonis' death in Tarchagnota's poem is to like curious effect:—

Ti giuro, che il voler mio non fu mai  
Di offender questo tuo sì caro amante:  
Ben è egli il ver, che tosto, ch' io mirai  
Nel corpo ignudo sue bellezze tante,  
Di tanta fiamma acceso mi trovai,  
Che cieco a forza mi sospinsi avante,  
Per bacciar la beltà, che il cor m' apria,  
Et ismorzar l'ardor, che in me sentia.

(*L'Adone*, Stanza lxxv.)

<sup>1</sup> This episode is of Greek classical origin. It is the topic of the last poem in the ordinary collections of Theocritus' idylls, although the author was some late imitator of Theocritus, and not the poet himself. Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus' Latin epigram called *De Adone ab Apro Interempto* deals with the same theme (cf. Shakespeare, Variorum edition, 1821, xx. p. 784). The Theocritean idyll was rendered into crude English verse in a volume entitled *Six Idyllia . . . chosen out of the right famous Sicilian poet Theocritus*, Oxford, 1588,

## III

BUT it was not only the Ovidian outline and Italian adaptations that Shakespeare assimilated. None had chosen the legend for independent treatment in England before Shakespeare. But many Elizabethan poets of earlier date had made incidental reference to the tale, and had laid special stress on features of it which Shakespeare seems to have elaborated in emulation of them.

The story in England.

Spenser in his *Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney* adapts the details of the fable to his special purpose. Spenser figuratively credited his hero with Adonis' precise manner of death. 'Astrophel' is slain in the chase by 'a cruel beast', who inflicts a wound in his thigh, and his corpse is metamorphosed into a flower. Spenser, too, sets on the lips of Sidney's lady-love Stella the pathetic lamentation which poetic tradition assigned to Venus on the discovery of Adonis' dead body. Spenser's description of the flow of blood from the boar's fatal thrust, and the transformation of the fair white corpse into a flower 'both red and blue', anticipate Shakespeare's account of how

Spenser's treatment of it (1586).

in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up.

The curious identity of tone, as well as of topic, can only be appreciated by a close study of the two poems side by side. The metre of Spenser's *Astrophel*, moreover, was that adopted by Shakespeare in his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. Many a critic might be forgiven if he mistook such a stanza as the following

of which only one copy—in the Bodleian Library—is known (cf. reprint in *Some Larger Elizabethan Poems*, ed. A. H. Bullen, Constable's edition of Arber's *English Garner*, 1903, pp. 123, 146). But the Italian version of Tarchagnola has far closer affinity to Shakespeare's treatment of the incident, than the English translation of the Theocritean idyll or Minturnus' epigram.



from Spenser's *Astrophel* for one of those with which *Venus* and *Adonis* concludes:—

His pallid face, impictured with death,  
 She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:  
 And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath  
 Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft:  
 And oft she cald to him, who answered nought,  
 But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

Spenser made a second and an undisguised allusion to the legend in the *Faerie Queene*, where he described 'the dear Adonis', the paramour of fair Venus, lying

Lapped in flowers and precious spicery

in the fruitful garden called by the name of 'the wanton boy'. It is in the garden of Adonis that Nature, in Spenser's allegory, harbours her seeds of life—a philosophical conception which is happily overlooked by Shakespeare.

It is important to note that Spenser ignores the coy modesty of Adonis. It is not a point on which Ovid is quite explicit, and most of his successors leave it uncertain whether Adonis welcomed or rejected Venus' embraces. In some of these writers' pages Adonis' loving ardour, despite his devotion to the chase, is no cooler than that of Venus. Shakespeare diverges further from the Ovidian scheme in making the boy's impatience of Venus' advances the pivot of the tale. Two other English poets, Robert Greene and Marlowe, had already seen, albeit dimly, the poetic value of this development of the legend. Robert Greene devoted to the story two lyrics which figured in his prose romances, and in both the boy's sensitive shyness is brought into prominence. One of these lyrics, in the six-lined stanza of

Robert  
 Greene.

Shakespeare's poem, which was introduced into the novel of *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith* (1588), opens thus:—

In Cypres sat fayre Venus by a Fount  
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee :  
She kist the wag, her darling of accompt,  
The Boie gan blush, which when his lover see,  
She smild and told him loue might challenge debt  
And he was young and might be wanton yet.

Greene's second lyric on the theme which figured in his tract called *Never too late* (1590) is a pathetic appeal on the part of Venus to the disdainful boy:—

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye?  
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?  
Upon thy Venus that must die?  
Je vous en prie, pity me ;  
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,  
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

It is more interesting to note that Marlowe, in his translation of the *Hero and Leander* of Musaeus, went out of his obvious path in order to bring Adonis' coldness into signal relief. In that translation Marlowe mentions Adonis more than once. In one place he gives the youth the epithet 'rose-cheek'd', which is not warranted by the Greek text. That word is borrowed by Shakespeare when he first introduces Adonis to his reader in the third line of his own poem—a plain acknowledgement of obligation. In another place of *Hero and Leander* Marlowe interpolated three original lines, of which the Greek is quite innocent. These describe the grove where

Venus in her naked glory strove  
To please the careless and disdainful eyes  
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies.

Marlowe's genius exercised a powerful fascination over Shakespeare's youth, and in all probability under such influence Adonis' disdain of the goddess of beauty became the central motive of his first poem.

The story of  
Salmacis and  
Hermaphro-  
ditus.

There was much material at Shakespeare's hand which may well have encouraged him to develop Marlowe's hint. Another popular tale which was wholly concerned with a youth's disdain of a beautiful woman's embraces was accessible to him, and it was easy to graft its main features on the legend of Venus and Adonis. Ovid before he approached the tale of Venus and Adonis in his *Metamorphoses* had elaborated the less conventional topic in the tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. That story of Ovid had attracted attention in Elizabethan England. It had been rendered independently into loose pedestrian English rhyme by one Thomas Peend. His *Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. . . . With a morall in English verse* was published in a small octavo in 1565.<sup>1</sup> But there was little in Peend's doggerel to serve Shakespeare's purpose. There was far more in Golding's literary rendering of Ovid's tale. But Shakespeare clearly supplemented that source by another.

Lodge's  
*Glaucus and  
Scilla*, 1589.

It is of great importance to bear in mind that some four years before the publication of *Venus and Adonis*, an Elizabethan poet, Thomas Lodge, presented with much exuberant and original detail a different hero's disdain of a different heroine's advances. In 1589 appeared Lodge's narrative

<sup>1</sup> A freer version followed at a later date, and has been very doubtfully assigned to Francis Beaumont, the dramatist. This was first published anonymously under the title of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* in 1602. It is in heroic verse and is of much literary interest. The rare copy in the Bodleian Library was reprinted in the *Shakespeare Society Papers* (1847), vol. iii. pp. 94-126. In Cranley's *Amanda* (1635), Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is mentioned 'with Salmacis and her Hermaphrodite' among a number of 'songs of love and sonnets exquisite'.

poem of *Glaucus and Scilla*. Lodge's work was penned in the metre of Shakespeare's poem, and in the opening stanzas, before he arrives at his real theme, he rapidly and quite parenthetically describes Adonis' death and Venus' grief. With Lodge's prefatory sketch critics are generally agreed that Shakespeare was familiar. Venus, according to Lodge, hastened after Adonis' fall to the grove

Where all pale with death he lay alone,  
Whose beauty quaild as wont the lillies droop  
When wastfull winter windes doo make them stoop.

What followed, Lodge described thus (Stanza xxii):—

Her daintie hand addresst to clawe her deere,  
Her roseall lip alied to his pale cheeke,  
Her sighes, and then her lookes and heavie cheere,  
Her bitter threatens, and then her passions meeke,  
How on his senseless corpes she lay a crying,  
As if the boy were then but new a dying.

But such stanzas are merely prefatory illustration of the main theme of Lodge's poem, and it is Lodge's treatment of that theme which suggests the extent of Shakespeare's indebtedness to the poem. The story of Glaucus and Scilla resembles that of Venus and Adonis in being one of the many which the modern world borrowed from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (xiii. 905 sq.). But Lodge radically changed his Ovidian material. The Latin version presents a normal pursuit of a modest maiden Scylla by an impassioned lover Glaucus. Lodge took on himself to reverse the position of the man and woman. His tale tells of the refusal of Glaucus to countenance the lascivious advances of Scilla. No doubt Lodge knew Ovid's legend of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus. But he develops the woman Scilla's eager passion with a richness

of detail, which is not found in Ovid's legend of Salmacis, and which Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, alone in literature, seems to rival. To Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla* Shakespeare's verse obviously owes much. Innumerable are the touches in which Venus's yearning appeals to Adonis, as told by Shakespeare, recall Scilla's yearning appeals to Glaucus, as told by Lodge. A comparison of the three following stanzas of Lodge with three stanzas of Shakespeare shows the manner of the latter's dependence on the former.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

l. 829

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;  
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe,  
woe!'

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

l. 835

She marking them begins a wailing note  
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;  
How love makes young men thrall and old men  
dote;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:

Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

. . . . .

l. 847

For who hath she to spend the night withal  
But idle sounds resembling parasites,  
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?

She says 'Tis so:' they answer all 'Tis so,'  
And would say after her, if she said 'No.'

## GLAUCUS AND SCILLA.

l. 697

Eccho her self when Scilla cried out, O lone!  
With piteous voice from out her hollow den  
Returnd these words, these words of sorrow, (no,  
love)

No lone (quoth she) then fie on traiterous men,  
Then fie on hope: then fie on hope (quoth Eccho)  
To everie word the nimph did answer so.

l. 703

For euerie sigh, the rockes returne a sigh:  
For euerie teare their fountaines yield a drop;  
Till we at last the place approached nigh,  
And heard the nimph that fed on sorrowes sop  
Make woods, and wanes, and rockes, and hills  
admire,  
The wonderous force of her untam'd desire.

l. 709

Glaucus (quoth she) is faire: whilst Eccho sings  
Glaucus is faire: but yet he hateth Scilla  
The wretch repeats: and then her armes she  
wings

Whilst Eccho tells her this, he hateth Scilla.

No hope (quoth she): no hope (quoth Eccho)  
then,

Then fie on men, when she said, fie on men.

The popu-  
larity of the  
six-line  
stanza.

From whatever point of view Shakespeare's poem is examined there emerge manifest signs of its close association with the contemporary trend of literary endeavour in England as well as on the continent of Europe. It absorbed from all available quarters suggestions and ideas of many degrees of

dignity. Shakespeare's genius transmuted most of his ingredients and fused them into a rich and consistent work of art. But the constituent elements deserve careful attention. The choice of metre is a final testimony to the young author's readiness to accept accessible guidance. The sixain or six-lined stanza, riming ababcc, which Shakespeare adopted, was among the commonest of all forms of verse in both English and French poetry of the sixteenth century. George Gascoigne, in his *Certayne notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English* (1575), writes familiarly of 'sixaines' as the fitting vehicle 'for shorte phantazies'. Puttenham described the 'staffe of sixe verses' as 'most usual' and 'very pleasant to th' eare'.<sup>1</sup> The most notable example of the employment of the sixain before Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is offered by Edmund Spenser's *Astrophel, a pastoral elegy upon the death of . . . Sir Philip Sidney*, which was written in 1586, and after wide circulation in manuscript was printed for the first time in 1595. The poetic lament by the Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's sister, which is appended to Spenser's *Astrophel*, is also in the same metre; so, too, is Spenser's 'Teares of the Muses' in his *Complaints*, 1591. A longer effort in the six-line stanza is, as we have seen, the narrative poem by Thomas Lodge entitled *Scillaes Metamorphosis: Enterlaced with the unfortunate loue of Glaucus*, which appeared in 1589. Robert Greene penned numerous short poems in sixains, and Nicholas Breton published in 1592 in the six-lined stanza a long allegory together with a religious

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589), Book ii, Chap. ii, 'Of Proportion in Staffe.' Puttenham also notes of 'the staffe of sixe verses' that it 'also serueth for a greater complement then the inferiour stauces, which maketh him more commonly to be vsed'. Chaucer twice uses the six-lined stanza with an exceptional scheme of rime, once in the Envoy to the short poem *Womanly Noblesse*, where the rimes run ababaa, and again in the Envoy to *The Clerkes Tale*, where the rimes run ababcb.

rhapsody under the joint title of *The Pilgrimage to Paradise, joyned with the Countess of Penbrookes loue*. The skilful management of the metre by Spenser, Lodge, and Breton—the pleasant alternation of the alternately riming quatrains with the riming couplet—left Shakespeare small opportunity of improvement, and although his mastery is for the most part complete he did not travel far beyond the bounds that his predecessors had assigned the stanza.<sup>1</sup> Of the attraction that the metre had for him in early life, he has left an interesting testimony outside the poem. In what is probably his earliest play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, he attempted to turn sixains to dramatic uses, and one of the hero Biron's speeches, Act i, Sc. 1, ll. 151-62, is in regular six-lined stanzas. But the awkward experiment was not repeated on the stage, and its main interest lies in the evidence it offers of Shakespeare's predilection for the metre at a very early stage of his career.

Reception of  
Shake-  
speare's  
poem.

The reception accorded Shakespeare's work was extraordinarily warm. Reprints were numerous during the remaining twenty-three years of Shakespeare's life. References to it are frequent in contemporary literature, and are couched for the most part in highly commendatory terms. So signal a success is adequately explained by the vigorous freshness of the poem. Subsidiary causes are to be found in the voluptuous treatment of the story, and in a natural affinity,

<sup>1</sup> Of the many long poems written in sixains subsequent to *Venus and Adonis*, it will be sufficient to mention Southwell's *St. Peter's Complaint* (1595), Barnfield's *Affectionate Shepheard* (1594), his *Cassandra* (1595), his *Lady Pecunia* and *Complaint of Poetrie* (1598), J. C.'s *Alcilia* (1595) and Marston's *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image* (1598). The metre was so common before *Venus and Adonis* came out that it would be unsafe to assume that its vogue was substantially extended by the success of Shakespeare's work. But Barnfield's plagiarisms of Shakespeare's *Venus* are so constant and unblushing that his choice of metre may safely be assigned to the influence of Shakespeare's poem.

which the legend's previous popularity attested, between the tale and the spirit of the times. A very early critic, the Jesuit Robert Southwell, deplored, from the Christian point of view, the pagan frankness of 'the first heir' of Shakespeare's 'invention'.

Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose,  
In Paynim toyes the sweetest vaines are spent.

But the general tone of ingenuous approval may be gauged by Francis Meres' insistence in 1598 that this and other of the dramatist's poems proved that 'the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare'. Next year John Weever, in his enthusiastic sonnet in praise of 'our honey-tongued Shakespeare', declared that

Rose-cheek'd Adonis with his amber tresses,  
Fair fire-hot Venus charming him to love her

were, with the other issue of his brain, children of Apollo by some heaven-born goddess. The university wit who penned about 1600 the academic plays of *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* and *The Return from Parnassus* voiced popular opinion when he wrote, 'Let this duncified world esteem of Spenser and Chaucer; I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare and to honour him will lay his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow.'

In the seventeenth century there was a popular tendency to rank *Venus and Adonis* with improper literature and to insist on its erotic tendency.<sup>1</sup> But the essential beauty of

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Middleton's *A mad world my masters* (1608), where the jealous Harebrain, speaking of his newly-married wife, says, 'I have conveyed away all her wanton pamphlets, as *Hero and Leander*, *Venus and Adonis*; O, two luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife.' Richard Brathwaite, in *The English Gentlewoman* (1631), includes the poem in a list of 'books treating



the theme gives small warrant for the degrading classification. Shakespeare himself urged a juster view when he introduced a charming reference to the airy aesthetic significance of the fable in the Induction to *The Taming of The Shrew* (Induction, Sc. 2, ll. 51-5):—

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight  
 Adonis painted by a running brook,  
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,  
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,  
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

One effect of Shakespeare's poems was to increase the popularity of the topic among contemporary writers. The four sonnets on Venus and Adonis by B. Griffin and other anonymous hands which figure in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599 (the poetic miscellany unwarrantably assigned by the publisher to Shakespeare), and *The Shepherd's Song* by H[enry] C[onstable], which first appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600), are paraphrases of Shakespeare's verse, and they bring to no unworthy close the roll of poetic adaptations of the classic story in the literature of the English Renaissance.<sup>1</sup>

of light subjects', which ladies ought to avoid: '*Venus and Adonis* are unfitting Consorts for a Ladies bosome' (p. 139).

<sup>1</sup> Two poems of the sixteenth century, which dealt with the story of Adonis' incestuous birth as related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book x, should doubtless be reckoned among the Shakespearean progeny. *Mirra*, after an incestuous union with her father Cinyras, was, according to the myth, changed into a tree, which gave Adonis miraculous birth. The earlier poem on the subject, *Mirra, the mother of Adonis; or Lustes Predigies*, was by the actor William Barksted (1607); the other, entitled *The Scourge of Venus, or The Wanton Lady, with the rare birth of Adonis*, was written by H. A. in the metre of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and published in 1613. Barksted's poem ends with an eulogy on Shakespeare's effort:—

But stay, my Muse, in thine owne confines keepe,  
 And wage not warre with so deere lov'd a neighbor,  
 But, having sung thy day song, rest and sleepe  
 Preserve thy small fame and his greater favor:

IV

THE first chapter in the history of the publication of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* throws an interesting sidelight on Shakespeare's biography. It brings the poet temporarily into close association with a fellow townsman of Stratford-on-Avon, Richard Field, who seems to have been born in the same year as himself. The fathers of the two men had been friends and neighbours at Stratford-on-Avon. Richard Field's father, Henry Field, was a fairly prosperous tanner. He died in 1592, when his neighbour John Shakespeare, the poet's father, attested in accordance with custom 'a trew and perfecte inventory' of his goods and chattels. Meanwhile Richard Field had left Stratford to follow the trade of a printer in the metropolis of London. On September 29, 1579, Richard at the usual age of fifteen was apprenticed to a London printer and stationer of good repute, George Bishop.<sup>1</sup> But it was arranged five weeks later that he should serve the first six years of his apprenticeship with a singularly interesting member of the fraternity, Thomas Vautrollier, a Frenchman who had originally come to London as a Huguenot refugee, and had established his position by publishing North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* in 1579, a book which

The publication of the poem.

The printer Richard Field.

His song was worthie merrit (*Shakespeare* hee)  
Sung the faire blossome, thou the withered tree;  
*Laurell* is due to him, his art and wit  
Hath purchast it, *Cypres* thy brow will fit.

It is perhaps worth noting that copies of Barksted's *Mirra* and H. A.'s *Scourge of Venus* were bound up with copies of *Venus and Adonis* (1636) and *Lucrece* (1616), and of some other early poetical tracts, in a volume, in the library of Thomas Pearson, which fetched £1 2s. 0d. at the Pearson sale of 1788.

<sup>1</sup> Besides Richard Field and his brother Jasper, who was apprenticed to Richard in 1592, two other of Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon contemporaries were apprenticed to London printers in the poet's early life, viz. :—Roger, son of John Lock, a Stratford glover, on Sept. 2, 1577, to Richard Pickering, citizen and stationer of London, and Allan, son of a Stratford tailor, Thomas Orrian, to Thomas Fowkes, stationer, on March 1, 1585.

Field and  
Vautrollier.

was soon to be closely studied by Shakespeare, and was greatly to influence his work. Field's relations with Vautrollier became very intimate. Vautrollier was a man of wide sympathies and independent views, which somewhat prejudiced his career in London. Threats of prosecution for printing a heretical book by the sceptic Giordano Bruno led him to retire temporarily (1584-6) to Edinburgh, where he established a press, and was patronized by the Scottish king, James VI. In his absence from England his printing business in London was carried on by his wife Jacquenetta with Field's aid, but he resumed control of it before his death in July, 1587.

Field's  
career before  
1593.

Field was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on February 6, 1587, and subsequently filled all the great offices of the society.<sup>1</sup> On the threshold of his career he seems to have married Vautrollier's widow Jacquenetta.<sup>2</sup> In the autumn of 1588, he was carrying on business with her in the house in Blackfriars near Ludgate, which had been occupied by Vautrollier. He adopted his old master's device of an anchor in an oval with the motto, *Anchora Spei*.

The earliest work, on the title-page of which Field's name figures, was a pamphlet describing the defeat of the Spanish Armada called *The Copie of a Letter sent out of England to John Bernardino Mendoza*. It appeared in October, 1588, and was described as 'printed by I[acquenetta] Vautrollier for R. Field'. Next year Field both printed and published single-handed several books of importance, including Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie*<sup>3</sup>, and *A summarie and true*

<sup>1</sup> He was recognized as a master printer in 1596, was admitted to the Livery, July, 1598, was warden in 1605 and was master in 1619 and 1622.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Plomer's *Wills of English Printers and Stationers* (Bibliogr. Soc.), p. 27 (Vautrollier's will) and p. 50 (Field's will).

<sup>3</sup> The licence for Puttenham's book, originally granted to Thomas Orwin in November, 1588, was transferred by him to Richard Field 'dwelling in the black-Friers, neere Ludgate', April 7, 1589.

*discourse of Sir Francis Drake's West Indian Voyage* (of 1585-6), with five maps of very high interest.' At the same time he acquired Vautrollier's interest in many interesting undertakings, chief of which was North's translation of Plutarch; no less than three editions of that work were printed by Field.<sup>2</sup> Each succeeding year Field's business career was distinguished by some new venture of importance. In 1591 he produced the first edition of Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, a handsome volume liberally illustrated with copper plates, of which a second edition came from Field's press in 1607. On February 7, 1592, a young brother, Jasper, came from Stratford to serve him as apprentice.

Field was thus building up a highly valuable and dignified connexion when in the early spring of 1593 he undertook the printing of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. The early association of the two men doubtless led Shakespeare to entrust to Field the earliest work that he sent to press. But despite the personal relation between author and printer, there is nothing to show that Shakespeare took a larger control of the publication than was customary with contemporary authors. It is clear that Shakespeare made over to Field all rights in the volume, for what consideration is not

The copy-  
right of  
*Venus and  
Adonis*.

<sup>2</sup> Field printed two editions of this valuable volume in this same year (1589); they are distinguished from one another by the presence on the last page of a line of errata which is present in one and absent from the other. In both editions is this note from Field's pen, 'The reader must understand, that this Discourse was dedicated, and intended to have bene imprinted somewhat before the comming of the Spanish Fleete upon our coast of England: but by casuallie the same was forgotten and slacked for a time of some better leasure.' A third edition of the book of the same year from entirely different type was issued subsequently by another printer, 'Roger Ward, dwelling upon Lambard Hill, neere olde Fish-Streete.'

<sup>3</sup> In 1579 Vautrollier had published the first edition of North's translation in partnership with J. Wright. The first edition which Field printed was published jointly by him and Bonham Norton in 1595. Field reprinted it with additions in 1603, when he and Thomas Wight published it. In 1612 Field reprinted the book and published it by himself.

known. The copyright became Field's exclusive property, and he soon exercised his privilege of parting with it to another trader. Interesting and instructive as is Field's professional connexion with Shakespeare, it did not last long, nor did it seriously influence the author's fortunes for good or evil.

The grant to Field of the Stationers' Company's licence to publish the volume was thus entered in the Company's Register<sup>1</sup> :—

[1593] xviii<sup>o</sup> Aprilis

Entred [to Richard Field] for his copie under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and master Warden Stirrop, a book intituled Venus and Adonis. vj<sup>da</sup>

It is probable that the publication followed within two or three weeks. The first edition bears on the title-page the date 1593.<sup>2</sup> Copies were certainly on sale in June.

John Harrison's shop.

The book was not sold to buyers by Field. The division of labour between the producer and the distributor of books was in Shakespeare's day well recognized. Title-pages as a rule mentioned the name of both producer and distributor, i.e. of both printer and publisher (or seller).<sup>3</sup> Field entrusted the sale and distribution of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis* to one John Harrison, whose shop was at the sign of the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard. John Harrison was a wealthy stationer of older standing than

<sup>1</sup> Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 630.

<sup>2</sup> A note supplied by Isaac Reed to the Variorum edition of 1803 (ii. 152) transcribes a manuscript memorandum bearing date June 12, 1593, which notes the purchase for 'xiid' of 'The Survey of Fraunce with the Venus & Adhonay of Mr. Shakspeare'.

<sup>3</sup> It was usually stated on the title-page, in cases where the printer owned the copyright, that the work was 'printed by A, and sold by B', or 'at the shop of B'. When, as was common, the publisher (not the printer) owned the copyright, the formula usually ran :—'Printed by A (i.e. the printer) for B (i.e. the publisher).'

Field. He had been in continuous occupation of the shop known as the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard since 1559. Field was already in close business relations with him when he acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis*.<sup>1</sup> It was in conformity with a recognized practice that the imprint on the title-page of the first edition ran:—'Imprinted by Richard Field and are to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.' Next year a second edition came out in precisely the same conditions from Field's press. The unaltered title-page announced that copies were to be sold at Harrison's shop.

The copyright of *Venus and Adonis*, of which Field was the first owner, has a somewhat complicated history. The details illustrate the confused methods of Elizabethan publishing. Shakespeare may be absolved from responsibility for the involutions of the story. A new chapter opens after the appearance of the second edition early in 1594. A few months later, on June 25 of that year, Field found it convenient to make over the copyright in the poem to the publisher Harrison. The transfer is thus recorded in the Stationers' Company's Register<sup>2</sup>:—

The first transfer of the copyright.

John Harrison, second owner, June 25, 1594—June 25, 1596.

[1594] 25 Iunij

Assigned over unto him [i.e. Master Harrison, Senior] from Richard Field in open Court holden this Day a book called *Venus and Adonis* vj<sup>d</sup>.

The which was before entred to Richard Field 18. Aprilis 1593.

With this act of self-abnegation on Field's part another has to be associated. In this same month of June, Shakespeare

<sup>1</sup> Field had been employed by Harrison to print in 1590 an elaborate treatise on mechanical inventions by Cyprian Lucar, and in 1592 had at Harrison's expense produced two works by foreign authors:—Simon Verepaeus's *De epistolis Latine conscribendis*, and an English translation of Vasco Figueiro's *The Spaniards Monarchie and Leaguers Olygarchie*.

<sup>2</sup> Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 655.

had his second poem, *Lucrece*, ready for the press. Contrary to expectation, the copyright of the *Lucrece* was acquired on June 9, not by Field, but by Harrison. The arrangement, whatever its cause, was a perfectly friendly one; Field accepted a commission from Harrison to print in 1594 the original edition of *Lucrece*, of which Harrison had just acquired the copyright, as well as a third edition in 1596 of *Venus and Adonis*, the copyright of which Harrison had bought from Field two years previously. In the latter case the imprint ran:—‘Imprinted at London by R. F. for Iohn Harison.’

That issue of 1596 brought to a close the association alike of Field and Harrison with the publishing of Shakespeare's writings. The three earliest editions of *Venus and Adonis* and the first edition of *Lucrece* came from the press of the poet's fellow townsman, and there the connexion of his press with Shakespeare's work ended.

Field's  
device.

The title-pages of the four issues of Shakespeare's poems which Field printed are all distinguished by a large printer's device, which Field had borrowed of his master Vautrollier. It consists of a suspended anchor, of which the ring is grasped by a right hand issuing from clouds. Two leafy boughs cross each other about the anchor, and the whole is enclosed in a heavily scrolled and ornamented frame of oval shape, within the top of which hang capital letters forming the motto *Anchora Spei*. Vautrollier possessed at least four forms of this device, and Field seems to have employed as many. Those appearing on the title-pages of the *Venus and Adonis* of 1593 and 1594 are from one plate; that on the *Lucrece* of 1594 is from another of somewhat different design. Both are of good workmanship. The discrepancies, although slight, are well marked; the chief is that the intertwined boughs cross each other *behind* the shaft of the anchor in the first two

editions of *Venus and Adonis*, and in front of the shaft in the first edition of *Lucrece*; the inner beading of the oval frames also differs.<sup>1</sup> The device assumes quite a new form in the third edition of the *Venus* of 1596: the pattern is simplified and far more roughly engraved.<sup>2</sup>

The ownership of the copyright of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* underwent a third change in the author's lifetime in the summer of 1596, just two years to a day after Harrison acquired it. Harrison, who was advanced in age, appears to have reorganized his business in that year. He moved from his old premises, the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, to a house, on which he bestowed the same sign, in Paternoster Row, and he made over his former house, with some important items of his stock there, to another prominent stationer, William Leake. On June 25, 1596, the transaction, so far as it bore on Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, was duly entered in the Stationers' Company's Register thus:—

William  
Leake, third  
owner of the  
copyright,  
June 25,  
1596—Feb.  
16, 1617.

[1596] 25 Iunij.

Assigned ouer vnto him [i.e. William Leake] for his copie from master harrison thelder, in full Court holden this day.

<sup>1</sup> The *Lucrece* pattern of 1594 is more frequently met with than the *Venus* of 1593-4. The *Venus* pattern of 1593-4 appears in Field's issue in 1596 of Sir John Harington's *A new discourse of a stale subject called 'The Metamorphosis of Ajax'*. Of the *Lucrece* pattern, a rough cast figures in Vautrollier's edition of *Essais de a Prentise*, 1584; a fine impression was set by Field before Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, and the first edition of the second volume of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, which Field printed in 1596 for William Ponsonby. The general scheme of the device was a crude adaptation of the famous Aldine anchor, entwined with a dolphin. Antoine Tardif, a well-known sixteenth-century printer of Lyons, fashioned a new device of an anchor with a dolphin within a heavily ornamented scroll and bearing the punning motto, *Festina tarde*. The arrangement of Tardif's device and motto resembles that adopted by Vautrollier (cf. L. C. Silvestre's *Marques Typographiques*, Paris, 1853-67, No. 509). Vautrollier's and Field's motto is common. Spenser, in his *Shepheards Calender* (1579), adopted as 'Colin's embleme' the Italian words *Anchora Speme* (i. e. Hope the anchor).

<sup>2</sup> See facsimile on p. 60.



by the said master harrison's consent. A booke called. Venus and Adonis vjd.

Leake fills an important place in the bibliographical history of Shakespeare's first poem, although Shakespeare did not presumably concern himself with his intervention. He controlled the publication for a period approaching twenty years—for the rest of Shakespeare's lifetime and for ten months after the poet's death. He issued three editions. The first which seems to have come out under his auspices was dated 1599, and was apparently printed for him by Peter Short. Another followed about 1600. In July, 1602, he moved to new premises in St. Paul's Churchyard—to a building bearing the sign of the Holy Ghost—and before the end of the year he produced a new edition of the poem, on the title-page of which he gave his new address. He now seems to have employed Humphry Lownes to print the book. Other editions may have come from his press, but no copies of them survive.<sup>1</sup> On February 16, 1617, he transferred his chief copyrights, including *Venus and Adonis*, to 'Master [William] Barrett', and there the third chapter in the publishing history of the poem closed. Leake's two successors enjoyed brief reigns. Barrett, the first of them, at once reprinted the volume in 1617, but there his interest in it ended. Three years later, on March 8, 1620, he transferred *Venus and Adonis* and the other property that he had acquired of Leake to John Parker. The title-page of one edition of 1620 bears Parker's initials (J. P.), and then on May 7, 1626, he made the book over to John Haviland and John Wright

William  
Barrett,  
fourth  
owner, Feb.  
16, 1617—  
March 8,  
1620.  
John Parker,  
fifth owner,  
March 8,  
1620—May  
7, 1626.  
John Havi-  
land and

<sup>1</sup> In 1607, Robert Raworth, a printer, who purchased Adam Islip's press the year before, was charged before the Star Chamber with printing *Venus and Adonis*, which was 'another's copy'. Raworth was found guilty, and his printing office was for a time forcibly closed, by way of punishment. It is uncertain whether Raworth succeeded in circulating his piratical reprint. No copy has been met with (cf. Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 701, 703-4).

jointly. The official entry in the Stationers' Company's Register runs thus:—

7<sup>o</sup> Maij 1626

Assigned over unto them [i.e. to John Haviland and John Wright] by master Parker and by consent of master Islip warden A Booke called Venus and Adonis vjd.

John  
Wright,  
sixth owners,  
May 7, 1626  
-1640 (?).

John Haviland was a printer, not a bookseller, and he alone actively controlled the newly-purchased copyright. At least two editions—those of 1630 and 1636—came from his press, and the bookseller whom he employed to distribute the copies was 'Francis Coules in the Old Bailey without Newgate'. On September 4, 1638, the title of Haviland and his partner Wright to the poem was confirmed anew by the officers of the Stationers' Company's Registers. After 1640, the copyright passed to Edward Wright. He had begun life August 6, 1604, as apprentice to Haviland's partner, John Wright, doubtless his uncle. Edward Wright did not adhere to the volume long. On April 4, 1655, he assigned it to one William Gilbertson, who acquired at the same time a share in *Lacææ*. Gilbertson was the last publisher to claim any exclusive property in *Venus and Adonis*. It is likely enough that both he and his immediate predecessor Edward Wright issued new editions, but no copies survive to confirm the suggestion; and the two men have left small impression on the history of the book.

Edward  
Wright,  
seventh  
owner,  
1640 (?)-  
April 4,  
1655.

William  
Gilbertson,  
eighth  
owner,  
April 4,  
1655.

There were thus eight formal transfers of the copyright of the poem with due payment of fees in the course of sixty-two years—a proof that the volume retained throughout that long period a marketable value in the sight of publishers. The authorized London editions numbered at least eleven; a serious attempt was made to infringe the copyright in London in 1607, and there was a surreptitious issue at Edinburgh in 1627. In 1675 a rough reprint was issued by

The chap-  
book syndi-  
cate of 1675.

a London syndicate of chap-book publishers. That curious venture brings to a close the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century chapter of the bibliopolic history of the poem.

## V

The parent  
text.

THE text of all the editions is based on the original version of 1593. Each issue of subsequent date appears to reprint one or other of its near predecessors with more or less fidelity. The alterations are slight, and are due to the compositors or correctors of the press. Efforts to systematize the irregular spellings of the first issues and occasionally to remove grammatical solecisms account for most of the variations. But in a few instances new misprints or unwarrantable alterations in the order of words are introduced through the carelessness or presumptuous ignorance of compositor or proof-corrector. How trifling and arbitrary were the changes in the early editions, may be judged from the characteristic fact that in the inscription before the dedicatory epistle 'Wriothesley' in the 1593 edition appears as 'Wriothesly' in the 1594 edition, and as 'Wriotheslie' in the 1596 and many subsequent editions.

The mis-  
prints of  
1593.

On the whole, Field's text of 1593 may be held to have adhered to Shakespeare's manuscript with reasonable closeness, but it presents defects of the sort which confutes the theory that Shakespeare himself corrected the proofs. The praises lavished on Field's press-work by Shakespearean critics of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, seem on a thorough examination to require qualification. Misprints are few; they do not exceed ten in all, and only one of them, slight enough in itself, can cause the reader perplexity. In line 185 the present participle 'souring' is disguised under the unintelligible pair of words 'so wring'. The nine other misprints are 'Witin'

for 'Within' (235); 'aud' for 'and' (301); 'bnt' for 'but' (393); 'Ho' for 'He' (545); 'nor' for 'not' (615); 'the th' impartiall' for 'th' impartiall' (748); 'had' for 'was' (1054); 'crop's' for 'crops' (1175). None of these are likely to mislead.

But misprints are not the main defects of the volume. A more serious flaw lies in the careless discrepancies which characterize the spelling of common words. Very little time must have been spent on the revision of proof-sheets of a book in which some of the commonest words were spelt indifferently two or three ways in contiguous stanzas. Elizabethan spelling was impatient of strict law, but well-printed books observed within their limits a definite system in the treatment of ordinary words. In the first issue of *Venus and Adonis* chaos reigns supreme. In the same stanzas we have both 'kis' (207) and 'kisse' (209), and both 'sun' (193) and 'sunne' (198), while elsewhere (750) we meet with a third variant in 'sonne.' Similar irregularities are 'blood' (555) and 'bloud' (1122); 'bore' (1003) and 'boare' (1112); 'desier' (36) and 'desire' (547); 'eyes' (120) and 'eies' (1050); 'flood' (824) and 'floud' (in 'floud-gates', 53); 'flower' (8) and 'floure' (1055); 'inchaunt' (145) and 'inchanting' (247); 'lion' (1093) and 'lyon' (884); 'litle' (132) and 'little' (1179); 'pray' (i.e. 'prey', 58) and 'praie' (1097); 'rain' (360) and 'raine' (71); 'sayes' (851) and 'saies' (1173); 'skie' (485) and 'skye' (815); 'spite' (173) and 'spight' (1133); 'in spite of' (173) and 'despight of' (751); 'spirit' (one syllable, 882) and 'sprite' (111); 'sproong' (1168) and 'sprong' (1171).

Discrepan-  
cies of  
spelling.

The occasional use of contractions and of the symbol ' & ' for ' and ' is probably an endeavour on a clumsy printer's part to prevent the over-running of the line in which they are present. But it is just possible that they reproduce a characteristic of the author's manuscripts. In Shakespeare's extant signatures, some of the letters are represented by the abbrevia-

Signs of con-  
tractions.

tive symbols. Nevertheless a careful printer setting up type from a manuscript which admitted contractions would expand them as a matter of course. In the 1593 text of *Venus and Adonis* the letters 'm' and 'n' are in the twenty-one following instances represented by the cursive abbreviation of a hyphen above the preceding vowel, viz.—'lōg' (83), 'thē' (= 'then' twice in 137), 'strēgthles' (153), 'frō' (167, 443, and 1050), 'strōg' (297), 'dūbe' (406 and 1146), 'wōūding' (432), 'non-paimēt' (521), 'hādling' (560), 'dissēble' (641), 'thē' (= 'them,' 666 and 899), 'hoūds' (678), 'drēcht' (1054), 'cāst' (= 'canst,' 1077), 'vpō' (1170), 'cōpares' (1176).

Capital  
letters.

Even thus the catalogue of irregularities is unexhausted. Capital letters for common nouns within the lines are used sparingly but with the utmost irregularity.<sup>1</sup> The word 'boar', which occurs seventeen times, is thrice honoured with a capital B; 'horse' is similarly treated twice out of eight times; 'lions' once of three times; and 'queen' four of six times. Among some other words which bear a capital initial without reasonable cause, are 'Eagle' (55), 'Primrose' (151), 'Painter' (289), 'Ouen' (331), 'Moone' (492), 'Caterpillers' (798), 'Tapsters' (849), and 'Tygre' (1096). It is easy to produce hundreds of like words which are printed without any distinguishing mark.

Inflexional  
irregulari-  
ties.

Other irregularities in spelling affect the inflexions of both the present and past tenses of verbs. The third person singular of the present tense ends indifferently with *-eth*, or *-es*, or *-s*. The latter two terminations, which are unaffected by metrical considerations, are always interchangeable. Thus

<sup>1</sup> A different sort of typographical carelessness is the substitution of a small letter for a capital in the first word of line 1048 ('which' for 'Which'), and in two catchwords, respectively, after line 427 ('what' for 'What') and after line 1099 ('when' for 'When'). The catchword is omitted altogether after line 666 (page 30).

we find 'neighs' (262) and 'neighes' (307); a single line (311) gives us 'spurnes', 'scorns', and 'feeles'. It is difficult to explain by philological law why the *e* before the final *s* is omitted in 'locks' (228), 'falls' (594), 'breeds' (742), 'lends' (790), 'begins' (835), or 'sings' (836), and is yet inserted in 'swears' (80), 'heares' (702), 'leapes' (1026), 'lookes' (1063), or 'bowes' (1171). A like uncertainty broods over the past tense of verbs. The customary *-ed* is represented by as many as seven varying forms, *-ed, d, 'd, de, 'de, t, 't*, which are employed at the compositor's will without logical justification. Such discrepant forms as 'prison*d*', 'drown*d*', 'cald', 'rayl*d*', 'prouok'*t*', 'wreak'*t*', 'hem'*d*', 'unwitnessed', 'asham'*d*', 'smoothred', 'perplexed', 'imprison*d*', 'opend', 'trench*t*', 'dre[n]ch*t*', and 'stop*t*', are taken from a succession of fourteen stanzas (ll. 979-1062) which were chosen at random. A few lines below we find the forms 'liu'*d*' (1080), 'dide' (1080), 'liu'*de*' (1085), and 'lurk*t*' (1086) within a seven-line limit.<sup>1</sup>

It is incredible that a practised penman would have suffered so many inconsistencies to remain in the proof if the opportunity of removing them had been given him. On the whole it seems improbable, either that Shakespeare's responsibility for the text went beyond the mere act of handing his manuscript to Field, or that Field's corrector of the press possessed average efficiency.

In Field's new edition of 1594 the type of that of 1593 was reset throughout from a printed copy. The signatures are repeated (B-G in fours and Hi) and the number of leaves are again seven-and-twenty. The signature F[i] is however omitted. The typographical changes only affect the spelling of words and are due to the compositors' vagaries. No other

The text of  
1594.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. A. Wuerzner, *Die Orthographie der ersten Quarto-Ausgabe von Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis und Lucrece*, Vienna, 1887, 870.

authority attaches to any of them. The contractions are for the most part removed, but several are confusedly inserted in new places; 'VVhen' (641) is replaced by 'VVhē', 'wound' (1052) by 'woūd', though the succeeding word 'drēcht' is reproduced as 'drencht'. The more obvious misprints are removed, and in some places the spelling is improved; e.g. 'yron' (269) is replaced by 'iron'; 'lyon' (678) by 'lion'; 'ougly' (1041) by 'ugly'; 'desier' (36) by 'desire'; 'donne' (749) by 'done'; 'sproong' (1168) by 'sprung'; 'smel' (1171) by 'smell'; 'wil' (1188) by 'will'. Most words ending in '-ie' in the first edition are given the modern termination of '-y' in the reissue. 'Stormie', 'lustie', 'angrie', 'beautie', 'heauie', 'prettie', 'drie', &c., reappear in 1594 as 'stormy', 'lusty', 'angry', 'beauty', 'heavy', 'pretty', 'dry', &c. On the other hand in several places the spelling assumes cruder and less familiar shapes in the new edition; e.g. 'tongue' (1069) becomes 'tong', 'Shepherds' (455) becomes 'sheapheards', 'henceforth' (1081) becomes 'hencefoorth', 'destroy' (760) becomes 'destroie'. The only actual changes of words are unimportant, and on the whole are disadvantageous. In line 123, 'Loue keepes his renels where there *are* but twaine,' the new edition reads *be* for *are*. In line 203, 'O had thy mother borne so *hard* a minde,' the new edition reads 'so *bad* a minde'. In line 484 'all the *earth* releeueth' is replaced by 'all the *world* relieveth'. More definite injury is done to the sense in line 353, where 'tender' is suffered to displace 'tendrer' (i.e. more tender). There was clearly no intention on the part of the compositor or publisher to revise the text systematically. The variations are due to the accidental and occasional intervention of the corrector of the press. Nevertheless all the new readings of 1594 were religiously followed in the subsequent reprints.

The emen-  
dations of  
1594.

Leake's edition of 1600 has some textual importance, which gives it a better title to rank with its predecessors of 1593 and 1594 than with any other issue. It contains a few typographical variations which have some intrinsic interest. The more notable changes are:—'smothers' (54) for 'murthers'; 'ill-natur'd' (134) for 'ill-nurtur'd'; 'the parke' (231) for 'a parke'; 'kisses' (519) for 'touches'; 'sight' (746) for 'fight'; 'imperiall' (748) for 'impartiall'; 'their obscuritie' (760) for 'darke obscuritie'; 'Bids the leave quaking, *wills* them feare no more' (899) for 'Bids them leave quaking, *bids* them feare no more'; 'imperial' (996) for 'imperious'; 'and shall be blasted' (1142) for 'buck, and be blasted'; 'sharpest sight' (1144) for 'truest sight'; 'seemes most' (1157) for 'showes most'. That the hand of an editor, albeit of a clumsy kind, is responsible for these alterations may be deduced from the somewhat complete reconstruction of line 574 by the same pen. The old reading, 'What though the rose have prickles, yet tis pluckt?' is replaced by 'What though the rose have pricks? yet is it pluck'd.'

Leake's  
edition of  
1600.

The further emendations which distinguish subsequent editions are comparatively unimportant. But typographical alterations, mostly of a minute kind, never ceased. By the time the text reached editors and printers of the eighteenth century it had gradually travelled far from that of the original issue, all copies of which for a long time disappeared. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Malone recovered a copy of the *editio princeps*, and with its aid he restored the text to its primordial shape.

Gradual de-  
terioration  
of the text.



## VI

The small  
number of  
surviving  
copies of  
early  
editions.

THE strangest fact to be noticed in regard to the bibliography of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* is that, though there were at least six editions issued in the poet's lifetime and seven in the two generations following his death, in the case of only two—the second and the sixth—of these thirteen editions do as many as three copies survive. In regard to the twelve other editions, the surviving copies of each are fewer. Of the editions of 1596, 1627, 1636, and 1675 two copies of each are known. Of the editions of 1593, 1599, 1600, 1617 and 1620, and the two editions of 1630, only one copy survives in each case. It is quite possible that there were editions in other years of which every copy has disappeared. But no more singular circumstance has yet been revealed in bibliographical history than that thirteen early editions of a sixteenth-century work should have been traced and only twenty-one exemplars of them all should be now known to bibliographical research. It is not extravagant to estimate that each sixteenth- or seventeenth-century edition of *Venus and Adonis* averaged 250 copies. On that assumption it will be seen that 3,729 copies have perished out of the 3,750 printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This wholesale mortality is doubtless the penalty the work paid for its popularity and accessibility. The copies were eagerly read and re-read, were quickly worn out and were carelessly flung away.

Distribution  
of surviving  
copies.

The present distribution of the twenty-one copies of the early editions which are known to survive is interesting. Eighteen are now in Great Britain and three are in America. The Bodleian Library at Oxford has the high distinction of

owning as many as nine; of these one came from the library of Robert Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (No. X); a second came from the library of Anthony à Wood (No. XVI); three were presented by the great Shakespearean scholar, Edmund Malone (Nos. I, VI, and VIII); two were bequeathed by Thomas Caldecott (Nos. III and

## ERRATUM

Page 54, line 7, for twelve other editions read eleven other editions.

*Venus and Adonis: Introduction.*

the Bodleian Library, was bought bound up with other poetical tracts for 6d.

The following is a detailed account of each of the Census of copies.

surviving twenty-one copies of the early editions.<sup>1</sup> For purposes of reference they are numbered consecutively.

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1593.  
No. I.  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy of  
1593.

Of the first edition, which is reproduced in this volume, only a single copy is known to exist. It is among the books which belonged to Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, and are now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The story of Malone's acquisition of the rare volume is interesting. At the outset of his career as a Shakespearean commentator he sought in vain for any early edition of *Venus and Adonis*. In his behalf, Thomas Longman, 'bookseller, of Paternoster Row,' offered, without result, a guinea for that of 1593 in an advertisement in the *St. James's Chronicle* on April 15, 1779. In 1780, in his 'Supplement to the edition of Shakespeare's plays' which Dr. Johnson and George Steevens had jointly prepared in 1778, he issued a text of the dramatist's 'genuine poetical compositions'. But he found it impossible to print *Venus and Adonis* 'from the original copies'. 'Though much inquiry was made for it,' Malone wrote in the Advertisement, 'the editor has not been able to procure the first edition.' He acknowledged, however, the loan from Dr. Farmer 'of a copy of that poem published in 1600'. Dr. Farmer's copy, which was without a title-page, is now in the Bodleian Library with Malone's books (see No. VIII, *infra*).<sup>2</sup> A few years after the publication of his text

<sup>1</sup> Much information respecting the extant copies of *Venus and Adonis* is collected in Justin Winsor's valuable, but inaccessible, *Shakespeare's Poems: a bibliography of the earlier editions* (Library of Harvard University, Bibliographical Contributions, No. 2, Cambridge, Mass., 1879). Valuable suggestions are made in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, vol. 38, 1895, preface; in Charles Edmond's Preface (v-xxii) to *Venus and Adonis from the hitherto unknown edition of 1599* (1870), and in Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual* (ed. H. G. Bohn, s. v. Shakespeare, 1864). I have personally inspected most of the volumes described which remain in England. I owe my main knowledge of those in America to descriptions furnished by their present owners. I have to thank the American collectors, Mr. Robert Hoe, Mr. H. C. Folger, jr., and Mr. Marsden J. Perry, for courteous replies to my inquiries.

<sup>2</sup> On April 29, 1779, Malone wrote to the Earl of Charlemont, 'Do you happen to be possessed of any ancient edition of Shakespeare's poem of

of the poem in 1780, Malone discovered a copy of the edition of 1596, and he noted down thirty-nine variations on his private copy of his reprint of the edition assigned to 1600.<sup>1</sup> It was not until August, 1805, that Malone's search for the original edition of 1593 was rewarded with success. In that month he acquired for what he called 'the enormous price of twenty-five pounds' from William Ford, a bookseller of Manchester, a copy of the edition of 1593. With the *Venus and Adonis* was bound up a copy of *Licia, or poems of Love*, by *Venus and Adonis*? The booksellers have repeatedly advertized for the earliest copy of it, but have not yet been able to get it.' The Earl replied on May 10, 'I am not possessed of any ancient copy of the *Venus and Adonis*' (MSS. of James, 1st Earl of Charlemont, *Hist. MSS. Comm. 12th Report*, App. Part x, 1891, vol. i, 1745-83, p. 347). The following two letters from W. Ford of Manchester, the seller of the volume of 1593 to Malone, are in the Bodleian Library and are here printed for the first time. They are bound up in a volume of Malone's letters, numbered SC 28578 (ff. 156 e, 156 f) :—

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1593.

'Manchester, July 20, 1805.

Sir, On receiving this you will be shown the Vol. of *Venus and Adonis*—the lowest price of which will be Twenty-five Pounds—the *Licia* prefixed to the Vol. is as great a rarity as the other nor have I been able to discover any notice of it in Warton, Ames, nor Ritson. Probably you may be more successful. I have not disclosed to Mr Bickerstaff the Price I ask you for it, tho' he is furnished with another Price to ask for it, in case of your refusal. Had I not been disposing of my Books, an offer of 30 g<sup>s</sup> should not have induced me to have parted with it. I am in possession of some other Pieces of our old English Poets as Spencer, Brown, &c. which are now at Binding, as great rarities as the above, which if I have the pleasure of writing to you again I will describe more particularly.

I remain very respectfully your  
Hble Ser<sup>t</sup> W. Ford.

The second letter runs :—

'Sir, Yours I duly rec<sup>d</sup> enclosing a Bank Bill Val. 25. 17. 0 for which I have given you credit and am much obliged to you.

The Bible shall be sent for your inspection the first opportunity.

I lately purchased a curious coll<sup>n</sup> of Books; among them was an old quarto Vol. of Plays, containing Green's *tu quoque*, Shakspeare's *Henry 4* and 5<sup>th</sup>, Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, and several others all first editions. I sold it immediately otherwise sh<sup>d</sup> have wrote you about it. I remain

Sir your obliged servant  
W. Ford.

Manchester

August 30 - 1805 -'

<sup>1</sup> This copy with Malone's manuscript annotations was kindly lent to the present editor by Messrs. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, London.

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1593.

Giles Fletcher, which was published in the same year, and of which also no other complete copy has been met with. The volume is now numbered Malone 325, and bears on the fly-leaf an autograph note by Malone, of which the last sentences run:—'Many years ago I said that I had no doubt an edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593, but no copy of that edition was discovered in the long period that has elapsed since my first notice of it, nor is any other copy of 1593 but the present known to exist.' No second copy has been yet discovered in the century that has elapsed since Malone wrote these words.

The copy—a quarto—measures  $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ , and is in good condition. The leaves number twenty-seven. The title-page and dedicatory epistle are unsigned leaves, but the text of the poem is printed on leaves bearing signatures in fours from B (Bij, Bii) to H. The copy has been twice reproduced already; firstly, in 1867, by Mr. E. W. Ashbee, in lithographic facsimile, at the expense of James Orchard Halliwell[-Phillipps] (only fifty impressions were taken, of which nineteen were destroyed, and thirty-one alone were suffered to survive); secondly, in 1886, by Mr. William Griggs, in photo-lithography, for the Shakspeare-Quarto facsimiles published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch of Piccadilly (No. 12, with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Symons).

SECOND  
EDITION,  
1594.

Of the edition of 1594—also a quarto—Malone remained in ignorance to the last. But at least three copies with the title-pages identical with those of the first edition were known to others in his time, and remain accessible. The three copies are now, respectively, in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and in the library of Mr. A. H. Huth.

No. II.  
Brit. Mus.  
(Grenville)  
copy, 1594.

The British Museum copy was at one time the property of Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., the well-known collector in the early years of the nineteenth century. He stumbled upon it in one of his Lancashire rambles, in a volume which also contained the first edition of the *Sonnets* of 1609 and was purchased for a few pence.<sup>1</sup> At the sale of Jolley's library in 1844 it was bought

<sup>1</sup> See T. F. Dibdin's *Library Companion*, 1824, p. 808.

by Thomas Grenville for £116, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum in 1846. It measures  $6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''$ . The edges are somewhat closely cut, and some pages are slightly mended. It is bound in olive morocco by Clarke. It was reproduced by Mr. E. W. Ashbee in 1867, together with the edition of 1593.

SECOND  
EDITION,  
1594.

The Bodleian copy (Malone Additional 886) was bequeathed to the Library by Thomas Caldecott, an ardent student of Shakespeare, in 1833. With it are bound (in red morocco) first editions of *Lucrece* (1594) and the *Sonnets* (1609). The signature of an early owner, 'Thomas Newton,' appears on the last leaf. A manuscript note by Caldecott on the fly-leaf runs thus:—'I purchased the contents of this volume, June, 1796, of an obscure bookseller, of the name of Vanderberg, near St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. He had cut them with several others out of a volume, put each of them separately in blue paper, and priced them at 4s. and 5s. Some time after he told me that he had met with them among many others at a bookseller's auction.' The copy measures  $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{6}{8}''$ , and the edges are closely shaved.

No. III.  
Bodleian  
(Caldecott)  
copy, 1594.

The third copy of the 1594 edition, which is generally regarded as the finest, belonged, until 1864, to George Daniel, of Canonbury, and was purchased at the Daniel sale in 1864 by Mr. Henry Huth for £240. It measures as much as  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{2}''$ .

No. IV.  
Huth copy,  
1594.

With Harrison's first edition of 1596, the form of the

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1596.

\* Hints of a fourth copy of the 1594 edition exist. Such a copy seems referred to by Thomas Grenville in a manuscript note before his copy in the British Museum. He there mentions, not very coherently, 'a copy sold by Pickering in 1843, which I sold again to buy this preferable [Jolley] copy'. It would appear that Grenville himself bought the Pickering copy in 1843, and sold it the following year, before acquiring the Jolley copy. The Pickering copy, which Grenville judged to be inferior to the Jolley copy, can hardly be identified with the fine Daniel copy which has no recorded history, but which is distinctly superior to the Jolley copy. The Pickering is yet to be traced. At Daniel's sale, a single leaf (F iiiij) of the edition of 1594, belonging presumably to a fifth copy, was bought by Halliwell for £2 1s. od. and was presented by him to the Shakespeare's Birthplace Library at Stratford-on-Avon, where it is on exhibition. It contains ll. 907-54, beginning 'A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes' and ending 'Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour'.

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1596.

No. V.  
Brit. Mus.  
copy, 1596.

book was changed. The quarto shape gave place to the octavo, and the quarto shape was never resumed. The signatures henceforth run A to D iij in eights. Though the page was slightly smaller, each bore as much type as before, and the leaves continued to number twenty-seven. The text of 1594 is followed in the issue of 1596 with small typographical change. Field was the printer. Two copies are extant—one in the British Museum, and the other in the Bodleian. The British Museum copy, which measures  $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 2\frac{1}{2}\frac{5}{8}''$ , is bound in half-(olive) morocco with red cloth sides, and is preserved in a russia leather case. It is in good condition, although one or two of the concluding leaves are stained. The book was in the library of Sir William Bolland, at whose sale in 1840 it was bought by Benjamin Heywood Bright for £91. At Bright's sale on April 7, 1845, it was bought by George Daniel for £91 10s. 0d.<sup>1</sup> The underbidder was Thomas Grenville. At

<sup>1</sup> Daniel wrote in the book the following note:—'This most precious

the Daniel sale in 1864, the British Museum acquired the copy for £336. The press-mark is C. 21. a. 37.

The other copy, in the Malone collection of the Bodleian Library (Malone 37), measures only  $4\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3''$ , and the margins are closely shaved. It originally formed part of a volume of early poetical pamphlets which was sold at Dr. Bernard's sale in 1698 for 1s. 3d.; Thomas Warton bought it for 6d. in 1760 'out of some rubbish in a broker's shop'. His brother, Joseph Warton, gave it to Malone before 1785. Malone modestly wrote of the volume in 1791: 'If it were now to be produced at an auction, it would undoubtedly be sold for three or four guineas.'<sup>1</sup> He detached the *Venus and Adonis* from the collection, inlaid all the leaves in paper measuring  $9'' \times 7\frac{1}{8}''$ , and bound it up with inlaid copies of *Romeo and Juliet* (1597 and 1599), of *Richard III* (1597), of *King Lear* (1608), and of *Titus Andronicus* (1611).

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1596.  
No. VI.  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy, 1596.

The first extant edition bearing Leake's imprint is dated 1599. Only a single copy exists, and that did not come to light till 1867. The existence of such an edition was not previously suspected by bibliographers. It was discovered in an upper lumber-room at Lamport Hall, near Northampton, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Bart., by Mr. Charles Edmonds in September of that year. Mr. Edmonds had been sent to Lamport Hall by Henry Sotheran & Co., the London booksellers, to report on the state of Sir Charles' library. Mr. Edmonds discovered some twenty rare poetical tracts published at the end of the sixteenth century in the disused

FOURTH  
EDITION,  
1599.  
No. VII.  
Britwell  
copy, 1599.

volume is from the Libraries of y<sup>e</sup> late W. [Sir William] Bolland and B. H. Bright, Esq<sup>r</sup>. At Mr. Bolland's sale [in 1840] (at y<sup>e</sup> rooms of Messrs. Evans) it was bought by Mr. Bright for £91. At Mr. Bright's sale [no. 5067] (at y<sup>e</sup> rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Co.) on 7 April, 1845, I became the Purchaser for y<sup>e</sup> sum of £91 10s. 0d. George Daniel, *Canonbury Square*.—He also inserted in the volume the following note, which he received in the sale-room from the bookseller Thomas Rodd:—'There are three marquises wanting the *Venus*, one will I fear push hard at her. I do not think there is any lik[e]lihood of your getting her under £101. I know that it will not go under £91 10s. 0d. T[homas] R[odd].'

<sup>1</sup> Prior's *Malone*, p. 179.



FOURTH  
EDITION,  
1599.

lumber-room. All were in good condition in contemporary vellum binding, and in many cases the leaves were uncut. But the most interesting feature of this treasure-trove was the vellum-bound volume in perfect condition which sheltered within its covers Leake's edition of *Venus and Adonis* dated 1599, a copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* published in the same year, and a copy of *Epigrammes and Elegies* by I. D. and C. M. At Middleborough. (The last pamphlet consisted of epigrams by Sir John Davies, and certain of Ovid's Elegies translated by Christopher Marlowe, and was issued in London—not, as stated, at Middleborough—in all probability in 1598.) This rare volume of triPLICATE interest was sold in the summer of 1895, by Sir Charles Isham, to Mr. Christie Miller of Britwell Court, Maidenhead, together with much else that was valuable in the Lamport treasure-trove. The 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, which is now at Britwell, measures  $4\frac{3}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ ; the signatures run as before in eights from A to Diiij; and it consists of twenty-seven leaves. The text follows that of 1596, but there are some

ignorant variations of spelling. The ornaments on the title-page altogether differ from those employed by Harrison and Field, and suggest that the printer whom Leake employed was Peter Short. A typed facsimile, limited to an edition of 131 copies, was published by Messrs. Sotheran & Co. in 1870.

FOURTH  
EDITION,  
1599.

Of a succeeding issue, only a single copy is again known to be extant. This copy, which lacks a title-page, is in Malone's collection at the Bodleian Library (Malone 327). It is bound up with a copy of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, which has the imprint 'printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison' and the date 1600. The volume was a gift from Dr. Farmer to Malone, who collated it before March 24, 1785, with the 1596 edition, and drew up a manuscript list of thirty-nine changes, which is extant, but is not exhaustive.<sup>1</sup> A manuscript title-page which has been supplied to this edition of the *Venus*, merely copies the *Lucrece* imprint ('printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison,' 1600). The date may be right, but the printer's and publisher's names are errors. John Harrison's connexion with the *Venus and Adonis* had ceased with the transfer of the copyright in 1597 to William Leake. The edition was doubtless published by Leake. It is of textual importance, for although it follows the typography of 1599 there have been deliberately introduced several new misreadings, which are adopted in all subsequent editions of the seventeenth century. The measurements are  $4\frac{9}{16}$ "  $\times$   $2\frac{9}{16}$ ". The signatures (A-D iij) in eights, and the number of leaves, which are unpagged, twenty-seven, are the same as in previous issues.

FIFTH  
EDITION,  
1600?  
No. VIII.  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy, 1600?

A new—the sixth—edition was issued by Leake in 1602. It seems to have been set up, with reasonable care, from the text of 1600. The curious printer's device, in a square scrolled frame on the title-page, shows a winged and laurelled skull surmounted by an hour-glass in front of an open book, inscribed 'I liue to dy. I dy to liue': beneath the skull is a globe showing the Western hemisphere and the sea with a ship.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1602.

<sup>1</sup> See No. I, p. 57, note 1.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1602.

The device was probably that of Humphry Lownes, who seems to have printed the volume for Leake. An edition of Robert Southwell's *Saint Peter's Complaint*, which was probably printed

in the same year (1602), although the title-page is undated, bears the same device and has the imprint, 'Printed by H[umphry] L[ownes] for William Leake.' Three copies

survive—respectively in the Bodleian Library, the British Museum, and the Earl of Macclesfield's library.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1602.

An alteration was made in the type of the title-page after a few copies were struck off: for the comma which originally followed the word 'vulgus' in the middle of the first line of the Latin quotation, there was substituted a colon, which figures in two of the three extant copies of the edition. The copy in the British Museum alone has the comma on the title-page. There is no other distinction in the type of the three copies.<sup>1</sup>

The British Museum copy of the 1602 edition, with the unique 'comma' title-page, measures  $5\frac{3}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ . The ownership can be traced some distance back. It was bought by the commentator, George Steevens, at the sale of Dr. Chauncey's library on April 15, 1790, for eight shillings. James Bindley paid £1 11s. 6d. for it at the Steevens sale on May 21, 1800. The price leapt up at Bindley's sale in 1819 to £42, when it was bought by Mr. Strettel of Canonbury. At Strettel's sale, in 1841, the bidding only reached £26 5s. 0d. and no sale was then effected, but George Daniel soon afterwards acquired it for £40 8s. 6d. Daniel sold the copy to the British Museum at a slightly higher price. There are manuscript notes, dealing with the successive changes of ownership, in the hands of Steevens (who knew of no other copy), Bindley, and Daniel. On Sig. B 1 (line 303) is the following good manuscript note in a seventeenth-century hand:—'To bid the wind a bace. Base or Bace—a sport used among country people called Prison-Base in which some persue to take others

No. IX.  
British  
Museum  
copy, 1602.

<sup>1</sup> The Cambridge editors vaguely credit each of the three copies with typographical peculiarities, and treat each as representative of a different edition, thus attributing to Leake three editions in 1602. A comparison of the three does not support this allegation. A careful collation of the Earl of Macclesfield's copy, which was kindly lent to the British Museum by the Countess of Macclesfield for the purpose, with the British Museum copy, shows that the two are at all points identical in type, save for the punctuation on the title-page. The paper of the Bodleian copy is perhaps of a quality slightly inferior to that of the Museum and Macclesfield copies.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1602.  
No. X.  
Bodleian  
copy, 1602.

Prisoners—and therefore To bid the wind a Base, is by using the Language of yt sport To take the wind Prisoner.'

The Bodleian copy of 1602 (8°. M 9, Art B S) bears the autograph signature of Robert Burton. It has been in the Library since 1640, when it was forwarded in conformity with the clause of Burton's will: 'If I have any books the University Library hath not, let them take them.'<sup>1</sup> This copy was the first edition of the poem to pass the portals of the Bodleian Library. That Burton was well acquainted with *Venus and Adonis* is clear from a mnemonic quotation of four lines in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621).<sup>2</sup> Burton's copy is now bound up with five other tracts, only one of which was his property. The *Venus* comes second in the volume. Some of the leaves are uncut.<sup>3</sup> The measurements are  $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$ .

No. XI.  
Macclesfield  
copy, 1602.

The third surviving copy of the 1602 edition is in the library of the Earl of Macclesfield at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. It has, like the Bodleian copy, the 'colon' title-page. It is a perfect copy in admirable preservation, and has been strongly bound in recent years by Hatton of Manchester. It was probably acquired by the first Earl of Macclesfield, the Lord Chancellor, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The measurements are  $5'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ . There

<sup>1</sup> Macray's *Annals of the Bodleian*, 1890, p. 90.

<sup>2</sup> Burton quotes the four lines from memory (ed. Shilleto, vol. iii, p. 79) thus:—'When *Venus* ran to meet her rose-checked *Adonis*, as an elegant Poet of ours sets her out,

The bushes in the way  
Some catch her [by the] neck, some kiss her face,  
Some twine about her legs to make her stay,  
And all did covet her for to embrace.' (ll. 871-4.)

Burton's allusion to Shakespeare as 'an elegant Poet of ours' is curious. He only seems to quote Shakespeare in two other places in his *Anatomy*, once from *Lucrece*, ll. 615-6 (vol. i, p. 91), and once from *Romeo and Juliet* (vol. iii, p. 216). Burton makes several other references to the story of Venus and Adonis, but only as it figures in classical authors.

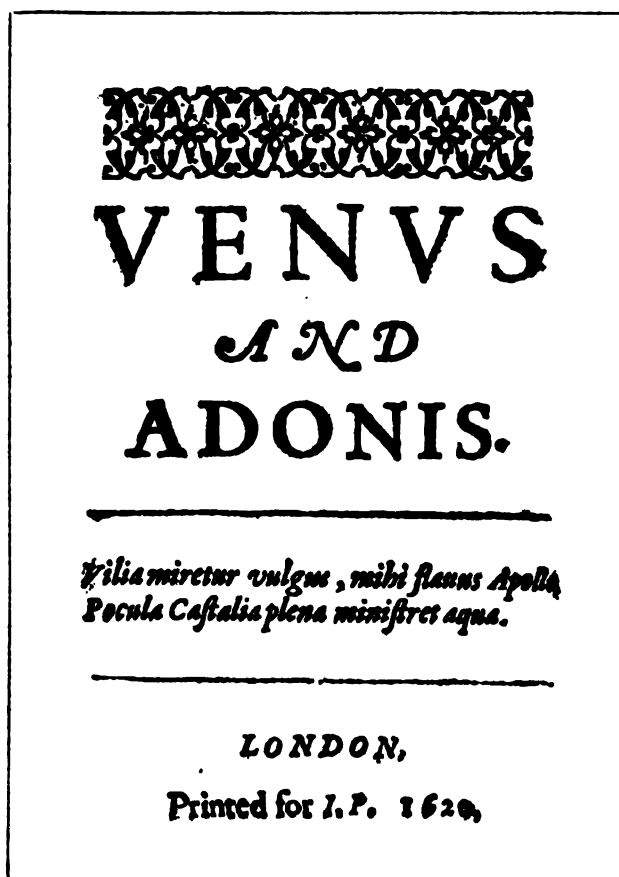
<sup>3</sup> The opening tract, *The Devill of Mascon, from the French* (Oxford, 1658), is not of much interest. But the third tract, *Laneham's Letter*, concerning the Kenilworth Entertainment of 1575, bears, like *Venus and Adonis*, the autograph signature of 'Robtus Burton'.

are traces of the existence of two other copies of this edition. SIXTH EDITION, 1602.  
In the Bagford collection of title-pages at the British Museum, there is a title-page which precisely corresponds with that of Lord Macclesfield's exemplar. The library of the great Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which the book-

seller Osborne dispersed in the middle years of the eighteenth century, contained very few early editions of Shakespeare's works, but the *Catalogus Bibliothecae Harleianae* (1743-5) enumerates among them a copy of *Venus and Adonis* dated 1602.

SEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1617.  
No. XII.  
Bodleian  
(Caldecott)  
copy, 1617.

A unique copy of the edition of 1617 was included in Thomas Caldecott's bequest in 1833 to the Bodleian Library<sup>1</sup> (Malone 890). It bears the imprint 'Printed for W. B. 1617.' W. B. was William Barrett, the publisher or bookseller who



purchased the copyright of Leake in 1617. The volume is a small octavo ( $4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{16}''$ ) with the same signatures and the same number of leaves as its immediate predecessors. The text seems identical with that of 1602.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce in his edition of Shakespeare mentions an edition of the year 1616. There is no other trace of it, and Dyce may have been thinking in error of the edition of *Lucrece* of 1616.

A unique copy of the edition of 1620—'Printed for I. P.' (i.e. John Parker)—is among the books left by Capell to Trinity College, Cambridge. It is bound with a copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599, which follows it. The volume belonged at one time to 'Honest Tom Martin' (1697-1771) of Palgrave, the historian of Thetford. At the end there is the note in old writing, 'Not quite perfect, see 4 or 5 leaves back: so it cost me but 3 Halfpence.' The measurements are  $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$ . It is a small octavo, faithfully reproducing the edition of 1617, although the title-page has the comma instead of the colon in the Latin quotation, as in the early impression of the 1602 edition (No. IX).<sup>1</sup>

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1620.  
No. XIII.  
Capell copy,  
1620.

A special interest attaches to the edition of 1627, of which two copies are now traceable. This edition was printed not in London, but in Edinburgh, and is the first example of the printing outside London of any work of Shakespeare. The Edinburgh printer and publisher who undertook the venture was John Wreittoun, a man of substance, with a shop, as he states on the title-page, 'a litle beneath the Salt Trone.' It is possible that the publisher's neighbour, Drummond of Hawthornden, the poet, who was an admiring critic of Shakespeare, suggested the venture.<sup>2</sup> A copy of an early edition of the poem was in Drummond's library

NINTH  
EDITION,  
Edinburgh,  
1627.

<sup>1</sup> The erroneous statement of the Cambridge editors in their first edition (1866) that a second copy of the 1620 edition was bought in 1839 for the Bodleian Library is corrected in their second edition (1895). The copy of *Venus and Adonis* bought in 1839 had no title-page and was for a time wrongly identified with the edition of 1620. From that edition it differs materially. It more probably belongs to the year 1630 (see No. XVII).

<sup>2</sup> Wreittoun began business in 1624 'at the Nether Bowe, Edinburgh'. He removed in 1627 to 'the Salt Trone', where he made his reputation. There he seems to have remained till 1636, when he retired from trade, after producing as many as fifty-six books. He died in 1640. His wife, Margaret Kene, seems to have been sister of the second surviving wife of the well-known Edinburgh printer, Andro Hart (d. 1621), the friend and publisher of the poet Drummond of Hawthornden, who recommended his friend Drayton to publish with him. For my knowledge of Wreittoun's career I am mainly indebted to information kindly given me by Mr. J. P. Edmond, now Librarian to the Writers of the Signet at Edinburgh, and by Mr. H. G. Aldis, of the Cambridge University Library.



NINTH  
EDITION,  
1627.

before 1611. Wreittoun apparently reprinted, with a few corrections of his own, Leake's edition of 1602. The Cam-

bridge editors needlessly conjecture that he derived his copy from a manuscript transcript of that edition. Although one or two changes are for the better, and accidentally correspond

with the readings of the two earliest quartos, Wreittoun's text is defaced by many misprints of his own invention (cf. 'seaseth' (line 25) for 'seizeth'; 'winkt, and turnde' (90) for 'winks, and turns'; 'rivals' (123) for 'revels'; 'thus' (205) for 'this'; 'relieue, the' (480) for 'relieveth'; 'screeks' (531) for 'shrieks'; 'through' (967) for 'throng'; 'their' (1040) for 'her'). The pages are numbered for the first time and the numbers run 1 to 46 (misprinted 47).

NINTH  
EDITION,  
1627.

Of the two extant copies of Wreittoun's volume one is in the British Museum, and the other is in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York. The British Museum copy, which measures  $5\frac{5}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$ , is bound in calf. It is in a soiled condition; the title is cropped and inlaid, and several leaves are repaired. It was at one time the property of George Chalmers, whose book-plate is preserved in it. It was sold at Chalmers' sale (pt. ii, no. 558) in 1842, for £37 10s. od., the catalogue giving the wrong date, 1607. Benjamin Heywood Bright was the purchaser; at the sale of his books in 1845 (no. 5068) it was called 'unique'; it was then bought for £35 for the British Museum.

No. XIV.  
Brit. Mus.  
copy, 1627.

The second copy, now in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York, is a far finer copy than that in the British Museum, and is 'the only perfect copy known'. It is in the original vellum binding with uncut leaves. A preliminary leaf signed 'A' has an ornamental border near the top, but is otherwise blank. This leaf does not appear in the British Museum copy. Mr. Hoe's copy was discovered in a worthless lot of books by a bookseller, at a country sale in 1864. It was sold in London, at Sotheby's, in March of that year, and bought by Pickering, the London bookseller, for £115. Pickering made it over to Almon W. Griswold, of New York, some time after whose death it was secured by the present owner.<sup>1</sup>

No. XV.  
Hoe copy,  
1627.

An edition of 1630 was 'Printed by J[ohn] H[aviland] and sold by Francis Coules'. Only a single copy is known. It was formerly the property of Anthony à Wood, and was

TENTH  
EDITION,  
1630.  
No. XVI.  
Bodleian  
(Wood)  
copy, 1630.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Robert Hoe's Catalogue of Early English Books, New York, 1904, vol. iv, p. 105, with facsimile of title-page.

TENTH  
EDITION,  
1630.

lately removed from the Ashmolean Museum to its present home, the Bodleian Library (Wood 79). It measures  $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{7}{16}''$ , and there is a device on the title-page of Cupid throwing down his bow. This edition was reprinted early in the eighteenth century. In one impression of Lintott's edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* which appeared in 1710 it was stated that *Venus and Adonis* was there printed from an edition of 1630. A title-page was given bearing that date, and a printer's device with the motto 'Sua Laurea Phoebo'.<sup>1</sup>

ELEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1630?  
No. XVII.  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy, 1630.

To the same year (1630) is assigned an imperfect copy (lacking the title-page) of a slightly differing impression, which is also in the Bodleian Library (Malone 891). It measures  $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 2\frac{5}{16}''$ . A title-page, which is supplied in manuscript, suggests the date of 1630. The text is not identical with the perfect copy of that year, but it was clearly based on that edition. It was known, too, to the printer of the succeeding edition of 1636. It must therefore be dated between 1630 and the latter year.

TWELFTH  
EDITION,  
1636.  
No. XVIII.  
Brit. Mus.  
copy, 1636.

Haviland's third edition appeared in 1636 again, 'to be sold by Francis Coules', with the same device of Cupid throwing down his bow, as in Haviland's first edition of 1630. Two copies alone are traceable. The signatures run as before, A to D iii in eights, and the book contains twenty-seven leaves. The British Museum copy, which measures  $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ , is bound in russia, and is badly stained and soiled, with a few leaves mended. It belonged to George Hibbert, of Portland Place, London, at whose sale in 1829 it fetched £1 14s. 0d. This copy is possibly identical with that which was sold bound up in a volume with the *Rape of Lucrece* (1616) and other poetical tracts, at the sale of Thomas Pearson in 1788, when the whole volume fetched £1 2s. 0d. A better copy of the 1636 edition now belongs to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A. It measures  $4\frac{3}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{3}''$  and contains twenty-eight leaves, the last being blank, while some leaves are uncut at the bottom. This copy was purchased by Henry Stevens, the American agent in London, in May, 1856, at Sotheby's,

No. XIX.  
Perry copy,  
1636.

<sup>1</sup> See page 74.

for £49 10s. od. Henry Stevens had it re-bound in blue morocco by Bedford, and re-sold it at Sotheby's for £56, in August, 1857. It subsequently passed into the library of Brayton Ives, of New York, who paid for it \$1,350 or £270. At Brayton Ives' sale in 1891 it was acquired by its present owner for \$1,150 or £230.

TWELFTH  
EDITION,  
1636.

The last edition known to have been produced in the seventeenth century was printed in 1675 'by Elizabeth Hodgkinsonne for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clark', and was entered in 'The Term Catalogue' under date February 10, 1676, as 'Venus and Adonis; A Poem by W. Shakespear. Price sixpence'. It was a diminutive volume of the chap-book order, and was published by a London firm, whose business was mainly confined to broadsides, ballads, and chap-books.

THIRTEENTH  
EDITION,  
1675.

The only copy which seems traceable is now in America. Originally in the library of George Richard Savage Nassau, it was sold at the sale of his books in March, 1824, for £2 5s. od. It seems to have been subsequently for a time the property of J. O. Halliwell. On April 12, 1889, it was sold by an anonymous collector at Puttick and Simpson's auction rooms in London, for £14 10s. od. to Messrs. Pearson and Co., of London. It afterwards passed to its present owner, Mr. H. C. Folger, jr., of New York. It is bound in russia.

No. XX.  
Folger copy,  
1675.

Another copy of the 1675 edition, without a title-page, belonged to Malone and seems to have passed with his books to the Bodleian Library. It is mentioned in the catalogue of Malone's books in the Bodleian Library, which was published in 1836. The entry is repeated in the printed catalogue of the Bodleian Library which was issued between 1835 and 1847. It also figures in the manuscript catalogue of the Library in present use, but no shelf-mark is there attached to it. The Cambridge editors reported that it was inaccessible to them when they sought to collate it in 1864. Efforts have been made at the instance of the present writer to find it during the present year, but so far without success.

No. XXI.  
Mislaid  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy, 1675.

<sup>1</sup> Arber's *Term Catalogues*, i. 230.

Eighteenth-  
century  
reprints.

In the eighteenth century, the poem was less frequently issued than might be expected. Few of the great editors deemed the *Venus and Adonis* or any other of Shakespeare's poems worthy of their notice. The first eighteenth-century reprint, '*Venus and Adonis*, written by Mr. Shakespeare,' appeared in 1707 in *Poems on Affairs of State* (vol. iv, pp. 205-44). The text abounds in the corruptions of 1600 and the later issues, and was doubtless reprinted from the chap-book issue of 1675. Nicholas Rowe did not include Shakespeare's poems in his first critical edition of the plays which Jacob Tonson published in six volumes in 1709. But two publishers independently supplied the omission without delay. The notorious Edmund Curll (with E. Sanger) brought out in 1710 a so-called 'seventh volume' of Rowe's edition containing *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, with Shakespeare's 'miscellany Poems', and an essay by Charles Gildon on the history of the stage. A more respectable publisher, Bernard Lintott, brought out, also in 1710, more than one impression of another complete collection of Shakespeare's poems. This work, which was entitled 'A Collection of Poems', first appeared in a single volume, containing *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, and *The Passionate Pilgrim*. A second volume, which was published later, added the *Sonnets* and *A Lover's Complaint*. In one impression of Lintott's volumes the *Venus and Adonis* is preceded by a separate and subsidiary title-page bearing the date 1609. There was no known edition of the poem issued in that year, and the date may be a misprint for 1709, when Lintott sent the text to press, or it may be a confusion with 1609, the date of the first edition of the *Sonnets*. Other impressions of Lintott's edition of 1710 give *Venus and Adonis* a title-page dated 1630, in which year an edition was undoubtedly published (see No. XVI). Lintott's text was liberally corrected in the printing-office, but was apparently based on that of 1630. To Pope's edition of Shakespeare's plays, which Jacob Tonson issued without the poems in six volumes (1723-5), a syndicate of booksellers added in 1725 a 'seventh volume' giving the poems in Curll's text under the incom-

petent editorship of Dr. Sewell. Neither Theobald, Hanmer, Dr. Johnson, Warburton, Capell, nor Steevens noticed the poems in their editions of the plays. Capell annotated in manuscript a copy of the Lintott reprint, but the revision remains unpublished in the Capell collection in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1774 J. Bell, a London bookseller, first included the poems in a trade reprint of the plays.<sup>1</sup> In 1780 Malone included the poems in his *Supplement to Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakespeare's Plays of 1778*, and there first attempted a critical recension of the text. They reappeared as a matter of course in Malone's great edition of the works of Shakespeare, in 1790. It is due to Malone's example that *Venus and Adonis* and the rest of Shakespeare's non-dramatic works were finally admitted to the Shakespearean canon. They fill a place in all the nineteenth-century editions of Shakespeare's works which enjoy a standard repute.

<sup>1</sup> Many so-called collections of Shakespeare's poems, which were produced by publishers in the middle of the eighteenth century under such titles as 'Poems written by Shakespeare', or 'Poems on several occasions by William Shakespeare', were merely reprints of the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* which contained only the *Sonnets* and *Passionate Pilgrim* and omitted Shakespeare's narrative poems.



# VENVS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*



LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at  
the signe of the white Greyhound in  
Paules Church-yard.

1593.







**TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE**  
Henrie VVriothelley, Earle of Southampton,  
and Baron of Titchfield.

*Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in  
ting my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor  
the worlde will censure mee for choosung so  
a proppe to support so weake a burthen,  
if your Honour seeme but pleased, I ac-  
praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all  
honoured you with some grauer labcur. But  
if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorie it  
had so noble a god-father: and neuer after care so barren a land,  
for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harvest, I leaue it to your Honou-  
rable seruicy, and your Honor to your hearts content, which I wish  
may alwaies answere your owne wish, and the worlds hope-  
full expectation.*

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

**E**VEN as the sunne with purple-colour'd face,  
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,  
Rose-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,  
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne:  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine vnto him,  
And like a bold fac'd suter ginnes to woo him.

Thrise fairer then my selfe, (thus she began)  
The fields chiefe flower, sweet aboue compare,  
Staine to all Nymphs, more louely then a man,  
More white, and red, then doves, or roses are:  
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,  
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,  
And raine his proud head to the saddle bow,  
If thou wilt daine this fauor, for thy meed  
A thousand honie secrets shalt thou know:  
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent hisses,  
And being set, he smother thee with kisses.

**B**

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd facietie,  
But rather famish them amid their plentie,  
Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie:  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie:  
A summers day will seeme an houre but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

VVith this she ceazeth on his sweating palme,  
The president of pith, and liuelyhood,  
And trembling in her passion, calls it balme,  
Earths soueraigne salue, to do a goddesse good,  
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,  
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse.

Ouer one arme the lustie coursers raine,  
Vnder her other was the tender boy,  
VWho blusht, and powted in a dull disdain,  
VWith leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,  
She red, and hot, as coles of glovving fier,  
Hered for shame; but frostie in desier.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,  
Nimbly she fastens, (ô how quicke is loue!)  
The steed is stalled vp, and euen now,  
To tie the rider she begins to proue:  
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,  
And gouerned him in strength though not in lust.  
So

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,  
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,  
Then with her windie sighes, and golden heares,  
To fan, and blow them drie againe she seekes.  
He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,  
VVhat followes more, she murthers with a kisse.

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,  
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh, and bone, .  
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in hast,  
Till either gorge be stufte, or pray be gone:  
Euen so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forst to content, but neuer to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face.  
She feedeth on the steame, as on a pray,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, aire of grace,  
VVishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

B ij

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,  
So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes,  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
VVhich bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:  
    Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,  
    Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,  
For to a prettie eare she tunes her tale.  
Still is he fülle in, still he lowres and frets,  
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale,  
    Being red she loues him best, and being white,  
    Her best is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,  
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,  
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,  
Till he take truce with her contending teares,  
    VVhich lōg haue rained, making her cheeks al wet,  
    And one sweet kisse shal pay this compleesse debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a diuedapper peering through a wauc,  
VVho being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:  
So offers he to giue what she did craue,  
    But when her lips were readie for his pay,  
    He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did passenger in sommers heat,  
More thirst for drinke, then she for this good turne,  
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:

Oh pitie gan she crie, flint-hearted boy,  
Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue bene wooed as I intreat thee now,  
Euen by the sterne, and direfull god of warre,  
VVhose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,  
VVho conquers where he comes in euerie iarre,  
Yet hath he bene my captiue, and my slaue,  
And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hong his launce,  
His battred shield, his vncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learnd to sport, and daunce,  
To toy, to wanton, dallie, smile, and iest,  
Scorning his churlish drumme, and ensigne red,  
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouer-swayed,  
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine,  
Strong-temperd Steele his stronger strength obeyed.  
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdain,  
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For maistring her that soyld the god of fight.

B iij



## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,  
Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,  
The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,  
VVhat seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head,  
    Looke in mine ey-bals, there thy beautie lyes,  
    Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,  
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.  
Loue keepes his reuels where there are but twaine:  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight,  
    These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,  
    Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender spring vpon thy tempting lip,  
Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted,  
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,  
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted,  
    Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,  
    Rot, and consume them selues in litle time.

VVere I hard-fauour'd, foule, or wrinckled old,  
Il-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
Ore-worne, despised, reumatique, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce;  
    Thē mightst thou pause, for thē I were not for thee,  
    But hauing no defects, why doest abhor me?

Thou

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

**T**hou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,  
**M**ine eyes are grey, and bright, & quicke in turning:  
**M**y beautie as the spring doth yearelie grow,  
**M**y flesh is soft, and plumpe, my marrow burning,  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
V Would in thy palme dissolue, or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine eare,  
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,  
Or like a Nymph, with long ditheueled heare,  
Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing seene.  
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

V Vitnesse this Primrose banke whereon I lie,  
These forcelesse flowers like sturdy trees support me:  
Two strengthles doves will draw me through the skie,  
From morne till night, euen where I list to sport me.  
Is loue so light sweet boy, and may it be,  
That thou should thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?  
Can thy right hand ceaze loue vpon thy left?  
Then woo thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected:  
Steale thine own freedome, and complaine on theft.  
Narcissus so him selfe him selfe forooke,  
And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,  
Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the vse,  
Herbes for their smell, and sappie plants to beare.  
Things growing to them selues, are growths abuse,  
Seeds spring frō seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,  
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may liue, when thou thy selfe art dead:  
And so in spite of death thou doest suruiue,  
In that thy likenesse still is left aliue.

By this the loue-sicke Queene began to sweate,  
For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,  
And Titan tired in the midday heate,  
VVith burning eye did hotly ouer-look them,  
VVishing Adonis had his teame to guide,  
So he were like him, and by Venus side.

And now Adonis with a lazie sprite,  
And with a heauie, darke, disliking eye,  
His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire sight,  
Like mistie vapors when they blot the skie,  
So wring his cheekes, cries, fie, no more of loue,  
The sunne doth burne my face I must remoue.  
Ay, me,

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Ay, me, (quoth Venus) young, and so vnkinde,  
VVhat bare excuses mak'st thou to be gon?  
He sigh celestiall breath, whose gentle winde,  
Shall coole the heate of this descending sun:  
He make a shadow for thee of my heares,  
If they burn too, he quench them with my teares.

The sun that shines from heauen, shines but warme,  
And lo I lye betweene that sunne, and thee:  
The heate I haue from thence doth litle harme,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,  
And were I not immortal, life were done,  
Betweene this heauenly, and earthly sunne,

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as Steele?  
Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth:  
Art thou a womans sonne and canst not feele  
VVhat ris to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?  
O had thy mother borne so hard a minde,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

VVhat am I that thou shouldst contemne me this?  
Or what great danger, dwels vpon my sute?  
VVhat were thy lips the worse for one poore kis?  
Speake faire, but speake faire words, or else be mute:  
Giue me one kisse, He giue it thee againe,  
And one for intrest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

C

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

Fie, liuelesse picture, cold, and sencelesse stone,  
 VVell painted idoll, image dull, and dead,  
 Statüe contenting but the eye alone,  
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:

Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,  
 For men will kisse euen by their owne direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
 And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause,  
 Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:  
 Being Iudge in loue, she cannot right her cause.  
 And now she weeps, & now she faine would speake  
 And now her sobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
 Sometime her armes infold him like a band,  
 She would, he will not in her armes be bound:  
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
 She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I haue hemd thee here  
 VVithin the circuit of this iuorie pale,  
 Ile be a parke, and thou shalt be my deare:  
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;  
 Graze on my lips, and if those hills be drie,  
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

VVithin

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

**V**itin this limit is reliefe inough,  
**S**weet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,  
**R**ound rising hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,  
**T**o shelter thee from tempest, and from raine:  
Then be my deare, since I am such a parke,  
No dog shal rowze thee, though a thousand bark.

**A**t this Adonis smiles as in disdain,  
**T**hat in ech cheek appears a prettie dimple;  
**L**oue made those hollowes, if him selfe were staine,  
**H**e might be buried in a tombe so simple,  
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,  
**V**Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

**T**hese louely caues, these round incanting pits,  
**O**pend their mouthes to swallow Venus liking:  
**B**eing mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
**S**trucke dead at first, what needs a second striking?  
**P**oore Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorne,  
To loue a cheek that smiles at thee in scorne.

**N**ow which way shall she turne? what shall she say?  
**H**er words are done, her woes the more increasing,  
**T**he time is spent, her object will away,  
**A**nd from her twining armes doth vrge releasing:  
**P**itie she cries, some fauour, some remorse,  
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

C ij

## VENUS AND ADONIS:

But lo from forth a copp's that neighbors by,  
A breeding lennet, lustie, young, and proud,  
Adonis trampling Courser doth espy:  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.  
The strong-neckt steed being tied vnto a tree,  
Breaketh his raine, and to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his wouen girthes he breaks asunder,  
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,  
VVhose hollow wombe resounds like heauens thun-  
The yron bit he crusheth tweene his teeth, (der,  
Controlling what he was controlled with,

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane  
Vpon his compast crest now stand on end,  
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe  
As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:  
His eye which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shewes his hote courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
VVith gentle maiestie, and modest pride,  
Anon he reres vpright, curuets, and leaps,  
As who should say, lo thus my strength is tride.  
And this I do, to captiuat the eye,  
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

VVhat

## VENVS AND ADONIS:

VVhat recketh he his riders angric sturre,  
His flattering holla, or his stand, I say,  
VVhat cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spur,  
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay:

He sees his loue, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpasse the life,  
In limming out a well proportioned steed,  
His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the liuing should exceed:

So did this Horse excell a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, short ioynted, fetlocks shag, and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,  
High crest, short eares, straight legs, & passing strög,  
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:

Looke what a Horse should haue, he did not lack,  
Saue a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds farre off, and there he stares,  
Anon he starts, at stirring of a feather:  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:  
For through his mane, & taile, the high wind sings,  
Fanning the haire, who waue like feathered wings.

C iij



## VENVS AND ADONIS.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighes vnto her,  
She answers him, as if she knew his minde,  
Being proud as females are, to see him woo her;  
She puts on outward strangeness, seemes vnkinde:  
Spurnes at his loue, and scorns the heat he feeles,  
Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,  
He vailles his taile that like a falling plume,  
Coolle shadow to his melting buttocke lent,  
He stamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:  
His loue perceiuing how he was inrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his furie was asswag'd.

His testie maister goeth about to take him,  
VWhen to the vnbackt breeder full of feare,  
Icalous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
VWith her the Horse, and left Adonis there:  
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,  
Outstripping crows, that strue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe Adonis sits,  
Banning his boystrous, and vnruely beast;  
And now the happie season once more fits  
That louesicke loue, by pleading may be blest:  
For louers say, the heart hath treble wrong,  
VWhen it is bard the aydance of the tongue.

An

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

An Ouen that is soopt, or riuer stayd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
So of concealed sorow may be sayd,  
Free vent of words loues fier dorth asswage,  
But when the hearts attourney once is mute,  
The client breakes, as desperat in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow:  
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,  
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,  
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde:  
Taking no notice that she is so nye,  
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view,  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,  
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,  
How white and red, ech other did destroy:  
But now her chieeke was pale, and by and by  
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was she iust before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly louer downe she kneeles,  
VVith one faire hand the heaueth vp his hat,  
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feesles:  
His tendrer cheeke, receiues her soft hands print,  
As apt, as new false snow takes any dint.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

Oh what a war of lookes was then betweene them,  
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,  
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,  
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing:  
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,  
VVith tears which Chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lillie prisond in a gaile of snow,  
Or luorie in an allablaster band,  
So white a friend, in girts so white a fo:  
This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,  
Showed like two siluer doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,  
O fairest mouer on this mortall round,  
VVould thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,  
For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,  
Thogh nothing but my bodies banewold cure thee

Giue me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?  
Giue me my heart (saith she,) and thou shalt haue it.  
O giue it me lest thy hard heart do steale it,  
And being steeld, soft sighes can neuer graue it.  
Then loues deepe grones, I neuer shall regard,  
Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go,  
My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And tis your fault I am bereft him so,  
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,  
For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,  
VVelcomes the warme approch of sweet desire,  
Affection is a coale that must be coold,  
Else sufferd it will set the heart on fire,  
The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,  
Therefore no maruell though thy horse be gone.

How like a iade he stood tied to the tree,  
Scruilly mailterd with a leatherne raine,  
Bnt when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,  
He held such pettie bondage in disdaine :  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

VWho sees his true-loue in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hew then white,  
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents ayme at like delight ?

VWho is so faint that dares not be so bold,  
To touch the fier the weather being cold ?

D

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,  
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,  
To take aduantage on presented ioy,  
Though I were dūbe, yet his proceedings teach thee  
O learne to loue, the lesson is but plaine,  
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,  
Vnlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it,  
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,  
My loue to loue, is loue, but to disgrace it,  
For I haue heard, it is a life in death,  
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

VWho weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht?  
VWho plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?  
If springing things be anie iot diminisht,  
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth,  
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,  
Loseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,  
And leaue this idle theame, this bootlesse char,  
Remoue your siege from my vnyeelding hart,  
To loues allarmes it will not ope the gate,  
Disniffe your vows, your fained tears, your flattery,  
For where a heart is hard they make no battry,  
what

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

**V** What canst thou talke (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?  
**O** would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,  
**T**hy marmaites voice hath done me double wrong,  
**I** had my lode before, now prest with bearing,  
 Mellodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,  
 Eares deep sweet musick, & harts deep sore wounding

**H**ad I no eyes but cares, my cares would loue,  
**T**hat inward beautie and inuisible,  
**O**r were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue  
**E**ch part in me, that were but sensible,  
 Though neither eyes, nor cares, to heare nor see,  
 Yet should I be in loue, by touching thee.

**S**ay that the sence of feeling were bereft me,  
**A**nd that I could not see; nor heare; nor touch,  
**A**nd nothing but the vertue smell were left me,  
**Y**et would my loue to thee be still as much,  
 For fro the stillitorie of thy face excelling, (ling.  
 Coms breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by smel-

**B**ut oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,  
**B**eing nurse, and feeder of the other foure,  
**V**ould they not wish the feast might euer last,  
**A**nd bid suspition double locke the dore;  
 Lest ieaalousie that sower vnwelcome guest,  
 Should by his stealing in disturbe the feast?

D ij

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the rubi-colour'd portall open'd,  
VVhich to his speech did honie passage yeeld,  
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,  
Vvracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:  
Sorrow to shepherds, wo vnto the birds,  
Gusts, and foule flawes, to heardmen, & to herds.

This ill preface aduisedly she marketh,  
Euen as the wind is hush't before it raineth:  
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:  
Or as the berrie breakes before it staineth:  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:  
His meaning stricke her ere his words begun.

And at his lookes she flatly falleth downe,  
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiue,  
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,  
But blessed bankrout that by loue so thriveth.  
The sillie boy beleeuing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheekes, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her,  
VVhich cunning loue did wittily preuent,  
Faile-fall the wit that can so well defend her:  
For on the grasse she lyes as she were slaine,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

**H**e wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,  
**H**e bends her fingers, & holds her pulses hard,  
**H**e chafes her lips, & thousand wayes he seekes,  
**T**o mend the hurt, that his vnkindnesse mard,  
    He kisses her, and she by her good will,  
    VWill neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

**T**he night of sorrow now is turnd to day,  
**H**er two blew windowes faintly she vpheaueth,  
**L**ike the faire sunne when in his fresh array,  
**H**e cheeres the morne, and all the earth releueth:  
    And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie:  
    So is her face illumind with her eye.

**V**Whose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,  
**A**s if from thence they borrowed all their shine,  
**V**Vere neuer foure such lamps, together mixt,  
**H**ad not his clouded with his browes repine.  
    But hers, which through the cristal tears gaue light,  
    Shone like the Moone in water scene by night.

**O** where am I (quoth she,) in earth or heauen,  
**O**r in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire:  
**V**What houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen,  
**D**o I delight to die or life desire?  
    But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,  
    But now I dy'de, and death was liuely ioy.

D iij



## VENVS AND ADONIS.

O thou didst kill me, kill me once againe,  
Thy eyes shrowd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornfull tricks, & such disdain,  
That they haue mured this poore heart of mine,  
And these mine eyes true leaders to their queene,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seene.

Long may they kisse ech other for this cure,  
Oh neuer let their crimson lieries weare,  
And as they last, their verdour still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous yeare:  
That the star-gazers hauing writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banisht by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seales in my soft lips imprinted,  
VVhat bargaines may I make still to be sealing?  
To sell my selfe I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vse good dealing,  
VVhich purchase if thou make, for feare of slips,  
Set thy scale manuell, on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one,  
VVhat is ten hundred touches vnto thee,  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say for non-paimet, that the debt should double,  
Is twentie hundred kisses such a trouble?

Faire

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if anie loue you owe me,  
Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeares,  
Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,  
No fisher but the vngrowne frie forbears,  
    The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,  
    Or being early pluckt, is sower to tast.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,  
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the west,  
The owle (nights herald) shreeks, tis verie late,  
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
    And cole-black clouds, that shadow heauens light,  
    Do summon vs to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say goodnight, and so say you,  
If you will say so, you shall haue a kis;  
Goodnight (quoth she) and ere he sayes adue,  
The honie fee of parting tendred is,  
    Her armes do lend his necke a sweet imbrace,  
    Incorporate then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disioynd, and backward drew,  
The heavenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,  
VWhose precious tast, her thirstie-lips well knew,  
VWhereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth,  
    He with her plentie prest, she faint with dearth,  
    Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,  
And gluttonlike she feeds, yet neuer filleth,  
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willet:   
VWhose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,  
That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,  
VWith blind fold furie she begins to forrage,  
Her face doth reeke, & smoke, her blood doth boile,  
And carelesse lust stirs vp a desperat courage,  
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,  
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hādling,  
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chāsing,  
Or like the froward infant stild with dādling:  
He now obayes, and now no more resisteth,  
VWhile she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

VWhat waxe so frozen but dissolues with tempring,  
And yeelds at last to euerie light impression:  
Things out of hope, are compass't oft with ventring,  
Chieflie in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But the woes best, whe most his choice is froward.  
vWhen

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

**V**When he did frowne,ô had she then gaue ouer,  
**S**uch nectar from his lips she had not suckt,  
**F**oule wordes, and frownes, must not repell a louer,  
**V**What though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt?  
    **V**ere beaurie vnder twentie locks kept fast,  
    Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at last.

**F**or pittie now she can no more detaine him,  
**T**he poore foole praies her that he may depart,  
**S**he is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,  
**B**ids him farewell, and looks well to her hart,  
    The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,  
    He carries thence incaged in his brest.

**S**weet boy she saies, this night ile wast in sorrow,  
**F**or my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,  
**T**ell me loues maister, shall we meete to morrow,  
**S**ay, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?  
    He tell's her no, to morrow he intends,  
    To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

**T**he boare ( quoth she ) whereat a suddain pale,  
**L**ike lawne being spred vpon the blushing rose,  
**V**surpes her cheekes, she trembles at his tale,  
**A**nd on his neck her yoaking armes she throwes.  
    She sincketh downe, still hanging by his necke,  
    He on her belly fall's, she on her backe.

E

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now is she in the verie lists of loue,  
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,  
All is imaginarie she doth proue,  
He will not mannage her, although he mount her,  
That worse then Tantalus is her annoy,  
To clip Elizium, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,  
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw :  
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poore birds that helpelesse berries saw,  
The warme effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not bee,  
She hath assai'd as much as may be prou'd,  
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,  
She's loue; the loues, and yet she is not lou'd,  
Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me go,  
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth he) sweet boy ere this,  
But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,  
Oh be aduis'd, thou know'st not what it is,  
VVith iauelings point a churlish swine to goare,  
VVhose rushes neuer sheathd, he whetteth still,  
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

**O**n his bow-backe, he hath a battell set,  
**O**f brisly pikes that euer threat his foes,  
**H**is eyes like glow-wormes shine, when he doth fret  
**H**is snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,  
    Being mou'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,  
    And whom he strikes, his crooked tusshes slay.

**H**is brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,  
**A**re better prooffe then thy speares point can enter,  
**H**is short thick necke cannot be easily harmed,  
**B**eing irefull, on the lyon he will venter,  
    The thornie brambles, and imbracing bushes,  
    As fearefull of him part, through whom he rushes.

**A**las, he naught esteem's that face of thine,  
**T**o which loues eyes paies tributarie gazes,  
**N**or thy soft handes, sweet lips, and christall cine,  
**V**Whose full perfection all the world amazes,  
    But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)  
    VVold roote these beauties, as he root's the mead.

**O**h let him keep his loathsome cabin still,  
**B**eautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,  
**C**ome not within his danger by thy will,  
**T**hey that thriue well, take counsell of their friends,  
    VVhen thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble,  
    I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

E ij

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Didst thou not marke my face, was it not white?  
Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?  
VVithin my bosome whereon thou doest lye,  
My boding heart, pants, bears, and takes no rest,  
But like an earthquake, shakes thee on my brest.

For where loue raignes, disturbing ieaousie,  
Doth call him selfe affections centinell,  
Giues false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,  
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,  
Distempring gentle loue in his desire,  
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

This sower informer, this bate-breeding spie,  
This canker that eates vp loues tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious ieaousie,  
That sometime true newes, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,  
That if I loue thee, I thy death should feare.

And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,  
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,  
Vnder whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,  
An image like thy selfe, all staynd with goare,  
Vvhose blood vpon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make the droop with grief, & hang the hed.  
what

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

**V**What should I do, seeing thee so indeed?  
**T**hat tremble at th'imagination,  
**T**he thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
**A**nd feare doth teach it diuination;  
    I prophecie thy death, my liuing sorrow,  
    If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

**B**ut if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,  
**V**ncouple at the timerous flying hare,  
**O**r at the foxe which liues by subtiltie,  
**O**r at the Roe which no incounter dare:  
    Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,  
    And on thy wel breathd horse keep with thy hoüds

**A**nd when thou hast on foote the purblind hare,  
**M**arke the poore wretch to ouer-shut his troubles,  
**H**ow he outruns the wind, and with what care,  
**H**e crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,  
    The many musits through the which he goes,  
    Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes.

**S**ometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,  
**T**o make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
**A**nd sometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,  
**T**o stop the loud pursuers in their yell:  
    And sometime sorteth with a heard of deare,  
    Danger deuifeth shifts, wit waites on feare.

E iij



## VENVS AND ADONIS.

For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they haue singled  
VVith much ado the cold fault cleanly out,  
Then do they spend their mouth's, eccho replies,  
As if an other chafe were in the skies.

By this poore wat farre off vpon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder-legs with listning care,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still,  
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,  
And now his griefe may be compared well,  
To one sore sicke, that heares the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch,  
Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,  
Ech enuious brier, his wearie legs do scratch,  
Ech shadow makes him stop, ech murmour stay,  
For miserie is troden on by manie,  
And being low, neuer releeu'd by anie.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,  
Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,  
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,  
Vnlike my selfe thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so,  
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

VVhere

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

**V** Where did I leaue ? no matter where (quoth he)  
**L**eaue me, and then the storie aptly ends,  
**T**he night is spent ; why what of that (quoth she ?)  
**I** am (quoth he) expected of my friends,  
And now tis darke, and going I shall fall.  
In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

**B**ut if thou fall, oh then imagine this,  
**T**he earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,  
**A**nd all is but to rob thee of a kis,  
**R**ich prayes make true-men thecues : so do thy lips  
Make modest Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,  
Left she should steale a kisse and die forsworne.

**N**ow of this darke night I perceiue the reason,  
**C**ynthia for shame, obscures her siluer shine,  
**T**ill forging nature be condemn'd of treason,  
**F**or stealing moulds from heauen, that were diuine,  
**V** Wherein she fram'd thee, in hie heauens despight,  
To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

**A**nd therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,  
**T**o crosse the curious workmanship of nature,  
**T**o mingle beautie with infirmities,  
**A**nd pure perfection with impure defeature,  
Making it subiect to the tyrannie,  
Of mad mischances, and much miserie.

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,  
Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,  
The marrow-eating sicknesse whose attaint,  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,  
Surfets, impostumes, grieffe, and damnd dispaire,  
Sweare natures death, for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,  
But in one minutes fight brings beaurie vnder,  
Both fauour, saour, hew, and qualities,  
VWhereat the th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and donne,  
As mountain snow melts with the midday sonne.

Therefore despight of fruitlesse chastitie,  
Loue-lacking vestals, and selfe-louing Nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,  
And barraine dearth of daughters, and of suns;  
Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,  
Dries up his oyle, to lend the world his light.

VWhat is thy bodie but a swallowing graue,  
Seeming to burie that posteritie.  
VWhich by the rights of time thou needs must haue,  
If thou destroy them not in darke obscuritie?  
If so the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,  
A mischiefe worle then ciuill home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperat hands them selues do slay,  
Or butcher fire, that reaues his sonne of life:  
    Foule cankring rust, the hidden treasure frets,  
    But gold that's put to vse more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,  
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,  
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,  
And all in vaine you striue against the streame,  
    For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nourse,  
    Your treatise makes me like you, worse & worse.

If loue haue lent you twentie thousand tongues,  
And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,  
Bewitching like the wanton Marmails songs,  
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,  
    For know my heart stands armed in mine eare,  
    And will not let a false sound enter there.

Lest the deceiuing harmonie should ronne,  
Into the quiet closure of my brest,  
And then my litle heart were quite vndone,  
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest,  
    No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,  
    But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

F

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

VVhat haue you vrg'd, that I can not reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,  
I hate not loue, but your deuise in loue,  
That lends imbracements vnto euery stranger,  
    You do it for increase, ô straunge excuse!  
VVhen reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name,  
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,  
Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;  
    VVhich the hot tyrant stains, & soone bereaues:  
As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like sun-shine after raine,  
But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,  
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,  
Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:  
    Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:  
    Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say,  
The text is old, the Orator too greene,  
Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,  
My face is full of shame, my heart of teene,  
    Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,  
    Do burne them selues, for hauing so offended.  
VVith

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWith this he breaketh from the sweet embrace,  
Of those faire armes which bound him to her brest,  
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace,  
Leaues loue vpon her backe, deeply distrest,  
    Looke how a bright star shooteth from the skye;  
    So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

VWhich after him she dartes, as one on shore  
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,  
Till the wilde waues will haue him seene no more,  
Vwhose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:  
    So did the mercilesse, and pitchie night,  
    Fold in the obiekt that did feed her sight.

VWhereat amaf'd as one that vnaware,  
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,  
Or stonilht, as night wandrers often are,  
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;  
    Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,  
    Hauing lost the faire discouerie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,  
That all the neighbour caues as seeming troubled,  
Make verball repetition of her mones,  
Passion on passion, deeply is redoubled,  
    Ay me, she cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,  
    And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie so,

F ij

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,  
And sings extemporally a wofull dittie,  
How loue makes yong-men thrall, & old men dote,  
How loue is wise in follie, foolish wittie:  
Her heauie antheime still concludes in wo,  
And still the quier of ecchoes answer so.

Her song wastedious, and out-wore the night,  
For louers houres are long, though seeming short,  
If pleas'd themselves, others they thinke delight,  
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:  
Their copious stories oftentimes begunne,  
End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,  
But idle sounds resembling parasites?  
Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering euerie call,  
Soothing the humor of fantastique wits,  
She sayes tis so, they answer all tis so,  
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of rest,  
From his moyst cabinet mounts vp on hie,  
And wakes the morning, from whose siluer brest,  
The sunne ariseth in his maiestie,  
VWho doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That Ceader tops and hils, seeme burnisht gold.  
Venus

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,  
Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,  
From whom ech lamp, and shining star doth borrow,  
The beautilous influence that makes him bright,  
There liues a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,  
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,  
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;  
She harkens for his hounds, and for his home,  
Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,  
And all in hast she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,  
Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,  
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay,  
She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,  
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
Hasting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake,

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,  
VWhereat she starts like one that spies an adder,  
VVreath'd vp in fatall folds iust in his way,  
The feare whereof doth make him shake, & shudder,  
Euen so the timorous yelping of the hounds,  
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

F iij.



## VENVS AND ADONIS.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,  
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,  
Because the crie remaineth in one place,  
VVhere fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all straine curtsie who shall cope him first.

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,  
Through which it enters to surprise her hart,  
VVho ouercome by doubt, and bloodlesse feare,  
VVith cold-pale weakenesse, numbs ech feeling part,  
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,  
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus standſ she in a trembling extasie,  
Till cheering vp her senses all dismayd,  
She tels them tis a causlesse fantasie,  
And childih error that they are affrayd,  
Bids the leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,  
And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

VVhose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,  
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both together,  
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,  
VVhich madly hurries her, she knowes not whither,  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,  
She treads the path, that she vntreads againe;  
Her more then hast, is mated with delayes,  
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,  
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,  
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake, she finds a hound,  
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,  
And there another licking of his wound,  
Gainst venim'd sores, the onely soueraigne plaister.  
And here she meets another, sadly skowling,  
To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

VWhen he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,  
Another flapmouth'd mourner, blacke, and grim,  
Against the welkin, volies out his voyce,  
Another, and another, answer him,  
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratcht-ears, bleeding as they go.

Looke how, the worlds poore people are amazed,  
At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,  
VWhereon with feareful eyes, they long haue gazed,  
Insufing them with dreadfull prophecies;  
So she at these sad signes, drawes vp her breath,  
And sighing it againe, exclames on death.

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,  
Hatefull diuorce of loue, (thus chides the death)  
Grim-grinning ghost, earths-worme what dost thou  
To stifle beautie, and to steale his breath? (meane?  
VWho when he liu'd, his breath and beautie set  
Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no, it cannot be,  
Seeing his beautie, thou shouldst strike at it,  
Oh yes, it may, thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at randon doest thou hit,  
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy false dart,  
Mistakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,  
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,  
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckst a flower,  
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,  
And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou prouok'st such wee-  
VWhat may a heauie grone aduantage thee? (ping,  
VWhy hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,  
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

Here ouercome as one full of dispaire,  
She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt  
The christall ride, that from her two cheeks faire,  
In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt.

But through the floud-gates breaks the siluer rain,  
And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,  
Her eye seene in the teares, teares in her eye,  
Both christals, where they viewd ech others sorrow:  
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drye,  
But like a stormie day, now wind, now raine,  
Sighs drie her cheeks, tears make the wet againe.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,  
As striving who should best become her griefe,  
All entertaint, ech passion labours so,  
That euerie present sorrow seemeth chiefe,  
But none is best, then ioyne they all together,  
Like many clouds, consulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,  
A nourses song nere pleasd her babe so well,  
The dyre imagination she did follow,  
This sound of hope doth labour to expell,  
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,  
And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

G

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWhereat her reares began to turne their tide,  
Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,  
Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,  
VWhich her cheekes melts, as scorning it should passe  
To walke the foule face of the fluttrish ground,  
VWho is but dronken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue how strange it seemes!  
Not to beleue, and yet too credulous:  
Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,  
Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought,  
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:  
It was not she that cald him all to nought;  
Now she ads honours to his hatefull name.  
She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but iest,  
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare  
VWhen as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,  
VWhich knowes no pitie but is still seuer,  
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)  
I rayld on thee, fearing my loues decesse.

Tis

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

Tis not my fault, the Bore prouok't my tong,  
Be wreak't on him ( inuisible commaunder)  
Tis he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,  
I did but aſt, he's author of thy ſlaunder.

Greeke hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet,  
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is aliue,  
Her, rash ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate,  
And that his beautie may the better thriue,  
VVith death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate.

Tels him of trophies, ſtatues, tombes, and ſtories,  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O loue quoth ſhe, how much a foole was I,  
To be of ſuch a weake and ſillie mind,  
To waile his death who liues, and muſt not die,  
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind?

For he being dead, with him is beautie ſlaine,  
And beautie dead, blacke Chaos comes againe.

Fy, fy, fond loue, thou art as full of feare,  
As one with treaſure laden, hem'd with theeues,  
Trifles vnwitnessed with eye, or eare,  
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking greues.  
Euen at this word ſhe heares a merry horne,  
VVhereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorne.

G 2

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,  
The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,  
And in her halt, vnfortunately spies,  
The foule boares conquest, on her faire delight,  
VVhich scene, her eyes are mured with the view,  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselues withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender hornes being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shellie caue with paine,  
And, there all smoothred vp, in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:  
So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,  
Into the deep darke cabbins of her head.

VVhere they resigne their office, and their light,  
To the disposing of her troubled braine,  
VVho bids them still consort with ougly night,  
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,  
VVho like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

VVhereat ech tributarie subiect quakes,  
As when the wind imprisond in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,  
which with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:  
This mutinie ech part doth so surprise,  
That frō their dark beds once more leap her eies.  
And

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

And being opend, threw vnwilling light,  
Vpon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht  
In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white  
VVith purple tears that his wound wept, had drēcht.  
No floure was nigh, no grasse, hearb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathie, poore Venus noteth,  
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,  
Dumblic she passions, frantikely she doteth,  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead,  
Her voice is stoppt, her ioynts forget to bow,  
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,  
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes, where no breach shuld be:  
His face seems twain, ech seuerall lim is doubled,  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled

My tongue cannot expresse my grieve for one,  
And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead,  
My lightes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,  
Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

G iij



## VENUS AND ADONIS.

Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,  
 VVhat face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?  
 VVhose tongue is musick now? what cāst thou boast,  
 Of things long since, or any thing insuing?  
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh, and trim,  
 But true sweet beautie liu'd, and di'de with him.

Bonnet, nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,  
 Nor sunne, nor wind will euer strue to kisse you,  
 Hauing no faire to lose, you need not feare,  
 The sun doth skorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.  
 But when Adonis liu'd, sunne, and tharpe aire,  
 Like two thecues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
 Vnder whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,  
 The wind would blow it off, and being gon,  
 Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe.  
 And straight in pittie of his tender yeares, (teares.  
 They both would strue who first should drie his

To see his face the Lion walkt along,  
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;  
 To recreate himself when he hath song,  
 The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.  
 If he had spoke, the wolfe would leane his prae,  
 And neuer fright the filie lambe that daie.

when

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

VWhen he beheld his shadow in the brooke,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills,  
VWhen he was by the birds such pleasure tooke,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
VVould bring him mulberries & ripe-red cherries,  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and yrchin-snowted Boare,  
VVhose downward eye still looketh for a graue:  
Ne're saw the beautious liuerie that he wore,  
VVitnesse the intertainment that he gaue.  
If he did see his face, why then I know,  
He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so.

Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis slaine,  
He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,  
VWho did not whet his teeth at him againe,  
But by a kisse thought to perswade him there.  
And nouling in his flanke the louing swine,  
Sheath'd vnaware the tuske in his soft groine.

Had I bin tooth'd like him I must confesse,  
VVith kissing him I should haue kild him first,  
But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse  
My youth with his, the more am I accurst.  
VVith this she fallerh in the place she stood,  
And staines her face with his congealed blood.

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,  
She whispers in his eares a heauie tale,  
As if they heard the wofull words she told:  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
VVhere lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect,  
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,  
And euerie beaurie robd of his effect;  
VVonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,  
That thou being dead, the day shuld yet belight.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophetic,  
Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:  
It shall be wayted on with icalousie,  
Find sweet beginning, but vsauoric end.  
Nere setled equally, but high or lo,  
That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,  
The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd  
VVith sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,  
The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,  
Strike the wise dūbe, & teach the foole to speake.  
It

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,  
Teaching decrepitage to tread the measures,  
The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,  
It shall be raging mad, and sillie milde,  
Make the young old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,  
It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,  
It shall be mercifull, and too seueare,  
And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust;  
Peruerse it shall be, where it shoves most toward,  
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euents,  
And set dissention twixt the sonne, and fire,  
Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:  
As drie combustious matter is to fire,  
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,  
They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her side laie kild,  
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,  
A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,  
Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,  
Which in round drops, vpō their whitenesse stood.

H

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel,  
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,  
And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,  
Since he himselfe is rest from her by death;  
She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,  
Green-dropping sap, which she cōpares to teares.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,  
Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire,  
For euerie little grieve to wet his eies,  
To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;  
And so tis thine, but know it is as good,  
To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,  
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.  
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;  
There shall not be one minute in an houre,  
VVherein I wil not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,  
Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,  
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,  
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

FINIS

**L U C R E C E**

**1594**

**FACSIMILE**

LONDON  
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.  
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD

SHAKESPEARES  
LUCRECE

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF  
THE FIRST EDITION

1594

FROM THE COPY IN THE MALONE COLLECTION  
IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

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OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS  
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# I

WHEN dedicating his first narrative poem, *Venus and Adonis*, to his patron, the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare wrote: 'If your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour.' There is no reason to doubt that Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* was the fulfilment of this vow. *Lucrece* was ready for the press in May, 1594, thirteen months after *Venus and Adonis*. During those thirteen months his labour as dramatist had occupied most of his time. In the interval he had probably been at work on as many as four plays, on *Richard III*, *Richard II*, *King John*, and *Titus Andronicus*. Consequently *Lucrece* was, as he had foretold, the fruit, not of what he deemed his serious employment, but of 'all idle hours'. At the same time the increased gravity in subject and treatment which

<sup>1</sup> Between the dates of the issue of the two poems, a play, in the composition of which Shakespeare was concerned, had come from the printing-press for the first time. The subject was drawn like *Lucrece* from Roman history, and the play and the poem must have occupied Shakespeare's attention at the same period. On February 6, 1594, licence had been granted to John Danter for the printing of *Titus Andronicus*, in which Shakespeare worked up an old play by another hand. Danter was a stationer of bad reputation. Shakespeare was not in all probability responsible for Danter's action. The first edition of *Titus*, of 1594, of which the existence has been doubted, survives in a single copy. The existence of this edition was noticed by Langbaine in 1691, but no copy was found to confirm Langbaine's statement till January, 1905, when an exemplar was discovered among the books of a Swedish gentleman of Scottish descent, named Robson, who resided at Lund (cf. *Asbenaum*, Jan. 21, 1905). The quarto was promptly purchased by an American collector for £2,000. The title-page runs:—  
'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus: as it was Plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex, their Seruants. London, Printed by John Danter, and are

characterizes the second poem of *Lucrece* as compared with *Venus and Adonis*, its predecessor, showed that Shakespeare had faithfully carried into effect the promise that he had given to his patron of offering him 'some graver labour'.

General  
character of  
*Lucrece*.

*Lucrece* with its 1855 lines is more than half as long again as *Venus and Adonis* with its 1194 lines. It is written with a flowing pen and shows few signs of careful planning or revision. The most interesting feature of the poem lies in the moral reflections which the poet scatters with a free hand about the narrative. They bear witness to great fertility of mind, to wide reading, and to meditation on life's complexities. The heroine's allegorical addresses (ll. 869-1001) to Opportunity, Time's servant, and to Time, the lackey of Eternity, turn to poetic account philosophic ideas of pith and moment.

In general design and execution, *Lucrece*, despite its superior gravity of tone and topic, exaggerates many of the defects of its forerunner. The digressions are ampler. The longest of them, which describes with spirit the siege of Troy, reaches a total of 217 lines, nearly one-ninth of the whole poem, and, although it is deserving of the critic's close attention, it delays the progress of the story beyond all artistic law. The conceits are more extravagant and the luxuriant imagery is a thought less fresh and less sharply pointed than in *Venus and Adonis*. Throughout, there is a lack of directness and a tendency to grandiose language where simplicity would prove more effective. Haste may account for some bombastic periphrases. But Shakespeare often seems to fall a passing victim to the faults of which he

to be sold by *Edward White & Thomas Millington*, at the little North doore of Paules at the signe of the Gunne. 1594.' This volume was on sale on the London bookstalls at the same time as the 1594 edition of *Lucrece*. The story of *Lucrece* is twice mentioned in *Titus* (il. 1. 108 and iv. 1. 63).

## LUCRECE

9

accuses contemporary poets in his *Sonnets*. Ingenuity was wasted in devising 'what strained touches rhetoric could lend' to episodes capable of narration in plain words. There is much in the poem which might be condemned in the poet's own terminology as the 'helpless smoke of words'.

### II

THE theme of Shakespeare's poem was nearly as well-worn in the literature of Western Europe as that of his first poem *Venus and Adonis*. For more than twenty centuries before Shakespeare was born, the tale of Lucrece was familiar to the western world. Her tragic fate was the accepted illustration of conjugal fidelity, not only through the classical era of Roman history, but through the Middle Ages. The hold that the tale had taken on the popular imagination of Europe survived the Renaissance, and was stimulated by the expansion of interest in the Latin classics.

Among Latin classical authors the story was told in fullest detail by Livy in his *History of Rome* (Bk. i, c. 57-9). Ovid in his poetic *Fasti* (ii. 721-852) gave a somewhat more sympathetic version of the same traditional details which Livy recorded. The main outlines of the legend figured, too, without variation in the contemporary Greek historians, Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Diodorus Siculus, and in their successor, Dio Cassius, as well as in the work of a later Latin historian, Valerius Maximus.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dionysius alone tells the story at length. The other writers narrate it very briefly. Cf. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Antiquitatum Romanarum quae supersunt*, ed. Riessling, vol. ii, Leipzig, 1864; Dio Cassius, *Historia Romana*, ed. Melber, vol. ii, x. 12-18, Leipzig, 1890; Diodorus Siculus, *Bibliotheca Historica*, ed. Dindorf, vol. ii, lib. x. 20-21, Leipzig, 1867; and Valerius Maximus, *Facta et Dicta Memorabilia*, vi. 1. 1. In three papers on Shakespeare's poem—*Shakespeare's Lucrece. Eine litterarhistorische Untersuchung*,—which appeared in *Anglia*, Band xxii, pp. 1-32, 343-63, 393-455 (Halle, 1899),

St. Augustine.

Among early Christian authors. St. Augustine retold the legend in his *Civitas Dei* (Bk. i, ch. 16-19). He commented with some independence on the ethical significance of Lucrece's self-slaughter, which he deemed unjustified by the circumstances of the case.

Mediaeval versions.

The tale found a place in the most widely-read story-book of the Middle Ages, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and by the fourteenth century it had become a stock topic among poets and novelists. Of the great authors of the Italian Renaissance Boccaccio was the earliest to utilize it. He narrated it in his Latin prose treatise *De Claris Mulieribus*. It was doubtless Boccaccio's example that first recommended it to imaginative writers in England. Chaucer and Gower both turned the story into English verse, Chaucer in his *Legend of Good Women* (§ 5, ll. 1680-885) and Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* (Bk. vii. 4754-5130). Both Chaucer and Gower closely followed Ovid, but derived a few touches from Livy. Half a century later Lydgate noticed the legend in his *Fall of Princes* (Bk. iii, ch. 5). When the Middle Ages closed, Lucrece was a recognized heroine of English poetry.

Sixteenth-century developments.

The sixteenth century saw a further increase in the popularity of the topic, both in England and on the continent of Europe. It was a favourite theme in Italy both for Latin and Italian epigrams and sonnets. The Italian prose-writer, Bandello, dealt with it in his collection of novels, which, first appearing in 1554, at once attained a classical repute. Bandello's fiction was quickly translated into French. The revived drama of the Renaissance found in Lucrece's fate a fit subject for tragedy, and plays in which the Roman matron is the heroine were penned, not in France alone, but, more

Dr. Wilhelm Ewig has treated of the sources with much learning, but he has not exhausted the interesting topic.

curious to relate, in Germany. One of Hans Sachs' dramas bears the title 'Ein schön spil von der geschicht der Edlin Römerin Lucretia' (Strassburg, 1550). In France there was performed at the Court at Gaillon, in the presence of the king, Charles IX, on September 29, 1566, a short tragedy in alexandrines (with choruses in other metres) by one Nicolas Filleul of Rouen, which bore the title: 'Lucrece, Tragédie avec des Chœurs'.<sup>1</sup> The plot follows the classical lines. But Lucrece's nurse, an original character, is introduced to offer her mistress consolation and to dissuade her from self-slaughter. In Spain the tale was equally familiar, and about 1590 a celebrated poet, Don Juan de Arguijo, after writing of Venus and Adonis, summed up the current knowledge in the Peninsula concerning Lucrece in an effective sonnet, which is often quoted in anthologies of Spanish poetry.

Meanwhile the story was running its course anew in popular English literature. In the same year as the French tragedy of *Lucrece* was produced at Gaillon, William Painter included a paraphrase of Livy's version in his massive collection of popular fiction entitled *The Palace of Pleasure*. In the years that immediately followed, the tale was made the subject of at least two ballads, which have not survived. In 1568 there was licensed to John Allde, by the Stationers' Company's Register (cf. i. 379), 'a ballet called "The greivous complaynt of Lucrece"', and in 1570 there was licensed to James Roberts 'A ballad of the Death of Lucryssia' (i. 416). A third ballad of Lucrece, of which no copy is now known, was, according to Warton, printed in 1576.

The tale's  
popularity in  
Elizabethan  
England.

<sup>1</sup> This piece is printed in a rare volume called *Les Théâtres de Gaillon*. A French tragedy by the well-known dramatist, Alexandre Hardy, written a little later, bears the title 'Lucrece, ou l'adulteur puni', but this play does not deal with the story of the Roman matron, but with an imaginary adulteress of Spain. Hardy's tragedy was first published in 1616.



A further proof of the complete naturalization of the story in sixteenth-century England is to be deduced from the fact that one of the earliest printers of repute, Thomas Berthelet, took a figure of the Roman wife for the sign of his business premises, and that his successors in trade through Shakespeare's lifetime continued to employ the same device. From 1523 to 1562 the sign of 'Lucretia Romana' or 'Lucrece' (as it was commonly called) hung before Berthelet's house near the conduit in Fleet Street. In 1562 the well-known Elizabethan 'stationer', Thomas Purfoot, placed the same sign over his printing-office in St. Paul's Churchyard<sup>1</sup>, and when in 1578 he removed his press to a new building 'within the New Rents of Newgate Market' he carried the sign with him. It was announced on the title-pages of almost all the numerous volumes that Berthelet and Purfoot undertook that they were printed 'at the sign of Lucrece'. When Purfoot retired from active work his son and successor, Thomas Purfoot, junior, continued the concern under the same symbol in Newgate Market until 1640. Another use to which the figure of the Roman matron was commonly put is illustrated by Shakespeare himself, when he represents Olivia in *Twelfth Night* (ii. 5. 104) as employing a seal with the figure of Lucrece engraved upon it.

Shake-  
speare's  
sources.

Shakespeare was continuing a long chain of precedents in choosing the story of Lucrece for his new poem. Authorities abounded in his own and other languages, and after his wont he used or adapted them with much freedom. Despite his tendency to amplify details, he adheres to the main lines of

<sup>1</sup> Purfoot permitted one of the chief Italian teachers of Shakespeare's day, Claudius Hollyband, to advertize from 1575 on the title-pages of his philological handbooks that he was 'teaching in Poules Churchyarde at the signe of the Lucrece'. Cf. Hollyband's *Preface and Witte Historie of Arnalt and Lucenda*, 1575.

the story as laid down by Ovid and Livy, and first anglicized by Chaucer, who frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to the two Latin writers. It is clear that Shakespeare studied the work of these three authors. Their narratives so closely resembled one another that it is not always easy to state with certainty from which of the three Shakespeare immediately derived this or that item of information.

Like Chaucer Shakespeare holds up Lucrece to eternal admiration as a type of feminine excellence—a type of 'true wife' (l. 1841); Chaucer had similarly celebrated her (l. 1686) as

The verray wyf, the verray trewe Lucrece.

But, generally speaking, Shakespeare's poem has closer affinity with Ovid's version (in the *Fasti*) than with that of any other predecessor. Like Ovid Shakespeare delights in pictorial imagery, and occasionally in *Lucrece* he appears to borrow Ovid's own illustrations. Chaucer had already adapted some of the Ovidian similes which figure in Shakespeare. But Shakespeare seems to owe more suggestion to Chaucer's source of inspiration than to Chaucer himself. The three poets, for example, compare Lucrece, when Tarquin has forcibly overcome her, to a lamb in the clutch of a wolf. Ovid writes (*Fasti*, ii. 799-800):—

Affinity with  
Ovid.

Sed tremit, ut quondam *stabulis* deprensa relictis  
parua sub infesto cum iacet agna lupo.

Chaucer (ll. 1798-9) accepts the illustration, but strips it of its vivid colouring:—

Ryght as a wolfe that fynt a lambe alone,  
To whom shall she compleyne, or make mone?

Shakespeare catches far more of the Ovidian strain in 677-9—

The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;  
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet *fold*.

Elsewhere Shakespeare borrows from Ovid words which escaped Chaucer's notice. His insistence on the 'snow-white' of Lucrece's 'dimpled chin' (420) and his comparison of her hair to 'golden threads' (400) echo the 'niueusque color flauique capilli' (*Fasti*, ii. 763) of Ovid's heroine. Ovid's *Fasti* was not translated into English before 1640. But there is little doubt that Ovid was accessible to Shakespeare in the original.

The smaller  
 debt to  
 Livy.

At the same time there are touches in Shakespeare's *Lucrece* which suggest that he assimilated a few of Livy's phrases direct. Painter, in the version which he introduced into his *Palace of Pleasure*, very loosely paraphrased the Latin historian, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare gained all his knowledge of Livy there. The lucid 'argument' in prose which Shakespeare prefixed to the poem catches Livy's perspicuous manner more exactly than mere dependence on Painter would have allowed. The lines (437-41 and 463) in which Shakespeare pointedly describes how Tarquin's hand rests on Lucrece's breast follow Livy's phrase, 'sinistraqe manu mulieris pectore oppresso.' The hint is given in Ovid, and Painter merely states that Tarquin keeps Lucrece 'doune with his lefte hande'. At one point Shakespeare corrects an obvious misapprehension of Painter—a fact which further confutes the theory of exclusive indebtedness to him. Livy, like Ovid, assigns to Tarquin the threat that in case of Lucrece's resistance he will charge her with misconduct with a slave. Neither Latin writer gives the word 'slave' any epithet, and whether the man is in Tarquin's or in Lucrece's service is left undetermined. Painter makes Tarquin refer to a slave of his own household. Shakespeare assigns the slave to Lucrece's

household ; Tarquin warns Lucrece he will place at her side 'some worthless slave of thine', i. e. of Lucrece (515). Chaucer and Bandello are both here in agreement with Shakespeare (cf. Chaucer's 'thy knave' in *Legend*, 1807; and Bandello's 'uno dei tuoi servi'). From either, the English poet might have adopted the detail. In any case he owed nothing, at this point, to Painter.

In his expansive and discursive handling of the theme Shakespeare differs from all his predecessors save one. In that regard he can only be compared with the Italian novelist Bandello. Bandello mainly depends on Livy and is sparing of poetic ornament. But he prolongs the speeches of the heroine with a liberality to which Shakespeare's poem alone offers a parallel. Bandello's long-winded novel was accessible in a French version—in the 'Histoires Tragiques' of François de Belleforest. Shakespearean students know that Bandello's collection of tales, either in the original Italian, or in the French translation, was the final source of the plot of at least four of Shakespeare's plays,—*Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Hamlet*. It is not customary to associate Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* with Bandello's work, but, although the resemblances may prove to be accidental, they are sufficient to suggest the possibility that Shakespeare had recourse to the Italian novelist, when penning his second narrative poem.

One parallel between Bandello's novel and Shakespeare's *Lucrece* will suffice. Livy emphasizes more deliberately than Ovid the pretence of madness in Brutus, the avenger of Lucrece's wrong. Bandello liberally developed Livy's notice of Brutus' mysterious behaviour on lines which Shakespeare seems to have followed. Brutus was, according to Shakespeare's poem, 'supposed a fool' (1819):—

He with the Romans was esteemed so  
 As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
 For sportive words and uttering foolish things.  
 (ll. 1811-13.)

Bandello in his novel describes Brutus's conduct thus :—

‘E fingendo esser pazzo, e cotali sciocchezze mille volte il dì facendo, come fanno i buffoni, divenne in modo *in opinione di matto*, che appo i figliuoli del Re, più per dar loro con le sue pazzie trastullo che per altro, era tenuto caro’.<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's attribution to Brutus of idiocy characteristic of a ‘fool’ in a king's household seems coloured by Bandello's phraseology.

Shake-  
 speare's  
 digressions  
 —origins  
 and parallels.

In the rhetorical digressions which distinguish Shakespeare's poem he had every opportunity of pursuing his own bent, but even in these digressive passages there emerge bold traces of his reading, not merely in the classics, but in contemporary English poetry. The 217 lines (1366-582), which describe with exceptional vividness a skilful painting of the destruction of Troy, betray a close intimacy with more than one book of Vergil's *Aeneid*. The episode in its main outline is a free development of Vergil's dramatic account (Bk. i. 456-655) of a picture of the identical scene which arrests Aeneas' attention in Dido's palace at Carthage. The energetic portrait of the wily Sinon which fills a large space in Shakespeare's canvas is drawn from Vergil's second book (ll. 76 seq.).<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In English the words run :—‘And pretending to be mad, and doing such foolish things a thousand times a day as fools are wont to do, Brutus came to be looked upon as an idiot, who was held dear by the king's sons, more for making them sport with his foolish tricks than for any other cause.’

<sup>2</sup> References to more or less crude pictorial representations of the siege of Troy are common in classical authors, notably in Ovid. Ovid in his *Heroides*, i. 33 seq., causes the Greek soldier to paint on a table with wine the disposition of the opposing armies at Troy. The first lines of this passage are very deliberately quoted in *The Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 1. 28, 29 :—

Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;  
 Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Shakespeare again enlarges the restricted bounds of the classical tale by introducing a sympathizing handmaiden. Such a subsidiary character (1212-302) is unknown to Ovid or Livy. This new episode coincides, possibly by accident, with a scene in the French tragedy of *Lucrece* of 1566. No other parallel is met with. Shakespeare makes effective use of the woman's 'heaviness' when she is summoned by her mistress after the latter resolves to slay herself. In the French drama Lucrece's nurse feelingly endeavours to dissuade her from her purpose.

The appeal to personified Opportunity (ll. 869 sq.) seems an original device of Shakespeare, but the succeeding apostrophe to Time (ll. 939 sq.) covers ground which many poets had occupied before. Two English poets, Thomas Watson in *Hecatompathia* (1582, Sonnets xlvii and lxxvii), and Giles Fletcher in *Licia* (1593, Sonnet xxviii), anticipated at many points Shakespeare's catalogue of Time's varied activities. Watson acknowledged that his lines were borrowed from the Italian Serafino and Fletcher imitated the Neapolitan Latinist Angerianus; while both Serafino and Angerianus owed much on their part to Ovid's pathetic lament in *Tristia* (iv. 6. 1-10). Shakespeare doubtless obtained all the suggestion that he needed from his fellow countrymen. That Shakespeare knew Watson's reflections on the topic seems proved by his verbatim quotation of one of them in *Much Ado about Nothing* (i. 1. 271): 'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.' Similarly there are plain indications in Shakespeare's *Sonnets* that Fletcher's *Licia* was familiar to him.<sup>1</sup>

In Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, i. 131 sq., Ulysses, for Calypso's amusement, paints the like scene with a wand on the sand of the sea-shore and describes his sketch in terms very like those in the *Heroides*. But, although Ovid offered hints for Shakespeare's picture, Vergil supplied the precise design.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Elizabethan Sonnets*, Introd. by the present writer, vol. i, p. lxxxiii, and vol. ii, p. 348; *Life of Shakespeare*, 5th edition, pp. 81 n. 2, 117 n. 2, and 229 n. 1.

It is pretty certain that the work of other contemporary English poets offered Shakespeare's imagination material sustenance while he was developing the Roman legend. Several phrases come almost literally from Constable's *Diana*<sup>1</sup>, of which the first edition was in 1594 two years old, and the second was just published.

The debt  
to Daniel's  
*Rosamond*  
(1592).

But the closest parallels with Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, alike in phrase, episode, and sentiment, are to be found in Daniel's contemporary narrative poem, entitled *The Complaint of Rosamond*. This poem was appended in 1592 to a second

<sup>1</sup> When Tarquin (477-9) describes Lucrece's complexion—

That even for anger makes the *lily pale*,  
And the *red rose blush* at her own *disgrace*,

he echoes Constable's description of his mistress (1st edit. Sonnet xvii)—

My Ladie's presence makes the *roses red*,  
Because to see her lips they *blush for shame*.  
The *Lily's leaves*, for *envy*, *pale became*,  
And her white hands in them this *envy bred*.

In the preceding stanza the impression of 'whiteness' which the sleeping Lucrece gives Tarquin seems derived from Constable's description in Sonnet iv (edit. 1592) of his mistress in bed. Constable's '*whiter skin with white sheet*' anticipated Shakespeare's line (472), '*o'er the white sheet peers her whiter skin*.' In the reference in *Lucrece* to Narcissus (265-6) Shakespeare echoes his own poem of *Venus and Adonis*. The allusion ultimately came from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. In *Venus and Adonis* (161-2) Shakespeare wrote:—

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

In *Lucrece* (265-6) Tarquin reflects on Lucrece's beauty—

That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

The classical story of Narcissus, as told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 407 sq., tells of his metamorphosis into a flower, and not of his death by drowning. Marlowe set Shakespeare the example of adopting a post-classical version, and related in his *Hero and Leander*, Sestiad i, ll. 74-6, how the Greek boy

Leapt into the water for a kiss  
Of his own shadow, and despising many,  
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.

edition of Daniel's collection of sonnets, which he christened *Delia*. In Daniel's poem the ghost of Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II, gives sorrowful voice to her remorse at having submitted to the adulterous embraces of the king, and finally relates her murder by Queen Eleanor. The whole poem is in the *oratio recta* of the heroine, and the key is that of Lucrece's moaning. Shakespeare adopted in *Lucrece* the seven-line stanza of *The Complaint of Rosamond*, and handled it very similarly.

At one important point Shakespeare seems to have borrowed Daniel's machinery. Both heroines seek consolation from a work of art. Shakespeare's Lucrece closely scans a picture of the siege of Troy, the details of which she applies to her own sad circumstance. Daniel's Rosamond examines a casket finely engraved with ornament suggesting her own sufferings; on the lid is portrayed Amymone's strife with Neptune, while 'figured within the other squares' is the tale of Jove's pursuit of the love of Io. Rosamond's casket was wrought

So rare that art did seem to strive with nature  
To express the cunning workman's curious thought.

(ll. 374-5.)

To Shakespeare's piece of skilful painting

In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life. (l. 1374.)

Daniel's phraseology seems to be echoed in single lines such as these :—

An *expir'd date cancell'd* ere well begun. (*Lucrece*, 26.)

*Cancell'd* with Time, will have their *date expir'd*.

(*Rosamond*, 242.)

*Sable night*, mother of dread and fear. (*Lucrece*, 117.)



*Night, mother of sleep and fear, who with her sable mantle.*

(*Rosamond*, 432.)

I know what thorns the growing rose defends.

(*Lucrece*, 492.)

*The ungather'd Rose, defended with the thorns.*

(*Rosamond*, 210.)

*The precedent whereof in Lucrece view.* (*Lucrece*, 1261.)

*These precedents presented to my view.* (*Rosamond*, 407.)

In sentiment, too, Shakespeare appears often content to follow Daniel. The husband Collatine's inability to speak, owing to the anguish caused him by Lucrece's death, resembles King Henry's enforced silence in presence of Rosamond's dead body (*Rosamond*, 904-7):—

Amazed he stands, nor voice nor body stirs,  
Words had no passage, tears no issue found:  
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears,  
Confused affects each other do confound.

Collatine's experience is described thus (*Lucrece*, 1779-80):—

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Again Daniel, developing Seneca's 'Curæ leves loquuntur ingentes stupent', tells of his hero how

Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;  
For light cares speak, when mighty cares are dumb. (ll. 909-10.)

Shakespeare remarks on the silence of his heroine (ll. 1329-30)—

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Cf. Sidney's *Arcadia*, bk. i, Eclogue i—

*Shallow brooks murmur most, deep silent slide away.*

and Raleigh's 'Silent Lover' (*Poems*, ed. Hannah, No. xiv)—

Neither the individuality of style nor the substantive originality of many details in Shakespeare's poem can be questioned. But it is clear that, working on foundations laid by Ovid, he sought suggestion for his poetic edifice in Livy, and in such successors of the classical poet and historian as Chaucer and Bandello. Nor can it be lightly questioned that he absorbed sentiments and phrases from many contemporary English verse-writers with whom his muse acknowledged a sympathetic affinity.

## III

THE metre of Lucrece was a favourite one in English literature long before the Elizabethan era. The seven-line stanza is more commonly used by Chaucer than any other. He seems to have borrowed it from the French poetry of his contemporary Guillaume de Machault. It is often met with in the *Canterbury Tales* (see *The Clerkes Tale*, *The Man of Lawes Tale*, *The Second Nonnes Tale*), as well as in *Troilus and Crisyde* and many of the shorter poems (cf. 'The complaint to his empty purse'). It is the metre, too, of Lydgate's monumental *Fall of Princes*. According to Elizabethan critics it was the stanza that was best adapted to serious themes. Gascoigne described it in his *Certayne Notes of Instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English* (1576) as 'Rithme royall': 'and surely,' he adds, 'it is a royalle kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses.' According to Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, the seven-line stanza was 'the chief

The metre  
of Lucrece.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams  
The shallow murmurs but the deep are dumb,  
So when affections yield discourse, it seems,  
The bottom is but shallow whence it comes.

of our ancient proportions used by any rimer writing anything historical or grave poem', and he refers to Chaucer's *Troilus and Crisye* and Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* by way of proof that 'the staffe of seven verses was most usual with our ancient makers'. The rimes, he points out, were capable of seven variations. Shakespeare followed the customary scheme which Chaucer had employed (ababbcc). Puttenham found fault with those who close the stanza with an independent couplet 'concording with no other verse that went before', but he finally admits that the 'double cadence in the last two verses serves the ear well enough'. The comment well applies to Shakespeare's prosody.

Spenser's  
seven-line  
stanza.

Of English poems in the metre which were written shortly before Shakespeare penned his *Lucrece*, the most memorable is Spenser's *Ruines of Time*, published in 1590, in which Shakespeare's cadences seem almost precisely anticipated. The following is a good example of the stanza in Spenser's hands:—

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,  
Above the reach of ruinous decay,  
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,  
Admir'd of base-borne men from far away:  
Then, who so will with vertuous deeds assay  
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,  
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.<sup>1</sup>

Greene's *A Maidens Dreame, An elegy on Sir Christopher Hatton*,

<sup>1</sup> Spenser employed the seven-line stanza with a different scheme of rhyming (ababcbe) in his *Daphnida*, 1591, but in his *Hymnes*, 1596, he returned to the Shakespearean plan. Among the Elizabethan poets who used the seven-line stanza in long poems immediately after *Lucrece* were (Sir) John Davis in his *Orchestra*, 1594; Barnfield in *Complaint of Chastitie and Shepherds Content*, 1594; Drayton in *Mortimeriados*, 1596, and parts of *Harmonie of the Church*, 1596. At a little later date Nicholas Breton employed it constantly; cf. his *Pasquils Passe and Passetb not*, 1600; *Longing of a Blessed Heart*, 1601; *Pasquils Mad Cappe*, 1626.

a pedestrian piece of verse in the seven-line stanza, followed Spenser's poem in 1591, and next year there appeared Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*. The uses to which Shakespeare put Daniel's preceding experiment have already been noticed. Shakespeare employed the stanza again in the narrative poem, *A Lover's Complaint*, which was first published in 1609 with the *Sonnets*. That piece was probably written very shortly after *Lucrece*.

Though the popularity of *Lucrece* did not equal that of *Venus and Adonis*, and the volume passed through fewer editions during and after Shakespeare's lifetime, its success on its appearance was well pronounced, and it greatly added to Shakespeare's reputation among contemporary critics. Some readers, like Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), the anonymous author of the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, and Richard Barnfield in *Poems in Divers Humours*, 1598<sup>1</sup>, failed to detect any distinction between *Lucrece* and its predecessor *Venus and Adonis*. But a few observers like Gabriel Harvey were more discriminating, and pointed out that while the earlier poem delighted 'the younger sort', *Lucrece* pleased 'the wiser sort'.<sup>2</sup> Harvey was indeed inclined to exaggerate the serious aspect of the poem and to rank it with *Hamlet*. Drummond of Hawthornden noted that he read the poem in 1606, and a copy figures in

Early  
criticism.

<sup>1</sup> And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing vaine  
(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine,  
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)  
Thy name in fame's immortall Booke have plac't.

<sup>2</sup> Harvey's words ran:—'The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But his *Lucrece* and tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort.' Harvey wrote these words about 1604 in a copy of Speght's *Chaucer* of 1598. They were transcribed by George Steevens (cf. *Variorum* ed., 1821, vol. ii, p. 369). But the volume containing Harvey's original draft belonged to Bishop Percy, and was burnt in the fire at Northumberland House, London, which destroyed the bishop's library in 1780.

the table 'of his English books Anno 1611'. Minor indications that the work was familiar to students abound. Fragments of two lines (1086-7) are quoted in the disjointed contemporary scribble which defaces the outside leaf of an early manuscript copy of some of Bacon's tracts in the Duke of Northumberland's library at Alnwick; the words were probably written down very early in the seventeenth century.<sup>1</sup>

Plagiarisms.

To poets and dramatists of the early seventeenth century the work especially appealed. It at once received the flattery of imitation or actual plagiarism. As early as 1595 Richard Barnfield, an inveterate imitator of Shakespeare, transferred many phrases to his *Cassandra*. In 1600 Samuel Nicholson incorporated lines without acknowledgement in his poem of *Acolastus*—procedure which was followed with even greater boldness by Robert Baron in his *Fortune's Tennis Ball* just fifty years later. Reminiscences of the great apostrophe to Opportunity are met with in Marston's play of *The Malcontent*, 1604, and in Ford's *Lady's Trial*, 1638. Shakespeare's friend, Thomas Heywood, produced a five-act tragedy called *The Rape of Lucrece* in 1608, the year following the appearance of the fourth edition of Shakespeare's poem. But Heywood's play is a chronicle drama covering much wider ground than Sextus Tarquinius' outrage. Lucrece's tragic experience is merely one of many legendary disasters which occupy Heywood's pen, and the

Heywood's  
*Rape of  
Lucrece.*

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's name is repeated many times, in various forms, on this outside leaf, together with the titles of two of his plays, *Rycharde the Second* and *Rycharde the Third*. The crude excerpt from *Lucrece* runs:—'reuealing day through euery Crany peepes and see.' The careless scribble has little significance, and was possibly the work of a scribe testing a new pen. No attention need be paid to the arguments which would treat the manuscript rigmarole as evidence of Bacon's responsibility for Shakespeare's works. The MS. has been twice reprinted lately, by Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse, who takes a sensible view of the problem offered by the scribble, and by Mr. Thomas Burgoyne, who is inclined to take the incoherences seriously.

indebtedness to Shakespeare does not go beyond the bare suggestion of that single topic. The poet Suckling, one of Shakespeare's warmest admirers in the generation succeeding the dramatist's death, gave curious proof of his interest in Shakespeare's poem. He claimed to find a detached fragment of verse, of which he failed apparently to recognize the provenance. The fragment consisted of the ten lines from *Lucrece* (386-96) which somewhat affectedly describe Lucrece asleep in bed; but the stanza was in six lines instead of in the authentic seven lines, and Suckling's text materially differed from that of the authorized version of *Lucrece*. To the mysterious excerpt Suckling added a 'supplement' of fourteen lines of his own. The twenty-four lines, in four stanzas of six lines each, were included in Suckling's posthumously collected verse (*Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646) under the heading 'A supplement to an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears'. A marginal note running 'Thus far Shakespear' distinguished Suckling's share of the short poem from that which he assigned to the dramatist.<sup>1</sup> In 1655

Suckling's  
'Supplement.'

<sup>1</sup> Gerald Langbaine, in his account of Shakespeare in his *Dramatick Poets*, 1691, makes the comment: 'What value [Suckling] had for this small piece of *Lucrece* may appear from his supplement which he writ and which he has publisht in his poems.' The first stanza of Suckling's poem runs:—

One of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kisse,  
Which therefore swel'd and seem'd to part asunder,  
As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse:  
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,  
Whilst t' other blush't, cause it had done the wrong.

This six-lined rendering of the fifty-fifth stanza of *Lucrece* (in seven lines) is not easy to account for. Suckling had perhaps written out the lines from memory, or from a hurried and incorrect copy. There seems less to recommend the opposing theory, which represents Suckling's crude quotation to be a first draft of the verse by Shakespeare himself, and an indication of an original intention on the poet's part to employ in *Lucrece* the six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*. Cf. Shakespeare's *Centurie of Prayse*, pp. 205, 226-7.

Quarles'  
continua-  
tion, 1655.

evidence that Shakespeare's poem was still familiarly cherished by men of letters is offered by the fact that John Quarles, son of Francis Quarles, the author of the *Emblems*, penned a brief continuation in six-line stanzas entitled *The Banishment of Tarquin, or, The Reward of Lust*. This was appended to a reissue of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* in 1655—the last of the seventeenth-century editions. The dramatist is described on the title-page as 'The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry* Will: Shakespeare, Gent.'—a signal testimony to his repute at the time when Cromwell was Protector.

## IV

The copy-  
right of the  
poem.

IN the history of the publication of *Lucrece*, two of the personages, the printer Richard Field, and the publisher John Harrison, who were concerned in producing the first edition of *Venus and Adonis*, reappear, but not in quite their former capacities. The copyright changed hands far less often than that of *Venus and Adonis*. There were only five owners in the course of a century.

John Harri-  
son the first  
owner, May  
9, 1594—  
March 16,  
1614.

The copyright of *Lucrece* was owned at the outset by John Harrison of the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, a publisher or stationer who was thrice Master of the Stationers' Company—in 1583, 1588, and 1596. He had distributed copies of the first edition of *Venus and Adonis* in the spring of 1593, and acquired the copyright of that poem fourteen months later. The entry in the Stationers' Company's Register attesting his ownership of *Lucrece* runs under date of May, 1594, thus<sup>1</sup> :—

<sup>1</sup> Arber, ii. 648.

Entred [to Master Harrison, senior] for his copie under thand of master Cawood Warden, a booke intituled the Ravysheiment of Lucrece vi<sup>d</sup> C.

Harrison employed Richard Field, Shakespeare's fellow townsman, to print the work, and Field's device of an anchor, hanging in an oval frame with the motto *Anchora Spei*, is prominently displayed on the title-page of the original edition.

Harrison retained the copyright of the poem for nearly twenty years, until March 1, 161 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and published at least four editions—in 1594, 1598, 1600, 1607. But only the first was printed by Field. Peter Short printed that of 1598; Harrison's son, also named John, printed that of 1600, and Nicholas Okes that of 1607. All the printers were men of position in the trade. Okes was on intimate terms with Field, who had acted as his surety when he was admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on December 5, 1603, while Thomas Heywood, the author, in his *Apology for Actors* which Okes printed for him in 1612, addressed him as his 'approved good friend', and commended his care and industry—compliments which were rare in the intercourse of printer and author.

The printers  
of the first  
four editions.

On March 1, 161 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Harrison parted with the copyright of *Lucrece* and of three other of his publications of a different class to a stationer of comparatively minor reputation, Roger Jackson, whose shop over against the Great Conduit in Fleet Street bore the sign of the White Hart.<sup>1</sup> The transaction is thus entered in the Stationers' Company's Registers (iii. 542):—

Roger Jackson, second owner,  
March 1,  
1614-Jan.  
16, 1625.

<sup>1</sup> Roger Jackson, son of Martin Jackson, of Burnholme, Yorkshire, had been apprenticed to Ralph Newbery, a well-known stationer, on July 5, 1591 (Arber, ii. 175). He had been admitted a freeman of the Stationers' Company on August 10, 1599, and acquired his first copyright (Greene's *Goost Hunting Coney Catchers*) on September 3, 1602 (Arber, iii. 216). His first apprentice, Richard, son of Thomas Gosson, joined him April 23, 1604.



[1614]

primo Martij 1613[-4]

Entred [to Roger Jackson] for his Coppies by consent of  
Master John Harrison the eldest and by order of a Court,  
these 4 books followinge  
viz<sup>t</sup>. . . .

MASCALLES first booke of Cattell  
Master Dentes Sermon of repentance  
RECORDES *Arithmeticke*.

## LUCRECE

Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, more than two years after the copyright of *Lucrece* suffered its first transfer. Jackson, the second holder, retained the copyright for nearly twelve years, till his death early in 1626, when it passed to his widow. Jackson was responsible for the editions of 1616 and 1624, the first of which was printed by Thomas Snodham, and the second by John Beale.<sup>1</sup> His widow assigned the book, with her property in twenty-nine other volumes, on January 16, 1626, to Francis Williams. The entry attesting the transfer in the Stationers' Register runs (iv. 149):—

Francis  
Williams,  
third owner,  
Jan. 16,  
1626–June  
29, 1630.

[1626]

16<sup>o</sup> Januarij 1625[-6]

Assigned over vnto him [to Francis Williams] by mistris  
Jackson wife of Roger Jackson Deceased, and by order of a  
full Court holden this Day. all her estate in the [30] Copies  
here after mencioned  
xiiij<sup>r</sup>.

–23 Lucrece by Shackspeare. . . . .

John Harri-  
son, junior,

Francis Williams kept the copyright for little more than  
four years, parting with it on June 29, 1630, to Master

<sup>1</sup> Snodham, who took up his freedom on June 28, 1602, was apprenticed to Thomas East, or Este, the music-printer, whose surname (*alias* East) he added to his own. Snodham succeeded to his old master's presses at the sign of the Black Horse in Aldersgate Street. He printed much music, e.g. Campion's music-books (1610 and 1612). In 1615 Wither's *Satyre* came from his press. He was active in the trade till his death in 1625. Beale, a

Harrison, apparently a grandson of the original holder, and the printer of the edition of 1600. (He was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1638.) This transaction, which involved the transfer to 'Master Harison' of over thirty books, is thus entered in the Stationers' Registers (iv. 237):—

29 Junij 1630.

Assigned over vnto him [i. e. Master Harison] by master Francis Williams and order of a full Court all his estate right title and Interest in the Copies hereafter menconed

vizt. . . . . xijs vj<sup>d</sup>./

Lucrece.

Master Harison produced an edition in 1632, which was printed by R. B. [i. e. Richard Bishop]<sup>1</sup>, and he retained the property until his death twenty-three years later. His widow, Martha Harrison, sold it on March 15, 1654, to yet another John Harison (or Harrison), apparently a nephew of her late husband, and the third of the name to hold the property. The third John Harrison was in partnership with William Gilbertson of the Bible in Giltspur Street, who had lately acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis*. Under some arrangement with Harrison, Gilbertson produced in 1655, with another coadjutor, John Stafford, the latest edition of *Lucrece* which appeared in the seventeenth century.

fourth  
owner, June  
29, 1630—  
March 15,  
1655.

John Harrison the  
third, the  
fifth holder.

master printer from March 1, 1613, and a livery-man of the Stationers' Company from Feb. 4, 1635, was one of the most prosperous printers of his day.

<sup>1</sup> The initials R. B. alone appear on the title-page, but the full name of Richard Bishop figures as printer for Harrison in the same year of a new edition of John White's *Short Catechism*. No other member of the Stationers' Company, who was a printer, bore the same initials. Robert Bird, who acquired the copyright of *Pericles* in 1630, was a publisher or bookseller only. John Norton printed for him an edition of the play in that year. But it is puzzling to note that the printer's device with the motto 'In Domino Confido,' which appears on the last page of the 1632 *Lucrece*, is found on the title-page of the 1630 *Pericles*.

## V

The text and  
typography  
of the first  
edition.

HARRISON and Field's first edition of 1594 is the sole authentic source of the text of the poem. That alone followed the author's manuscript. The later editions were set up from those that went before. Small typographical changes were introduced into the reissues, but all the alterations may be put to the credit of correctors of the press acting on their own responsibility, excepting possibly in the case of the edition of 1616, which came out soon after Shakespeare's death. In that volume there are traces of a clumsy editorial revision.

Discrepan-  
cies among  
extant  
exemplars.

It is improbable that the author supervised the production of the first edition, but greater care was taken in its typography than in the case of any other of Shakespeare's works,—not excepting *Venus and Adonis*. The work is not free from misprints nor from other typographical irregularities. But an effort was made to reduce their number to the lowest possible limit. The original edition was printed off slowly; the type was kept standing after the first impressions left the office, and small changes were subsequently introduced into the standing type, with the result that the few surviving copies of the first edition show small discrepancies among themselves. One impression is freer from typographical errors than another, or a correction which has been made in one copy, with a view to improving the sense or the grammar, is absent from another copy. The alterations are not always intelligent, and it is unlikely that Shakespeare had any hand in them.

The Bod-  
leian copy, I.  
Unique  
readings.

The copy in the Bodleian Library which is reproduced in this volume—one of two in that library—has at least five readings which are met with nowhere else. They were apparently all deemed to be defects, and were afterwards changed.

Their survival in only one extant copy, their absence from all the others, proves that the copy which retains them was the earliest extant impression to leave the printing-office. The five unique readings in the Bodleian copy I, with the corrections which appear in all other impressions of the first edition, are:—‘morning’ (l. 24) for ‘mornings’ [i.e. morning’s]; ‘Appologie’ (l. 31) for ‘apologies’; ‘Colatium’ (l. 50) for ‘Colatia’; ‘himselfe betakes’ (l. 125) for ‘themselves betake’; ‘wakes’ (l. 126) for ‘wake.’

Only the first of these readings is a quite obvious misprint. The substitution of ‘apologies’ for ‘Appologie’ improves the spelling, but the verb ‘needeth’, which the noun governs, is suffered to remain in the singular after its subject is put into the plural—a syntactical construction which is defensible but not usual. The alteration ‘Colatia’ is right. No such town as *Colatium* is known, but in spite of its removal from line 50, the erroneous form ‘Colatium’ is still suffered to deface in all copies line 4—the only other place where the town is mentioned. The change in line 125 seems intended to get rid of the awkward construction of the singular verb with a plural subject in ‘winds that wakes’ in the next line, 126. In line 125 the first reading ‘And euerie one to rest *himself* betakes’ is grammatically better than the second, ‘And euerie one to rest *themselves* betake’; but in order to rime ‘wake’ (of the next line) satisfactorily, it was needful to put the verb at the end of the preceding line in the plural and to give it a plural instead of a singular subject.

In the following instance the reading in the Bodleian copy which is here reproduced appears in only one other copy—in the second (Caldecott) copy in the same library.

Reading  
peculiar to  
two extant  
copies.

‘Euen so *the* patterne of *this* worne out age’ (l. 1350.)

figures in all extant impressions save in the two in the Bodleian Library, where the line reads—

Euen so *this* pattern of *the* worne out age.

It is difficult to determine which is the better reading, but it is clear that '*the* patterne of *this* . . . age' was deemed the better by the corrector of the press.

Misprints  
peculiar to  
three extant  
copies.

The following two misprints in the Bodleian copy, which is here reproduced, are also met with in the second copy in the same library and in the Sion College copy as well, but both are corrected in the Devonshire and British Museum copies:—line 1182, 'which *for* (instead of *by*) him tainted'; line 1335, 'blasts' for 'blast.'

Misprints in  
all extant  
copies.

The following misprints seem common to all impressions:—Title-page (last line) 'Churh-yard' for 'Church-yard'; 'sleep' (l. 163) for 'sleepe'; 'to beguild' (l. 1544) for 'so beguild'; 'on' (l. 1680) for 'in'; 'it in' (l. 1713) for 'in it.' The inverted commas at the beginning of ll. 867–8 are exceptional, and may also be reckoned among typographical inaccuracies.

Capital  
letters  
within the  
line.

The volume offers examples of the ordinary irregularities which are usually met with in specimens of Elizabethan typography. Capital letters within the line are used little less arbitrarily than in *Venus and Adonis*. Such ordinary words as 'Tent' (15), 'Bee' (836, 840, 1769), 'Citty' (1554) and 'Foe' (1608), are always dignified with an initial capital. But the personified 'time' and 'opportunity' go without the distinction. No law is observable in such a distribution of capitals. In the first part of the poem, 'Beauty' is invariably spelt with a capital, but in the concluding stanzas it appears with a small letter; the word is used eighteen times in all, and the capital appears twelve times. 'Sun' occurs eight times in all, five times

with a capital. 'Heaven' is rarely allowed a capital, although 'Ocean' always is. It was obviously the intention of the printer to print all proper names in small capitals; but this rule, although often followed, was imperfectly carried out. Cf. line 553—

Small  
capitals.

'And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.'

'Pluto' is with, but 'Orpheus' is without, due mark of distinction. The place-name 'Ardea' is in lower-case type in line 1, but in small capitals in line 1332. 'Rome' appears six times and is never in small capitals. Other signs of careless revision are the substitution of a small letter for a capital at the opening of line 86, and the dropping in two places of the catchword—on pp. 28 and 90. Italics are not used at all, save in the 'Argument', which is italicized throughout, proper names only being in roman type.

The cursive contraction for 'm' or 'n'—a long line over the preceding vowel—is used thirty-eight times, commonly in order to save space. The ampersand '&' (for 'and') occurs fifteen times for the same reason. Both symbols are employed somewhat capriciously. Their employment reflects on the skill of the printer, even if they figured in the author's 'copy'.

Contrac-  
tions.

Variations in the spelling of the same word are comparatively few, but they are numerous enough to give ground for criticism. Thus we find 'doore' (306) and 'dore' (325, 337); 'dumbe' (268) and 'dum' (474); 'nurse' (1162) and 'nourse' (813); 'opportunity' (874, 876, 895, 932) and 'oportunitie' (903, 1023); 'rankes' (1439) and 'ranckes' (1441); 'Rome' and 'Roome' (1644, 1851); 'sometime' (1106) and 'sometime' (1105); 'spirite' (1346), 'sprite' (451), and 'spright' (121); 'tongue' (1465) and 'tong' (1463, 1718). In the case of 'tongue' and 'sometime' the variations occur within a couple of lines of one another. The curious spelling 'pollusion' for

Mis-  
spellings.

'pollution' (1157), where the word rimes with 'confusion' and 'conclusion', is another orthographical error.<sup>1</sup>

The text of  
1607.

The text of the late impressions of the 1594 edition was followed in the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. A few changes were introduced by the corrector of the press in each revision, but all were trivial and mainly affected the spelling, the capital letters, and the contractions. The fourth edition of 1607, despite the commendation which Thomas Heywood bestowed on its printer, Nicholas Okes, introduces some new misprints of bad eminence (e. g. l. 993, 'time' for 'crime'; l. 1024, 'unsearchfull' for 'uncheerful'). These were slavishly adopted by succeeding printers. In the imprint, the words 'Printed by N. O.' appear as 'Printed *be* N. O.'

The  
alterations  
of 1616.

Somewhat more extensive alterations marked the fifth edition, printed by T[homas] S[nodham], and published by Roger Iackson, in 1616. This edition was described on the title-page as '*Newly Reuised*', and bore for the first time the new title of *The Rape of Lucrece* instead of the *Lucrece* of the earlier issues. Shakespeare's name also appeared for the first time on the title-page. Traces of the hand of an unskilful editor are apparent. A new list of 'contents', which preceded the 'Argument' in the preliminary pages, collected together in a slightly abbreviated form twelve marginal notes which were distributed through the text of the poem, and supplied a running analysis of the story. The earlier marginal notes were numbered in the text; but the

<sup>1</sup> 'Pollution' is only used thrice elsewhere by Shakespeare. In two cases—in *Twelfth Night*, i. 2. 49, and *Measure for Measure*, ii. 4. 183—it is rightly spelt 'pollution' (in the First Folio). But in the third place where it occurs—in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 46—it is farcically misused by Goodman Dull for 'allusion', and is misspelt 'polusion' in both the First Quarto and the First Folio. The misspelling there seems deliberately introduced by way of ridicule of popular ignorance. In a serious context 'pollution' was alone recognized by careful writers or printers.

later notes were unnumbered. This list of contents and marginal notes were reprinted in all subsequent editions. The latter run thus :—

- (i) The praising of Lucrece as chaste, vertuous, and beautiful, maketh Tarquin enamor'd. (Stanza 1.)<sup>1</sup>
- (ii) Tarquin welcom'd by Lucrece. (Stanza 8.)
- (iii) Tarquin disputing the matter at last resolves to satisfy his Lust. (Stanza 25.)
- (iv) Lucretia wakes amazed and confounded to be so surpriz'd. (Stanza 66.)
- (v) Lucrece pleadeth in defence of Chastity and exprobrates his uncivil lust. (Stanza 82.)
- (vi) Tarquin all impatient interrupts her, and denied of consent breaketh the inclosure of her Chastity by Force. (Stanza 93.)
- (vii) Lucrece thus abused complains of her misery. (Stanza 109.)
- (viii) Lucrece continuing her laments, disputes whether she should kill her self or no. (Stanza 155.)
- (ix) Lucrece resolved to kill her self determines first to send her Husband word. (Stanza 174.)
- (x) Upon Lucrece sending for Colatine in such hast, he with divers of his Allies and Friends returns home. (Stanza 227.)
- (xi) Upon the Relation of Lucrece her Rape Colatine and the rest swear to revenge: but this seems not full satisfaction to her losses. (Stanza 243.)
- (xii) She killeth herself to exasperate them the more to punish the delinquent. (Stanza 245.)

The character of the textual changes, which are not

<sup>1</sup> The numbered stanza does not appear in the list of contents. I insert it with a view to showing the distribution of the marginal notes through the poem.



numerous, suggests that there, too, an editorial pen was working albeit clumsily. Metrical considerations probably account for the following alterations:—‘so high a rate’ (line 19 of 1616 edition) for ‘such high proud rate’; ‘a date expired; and cancelld ere begun’ (26) for ‘an expired date, cancelld ere well begun’; ‘doth march’ (301) for ‘marcheth’; ‘beneath’ (543) for ‘under’; ‘ever dumb’ (1123) for ‘mute and dumb’; ‘throughout Rome’ (1851) for ‘thorough Rome’. In l. 1680 the substitution of ‘one woe’ for the original misprint ‘on woe’ is ingenious, and the introduction of a hyphen in l. 1018 to connect the words ‘skill’ and ‘contending’ betrays intelligence. Other variations of the earlier text are unjustifiable: ‘rue’ (455) for ‘true’; ‘feeded’ (603) for ‘seeded’; ‘bersed’ (657) for ‘hersed’; ‘mighty’ (680) for ‘nightly’; ‘foule lust’ (684) for ‘prone lust’; ‘fears’ (698) for ‘fares’; ‘of reine’ (706) for ‘or reine’; ‘disdaine’ (786) for ‘distain’; ‘Palmer that’ (790) for ‘Palmer chat’; ‘bannes’ (859) for ‘barnes’; ‘time’ (993) for ‘crime’; omission of epithet ‘goodly’ in 1247; ‘held’ (1257) for ‘hild.’

The editions  
of 1624,  
1632, 1655,  
and 1707.

The edition of 1624 follows that of 1616 servilely. Only the title-pages differ. Even the error in the signature (B4 for A4) is repeated. The edition of 1632 adds some new misprints (e.g. l. 47, ‘growes’ for ‘glowes’; l. 156, ‘konur’ for ‘honour’; l. 282, ‘cloakt’ for ‘choked’; l. 854, ‘iniquity’ for ‘impurity’). The reissue of 1655 closely adheres to that of 1632, with a few misreadings of its own. The next reprint figured in the *Poems on Affairs of State* (1707), vol. iv, pp. 143–204. The text is that of 1655, with a few worthless emendations.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately the crude misreadings of 1707

<sup>1</sup> The chief changes were:—l. 35, ‘from theevish Cares’ for ‘From theevish cares’; l. 161, ‘the wretched hateful Lays’ for ‘& wretched hateful daies’; l. 148, ‘all’ for ‘ill’; l. 317, ‘the Needle’ for ‘her needle’; l. 650, ‘fresh false hast’ for ‘fresh fall’s haste’; l. 684, ‘foul’ for ‘prone’; l. 1520,

were accepted by Gildon, who brought out an edition of Shakespeare's 'Poems,' by way of supplement to Rowe's collective edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1710.<sup>1</sup> Gildon did little more than reproduce the poor text of 1707, and his text was accepted without inquiry by other eighteenth-century editors. Lintott, in one of his impressions of Shakespeare's 'Poems' in 1709, gave *Lucrece* a title-page bearing the date 1632, but he did not follow the edition of that year with much precision. It was not until Malone reprinted the poems in 1780, that any collation was attempted of the current text with the first edition of 1594. Then at length the poet's words were freed of a century and a half's accumulation of ignorant misreadings.

## VI

EIGHT editions of *Lucrece* are known to have been published between its first issue in 1594 and 1655, when the last of the seventeenth-century editions appeared. Four editions came out in Shakespeare's lifetime respectively, in 1594, 1598, 1600, and 1607. A fifth followed in 1616, the year of his death, and others in 1621, 1632, and 1655. The number of extant copies of all these early editions are very few, and it is possible that there were other editions, of which every exemplar has disappeared. Malone mentions editions of 1596 and 1602, but no editions dated in either of these years have come to light.<sup>2</sup> Two of the known editions

Census of  
extant  
copies.

'woman' for 'workman'; l. 1736, 'in pure Revenge' for 'in poor revenge'. The substitution of 'foul lust' (l. 684) for 'prone lust' and of 'peal'd' for 'pild' (in the sense of 'peeled') in lines 1167 and 1169 were attempts to make difficult words clear to eighteenth-century readers.

<sup>1</sup> See *Venus and Adonis*, Introduction, pp. 71-2.

<sup>2</sup> An edition which was once in the possession of Halliwell-Phillipps lacked a title-page and was at one time declared by him to belong to the year 1610, but this is probably a copy of the edition of 1632 (see No. XXIX *infra*).

only survive in single copies. It is curious to note that a larger number of copies are accessible of the original edition than of any other of the first seven. As many as ten are now traceable. Several of these have been recovered recently. Thomas Grenville asserted some sixty years ago that only three were known. George Daniel, Frederick Locker Lampson, and other collectors of the last half-century raised their estimate to five. That number must now be doubled.

It is likely enough that of all the editions more copies will be found hereafter. At present all the known copies of the first seven editions (excluding fragments) number no more than thirty. The eighth edition stands in a somewhat different position. Some twenty copies seem traceable, but of these only six contain the rare frontispiece and are perfect, two of these being in Great Britain and the rest in America. Of the thirty copies of the first seven editions, twenty are now in Great Britain, nine are in America, and one, which has lately changed hands, is not at the moment located. Of the twenty British copies, fifteen are in public institutions,—five being in the British Museum, five in the Bodleian Library, two in the Capell Collection of Trinity College, Cambridge, one in the University Library, Edinburgh, one at Sion College, London, and one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Five are in the hands of English private owners. Of the nine American copies, one is in a public institution—the Lenox Library, New York—and eight are in private hands.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A copy of an unspecified edition of *Lucretius*, sold with twenty-two other pieces, brought in 1680, at the sale of Sir Kenelm Digby's library, three shillings. Comparatively few copies have figured in public auctions of late years. The highest price which the first edition has fetched is £200, which it reached at the Perkins sale in 1889. No copy of that edition has occurred for sale since. Of the later editions, £75—the price paid for a copy of the 1632 edition at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, also in 1889—is the auction record. For the frontispiece of the 1655 edition as much as £110 was paid at

The first edition of *Lucrece* is the only one which appeared in quarto. The signatures run:—A i, A ii, B–N, in fours. There are forty-seven leaves in all without pagination. The dedication figures on the recto side, and the ‘Argument’ on the verso side, of the leaf signed A ii. The text of the poem commences on the leaf signed B. The title-page runs:—LVCRECE | [Field’s device and motto] LONDON | Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound | in Paules Churh-yard 1594. | The pattern of Field’s device of the suspended anchor, with his motto *Anchora Spei*, slightly differs from that on the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*. In the *Lucrece* volume the boughs are crossed in front of the stem of the anchor, instead of being figured behind the stem, as in the *Venus and Adonis* volume.

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594

The copy of the first edition of the poem, which is reproduced in facsimile for the first time in this volume, is one of the two exemplars now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It belongs to the collection of books which was presented in 1816 to the library by the brother of Edmund Malone, the Shakespearean commentator, and is numbered Malone 34. In the spring of 1779, Malone bought for twenty guineas a single volume containing this copy of the first edition of *Lucrece*, together with a first edition of Shakespeare’s *Sonnets*.<sup>1</sup> At a later date he caused these and many other of his quarto editions of Shakespeare’s works to be inlaid and

No. I.  
Bodleian(1).

a sale in 1902. At the present moment the prices are rapidly rising. A perfect copy of a first edition would be likely to reach £1000, and a perfect copy of any later edition of the seventeenth century, £500. Justin Winsor’s *Bibliography of Shakespeare’s Poems* (Boston, 1879), and the preface to the Cambridge Shakespeare (new edit. 1891), supply some useful particulars in regard to extant copies, but most of the information recorded here has been derived from a personal inspection of the copies, or from correspondence with the present owners, or from sale catalogues.

<sup>1</sup> Charlemont MSS. (*Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep.*), i. 343.

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

to be bound up somewhat capriciously—six or seven together—in a long series of large volumes. His copy of the 1594 *Lucrece* now fills the first place in the volume which is labelled outside 'Shakespeare Quartos, volume III,' and contains six quarto tracts. The edition of *Lucrece* measures  $7\frac{5}{16}'' \times 5''$ , but is inlaid on paper measuring  $9\frac{1}{8}'' \times 7\frac{1}{8}''$ . The poem is followed successively by a copy of the *Sonnets* of 1609 (with the Aspley reprint); by *Hamlet*, 1607; by two quartos of *Pericles* dated respectively 1609 and 1619, and by *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

No. II.  
Bodleian (2).

A second copy in the Bodleian Library of the first edition of *Lucrece* was the gift of Thomas Caldecott in 1833, and is marked Malone 886. It is bound up with copies of the 1594 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, and of the first edition of the *Sonnets*, 1609 (with the John Wright imprint). The three tracts were purchased by Caldecott in June, 1796, 'of an obscure bookseller of . . . Westminster'.<sup>1</sup> The *Lucrece*, which comes second in the volume, has been seriously pruned by the binder, and measures only  $6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 4\frac{7}{16}''$ . The title-page has been torn in places and roughly repaired.

No. III.  
British  
Museum (1).

Of the two copies in the British Museum the better one was purchased at the Bright sale, in 1845, for £58. The press-mark is C.21.c.45. It was bound by Hayday in maroon morocco, and, though several leaves have been repaired, is in good condition. It measures  $7'' \times 4\frac{1}{16}''$ .

No. IV.  
British  
Museum (2).

The second copy in the British Museum is in the Grenville Collection (G.11178). It was purchased by Thomas Grenville, the collector, at the Combe sale in 1837. It is well bound in morocco. Grenville described it in a note in the volume as one of only three known copies. It measures  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5''$ . The last leaf is missing, and its place is filled by a reprint from Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library.

No. V.  
Sion College.

The perfect copy in Sion College, London, formed part of the library of Thomas James, a well-known London printer,

<sup>1</sup> See *Venus and Adonis*, Introduction, p. 59.

whose widow, Mrs. Eleanor James, presented it with other volumes in 1711 to Sion College 'out of her singular affection and respect for the London clergy'. The copy, which is now separately bound, originally formed part of a volume in which five rare poetical tracts of like date were bound together.<sup>1</sup> The copy seems to have been printed off somewhat later than the Malone, and earlier than the Duke of Devonshire's copy or the Bright copy in the British Museum. Lines 1182 and 1350 read as in the Malone copy and not as in the Duke of Devonshire's and British Museum (Bright) copies. At other points (lines 31 and 125-6) the readings are identical with the Devonshire and British Museum (Bright) copies and differ from those of the Malone.<sup>2</sup> The measurements are  $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$ .

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

The Duke of Devonshire's copy, now at Chatsworth, originally belonged to the great actor John Philip Kemble, whose library was acquired by the sixth Duke of Devonshire in 1821. Kemble inlaid and mounted his quarto plays and poems, and bound them up—six or seven together—in a long series of volumes. *Lucrece* forms part of volume cxxi in his collection of plays. There are six quartos altogether in the volume, the other five being the edition of *Pericles*, 1609; and early copies of the four pseudo-Shakespearean plays, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1613; *The London Prodigall*, 1605; *Lochrine*, 1595; and the first part of *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600. *Lucrece* does not seem to

No. VI.  
Devonshire  
copy.

<sup>1</sup> In the original manuscript catalogue of the library there appears the entry 'Shakespeare's *Lucrece*', &c. In Reading's Catalogue of Sion College Library (1724) the tracts bound up with *Lucrece* are indicated. All are now separately bound and are of the highest rarity. They are:—1. Barnfield's *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594 (the only other known copy is at Britwell). 2. Michael Drayton's *Idea: The Shepherds Garland*, 1593 (only two other copies seem to have been met with, and none is in a public library). 3. O. B.'s *Display of Vain Life*, printed by Richard Field and dedicated to the Earl of Essex, 1594 (fairly common). 4. *Lamentation of Troy for the Death of Hector*, 1594, by I. O. (fairly common). 5. *An old fashioned loue . . .* by T. T. Gent. 1594 (a translation of Watson's Latin poem *Amyntas*); the only other copy known is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The last two tracts were both printed by Peter Short for William Mattes.

<sup>2</sup> See pp. 31-2 *supra*.

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

have been collated by Kemble, but it is quite perfect; the other pieces in the volume have a note, 'Collated and perfect, J.P.K.,' with date either 1792 or 1798. The original page measures  $6\frac{5}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{8}''$ , but the page in which the text is inlaid,  $8\frac{5}{8}'' \times 6\frac{7}{16}''$ . It is one of the later impressions of the first edition, closely resembling the copies in the British Museum.

No. VII.  
Mr. A. H.  
Huth's copy.

The copy owned by Mr. A. H. Huth was purchased at the Daniel sale, in 1864, for £157 10s. od. It is a perfect exemplar.

No. VIII.  
Holford  
copy.

A copy belonging to Capt. George Lindsay Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, London, was purchased by the present owner's father, Robert Stayner Holford, for £100, about 1860, and is stated to be quite perfect.

No. IX.  
Mr. White's  
copy.

Two fine copies are now in America. One of these belongs to Mr. William Augustus White, of Brooklyn. Mr. White's copy, which measures  $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$ , seems to have been at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the Chapter library of Lincoln Cathedral.<sup>1</sup> It subsequently passed into the possession of Sir William Bolland, Baron of the Exchequer, who died in 1840. On Sir William Bolland's death, it appears to have been purchased by the well-known bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for 100 guineas. It then passed into the library of Frederick Perkins, of Chipstead (1780-1860). At the sale of Perkins' library on July 10, 1889, when the catalogue noticed 'a small hole burnt in two leaves, destroying a few letters', it was purchased by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the London bookseller, for £200, and was acquired by the present owner.<sup>2</sup>

No. X.  
Mr. E.  
Dwight  
Church's  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

A copy in the library of Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York, was formerly in that of Frederick Locker Lampson, at Rowfant, Sussex, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead &

<sup>1</sup> See Dibdin's *Library Companion*, p. 696, and *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. iii, p. 264.

<sup>2</sup> A facsimile of the title-page of this copy is given in *Contributions to English Bibliography*, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 182.

Co., of New York, in 1904. It is a perfect copy, measuring  $6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5''$ , and is bound in red morocco with tooled sides by Zaehnsdorf. It was apparently at one time the property of Sir William Tite, at the sale of whose library in 1874 it fetched £110.<sup>1</sup>

FIRST  
EDITION,  
1594.

A fragment of the first edition was sold in 1852, at the sale of the library of Edward Vernon Utterson, for £4 10s. 0d. Mr. White, of Brooklyn, possesses sixteen leaves (B 1, B 4, C 1–F 2) of a second copy, measuring  $7\frac{1}{16}'' \times 5\frac{3}{16}''$ . It is possible that this is the Utterson fragment.

Fragment.

The first edition of *Lucrece* has been twice issued in facsimile; firstly, in the series of reproductions of Shakespearean quartos undertaken by E. W. Ashbee under J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' direction in 1867 (of which fifty copies were prepared and nineteen of these destroyed); and secondly, in the series of Shakspeare-Quarto facsimiles with introduction by F. J. Furnivall, 1886 (No. 35), published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, from the copy in the British Museum.

Photo-  
graphic re-  
productions.

The second edition appeared in 1598. Unlike the first edition, which was a quarto, the second, like all its successors, is an octavo. The signatures run A–E 4 in eights. The leaves number thirty-six and the pages are unnumbered. Only a single copy of the second edition is known. It is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The title-page runs:—LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed by P. S. for Iohn | Harrison. 1598. | It was printed by Peter Short. The title-page bears the signature of two former owners—Robert Cheny, who seems to have paid 12d. for the copy, and of Count Fieschi. The ornaments are those usually associated with Peter Short's press. Notes of

SECOND  
EDITION,  
1598.  
No. XI.  
Capell copy.

<sup>1</sup> Justin Winsor's statement that Capell's copy is missing from the collection in Trinity College, Cambridge, is incorrect. Capell never possessed a copy, but in the Catalogue of his Shakespearean Library he mentions that one is in the library of Sion College, London, and that he had collated it with his own exemplar of 1598.



SECOND  
EDITION,  
1598.

a thorough collation by Capell of this copy with one of the first edition of 1594 in Sion College Library are scattered through the volume. The dimensions of the volume are  $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ .

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1600.  
No. XII.  
Bodleian  
copy (1).

The edition of 1600 is in octavo, with signatures A-E 4 in eights. Signature E<sub>3</sub> is misprinted B<sub>3</sub>. It has thirty-six leaves, and no pagination. Only one *perfect* copy is known. This is in the Malone collection (Malone 327) in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It is bound up with a copy of *Venus and Adonis* which has a title-page supplied in manuscript (see *Venus and Adonis*, Census, No. VIII). The volume was presented to Malone by Dr. Richard Farmer in 1779.<sup>1</sup> The *Lucrece* is in good condition. The measurements are  $4\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3''$ .

<sup>1</sup> There is a note to that effect in Malone's autograph in the volume. Malone soon afterwards lent the volume to Stevens so that he might read the 1600 edition of *Lucrece*. He returned it with a sarcastic drawing which still

# LUCRECE

45

The title-page runs :—LVCRECE | LONDON. | Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harison. | 1600. |

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1600.  
No. XIII.  
Bodleian (2).

There is in the Bodleian Library a second and imperfect copy of this edition (without title-page and wanting last leaf), which measures  $4\frac{3}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ . The text breaks off at line 1797, 'My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say' with the catchword below 'He'. The signatures are as in the perfect copy of 1600. The leaves number thirty-four. The tract is inserted in a volume (8° L 2 Art. BS.) which was probably bound in Oxford for the Bodleian Library about 1650, and comes between 'Chansons spirituelles,

mises en musique à quatre parties par Didier Lupi. Nouuellement reuenues & augmentées. A Paris. Par Adrian le Roy & Robert Ballard, Imprimeurs du Roy 1571' (music book); and 'A Wittie Encounter Betweene Monsieur du Moulin & Monsieur

remains pasted on the fly-leaf; a bust of Shakespeare is shown with the words written on a label proceeding from his lips: 'Would that I had all my commentators in Lipsburry pinfold!'

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1600.  
FOURTH  
EDITION,  
1607.

De Balzac, translated out of the french copy by A. S. Gent.  
(London, 1636).

The fourth edition of 1607, in small octavo, was printed

by Nicholas Okes for John Harrison. The title-page runs:—  
LVCRECE. | AT LONDON, | Printed be N. O. for Iohn Ha-  
rison. 1607. | The leaves number thirty-two without pagina-

tion. The signatures run A-D 8; A 4 is misprinted B 4. On the title-page appears the misprint *be* for *by* (in the imprint 'Printed be N. O.'). Harrison's device and motto, *Dum spero, fero*, figure as in the edition of 1600. There is a circular ornament at the end of the 'Argument'.

FOURTH  
EDITION,  
1607.

Two copies are known. The Capell copy in Trinity College, Cambridge, measures  $5'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$ .

No. XIV.  
Capell copy.

The second copy, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House, London, measures  $5\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$ . The leaves are much cut down. The volume is bound in orange morocco. This copy possesses much historic interest. It was purchased by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, who took the part of the Elder Brother in the performance of Milton's *Comus* at Ludlow Castle, in 1634. The words 'By W: Shakespeare' are written in a contemporary hand across the title-page. The copy was described at length, but not with accuracy, by John Payne Collier in his *Early English Literature at Bridgewater House*, 1837, pp. 280-2, and in his *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature*, 1865, vol. ii, pp. 332 seq. Collier claims for the edition textual superiority to the preceding edition of 1600, which a careful collation seems hardly to justify. It follows the text of 1600 with very trivial modification.

No. XV.  
Bridgewater  
copy.

The fifth edition of 1616 (in small octavo), in spite of many typographical changes, is of the same size (thirty-two leaves without pagination) and has the same signatures as the issue of 1607. The signature A 4 is again misprinted B 4. Of this fifth edition four copies are known. The title-page runs:—THE | RAPE OF | LVCRECE | By | Mr. *William Shakespeare* | Newly Reuised. | LONDON: | Printed by T. S. for *Roger Jackson*, and are | to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, 1616. | Of the four extant copies, two are in America.

FIFTH  
EDITION,  
1616.

The copy in the British Museum was acquired on April 5, 1858. It seems to have been sold by auction at Sotheby's, May, 1856, for £23 10s. od. It is not in very clean condition. Many leaves are pieced or patched, and the last five,

No. XVI.  
British  
Museum  
copy.

FIFTH  
EDITION,  
1616.

which were defective, have been repaired in facsimile. The measurements are  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ . The volume was in recent times bound by Bedford in red morocco. The press-mark is C. 34. a. 44.

No. XVII.  
Bodleian  
copy.

The copy in the Bodleian Library was part of the bequest of Thomas Caldecott and reached the Library in 1833 (Malone 892). The leaves have been much cut by the binder. The measurements are  $5\frac{1}{8}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$ .

No. XVIII.  
Lenox  
Library,  
New York.

There is a copy in the Lenox Library in the New York Public Library which has been cut close at top and bottom. This was probably the one priced by the bookseller Rodd in his catalogue of 1837 at four guineas, and may be that sold with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1636 and other poetical tracts at the sale of Thomas Pearson's library in 1788.

No. XIX.  
Mr. Dwight  
Church's  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

The copy formerly in the library of Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church, of New York. Measuring  $5\frac{1}{8}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$  and being bound by Riviere, it was formerly in the library of Frederick Ouvry. It is cut in the lower margin. It was bought in the Ouvry sale, in 1882, by Bernard Quaritch, for £35 10s. od., and shortly afterwards went to Rowfant. It passed to the present owner early in 1905.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1624.

Of the edition of 1624, in small octavo, six copies are now traceable, of which only two are now in England, and both of these are in the British Museum. The text with list of contents and marginal notes follows that of 1616. The signatures are the same, and the leaves number thirty-two, without pagination. The title runs:—The | Rape | of | Lvcrece. | By Mr. *William Shakespeare*. | Newly Revised. | LONDON | Printed by I. B. for *Roger Jackson*, and are | to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit | in Fleet-street, 1624.

No. XX.  
British  
Museum (1)  
(Grenville).

A fair copy is in the Grenville collection (No. 11179) at the British Museum. It was possibly bought at the Jolley sale in 1844. The measurements are  $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$ . The title and last leaf are not in good condition and a few of the headlines are cut into. It is bound in green morocco.

No. XXI.  
British  
Museum (2).

The second copy now known to be in Great Britain is also in the British Museum—press-mark C. 39. a. 37 (2). It

measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ , and is bound with four other poetical tracts of like date.

SIXTH  
EDITION,  
1624.  
No. XXII.  
Mr. Dwight  
Church's  
copy.

Four other copies are now in America. The best belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church. It was in the eighteenth century the property of Sir John Fenn (1739-94), the editor of the 'Paston Letters'. A subsequent owner was Philip Howard Frere (1813-68). It is a fine and clean copy. Sir John Fenn cut out the woodcut and imprint of the title-page, placing the excised slips in his collection of cuttings. These were discovered in a scrapbook formerly in the possession of Sir John Fenn, by Dr. Aldis Wright, who replaced them in the title-page of the copy, while Frere was its owner. The copy passed into the hands of the American collector, Thomas Jefferson McKee, at whose sale in 1901 it was acquired by the present owner. The size of the leaf is  $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$ . The volume is bound in green levant morocco.

The Rowfant copy, which formerly belonged to Frederick Locker Lampson, has the inscription on title-page: 'Pretium 4 N: L: S:'. It measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{7}{8}''$ . It at one time belonged to Narcissus Luttrell (1657-1732), and seems to have been sold at the Ouvry sale in 1882, for £31, to Messrs. Ellis and White, the booksellers of Bond Street. It was acquired by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., booksellers of New York, in 1904.

No. XXIII.  
Dodd, Mead  
& Co.'s  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. Folger, of New York, seems to have been sold at Sotheby's in a miscellaneous sale on June 18, 1903, and bought by Messrs. Sotheran for £130. A few headlines are shaved.

No. XXIV.  
Mr. Folger's  
copy.

A copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, formerly belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps], who paid Quaritch £42 for it in November, 1885. It measures  $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ .

No. XXV.  
Mr. Perry's  
copy.

In the seventh edition of 1632, the signatures run A in fours, B-D7 in eights; B4 is misprinted B2. On the last page (D7 verso) the word 'Finis' is followed by a woodcut with the motto *In Domino confido*. The typography is distinguished by the excessive use of italics for ordinary words. The leaves number thirty. There is no pagination.

SEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1632.

SEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1632.

There are five extant copies of the edition of 1632—one at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; another in the library of Mrs. Christie Miller at Britwell; a third in unknown hands; the fourth (defective) at Edinburgh University Library; and the fifth in America, in Mr. Perry's library at Providence. The title-page runs: — The | Rape | of | Lucrece | by | Mr. *William Shakespeare* | Newly revised. [Printer's device with motto *Dum spero fero.*] London. | Printed by R. B. for *John Harrison* and | are to be sold at his shop at the golden | Vnicorne in *Pater-noster Row.* | 1632. | In one of the impressions of the edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* issued by the bookseller Lintott in 1710, he gives a title-page of *Lucrece* bearing the date 1632. A copy of that edition was doubtless in his possession.

No. XXVI.  
Corpus  
Christi  
College,<sup>1</sup>  
Oxford.

The Corpus Christi College copy, which measures  $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 3\frac{7}{8}''$ , was presented to the college by a seventeenth-century Fellow, John Rosewell, Canon of Windsor. It is in old calf, and bound up with a defective copy (having no title) of an English translation by Thomas Hudson of the *History of Judith* (1584) from the French of Du Bartas.

No. XXVII.  
Britwell  
copy.

The Britwell copy formerly belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at his sale in 1800 by Richard Heber for fifteen shillings. It passed from the Heber Library into the possession of William Henry Miller, the founder of the library at Britwell, in 1834. The measurements are  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$ . It is bound up with a copy of Charles Fitz-Geffry's *Blessed Birthday* (Oxford, 1636).

No.  
XXVIII.  
Untraced  
copy.

A copy belonging to John Mansfield Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, of which some leaves had rough edges, was sold at Sotheby's at the sale of the Mackenzie Library, March 11, 1889, and was purchased by Pearson & Co., the London booksellers, for £26 10s. 0d. Its present owner has not been traced.

No. XXIX.  
Edinburgh  
University  
copy.

A defective copy (consisting of twenty-seven leaves of the thirty) is in the Edinburgh University Library.<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Thanks are due to Dr. Eggeling and to Mr. Alex. Anderson of Edinburgh University for the opportunity of determining the date of this copy.

## LUCRECE

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measurements are  $5\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$ . It has no title-page, and the leaves C and C<sub>2</sub> (lines 764-903) are missing. The bottom edges are closely shaved throughout. It was bound by SEVENTH EDITION, 1632.

Tuckett. It was presented, in 1872, to the Edinburgh University by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who, in a manuscript note, describes it as a unique exemplar, in ignorance of the



SEVENTH  
EDITION,  
1632.

survival of any other copy of the 1632 edition. Halliwell-Phillipps had, in his Folio Shakespeare (1865), dated this defective copy before 1616, assigning it tentatively to the year 1610, but his final opinion that it was issued in 1632 is undoubtedly right.

No. XXX.  
Mr. Perry's  
copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, was purchased for £75 at the Halliwell-Phillipps sale, in 1889. It measures  $5\frac{1}{8}'' \times 3\frac{5}{8}''$ , and is bound in red morocco, by Lortic frères. Some of the lower and outer leaves are uncut.

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.

A reissue in 1655, for which William Gilbertson, who had just purchased the copyright, was mainly responsible, bears this title:—The Rape of | LUCRECE, | Committed by | TARQUIN the Sixt; | AND | *The remarkable judgments that befel him for it.* | BY | The incomparable Master of our *English Poetry*, | WILL: SHAKESPEARE Gent. | *Whereunto is annexed, | The Banishment of TARQUIN: | Or, the Reward of Lust.* | By J. Quarles. | LONDON. | Printed by J. G. for John Stafford in George-yard | neer Fleet-bridge, and Will: Gilbertson at | the Bible in Giltspur-street, 1655. | The pages are numbered 1-71 for Shakespeare's poem and 1-12 for Quarles' brief sequel. The signatures are continuous throughout—A 4, B-F 8 in eights, G 4. The volume opens with an engraved frontispiece, by William Faithorne. In the upper part of the page is a small oval portrait of Shakespeare, adapted from the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio, and below are full-length pictures of Collatinus and Lucretia with the inscription in large italics:—

The Fates decree that tis a mighty wrong  
To Woemen Kinde, to have more Greife, then Tongue.  
Will: Gilbirson: John Stafford excud.

On the title-page, which faces the frontispiece and is in ordinary type, is the device of a wreath containing the initials I. S. and W. G. (i.e. John Stafford and William Gilbertson). A dedication follows on sig. A3, 'To my

## LUCRECE

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esteemed friend Mr. Nehemiah Massey,' and is signed John Quarles. The 'Argument' is on A<sub>4</sub>, and the text of Shakespeare's poem on B-F<sub>4</sub> (verso blank). The separate title-page

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.

of Quarles' poem is on F<sub>5</sub>:—Tarquin Banished: Or, The Reward Of Lust. Written by J. Q. There follows an address 'To the Reader' (F<sub>6</sub>), and the text of Quarles' poem fills F<sub>7</sub>-G<sub>4</sub>.

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.

The frontispiece is met with in very few copies, and lends the volume its main value and interest. It supplies the third engraved portrait of Shakespeare in point of time, that by Droeshout of the First Folio of 1623 being the first, and the second being the engraving by William Marshall before Shakespeare's *Poems* of 1640. Of the three early engraved portraits of Shakespeare, this by Faithorne is most rarely met with. Halliwell[-Phillipps], writing before 1856, stated that he had seen thirty copies of the 1655 edition of *Lucrece* without the title-page and only one with it. Only two copies of the volume with the frontispiece seem accessible in Great Britain, while four seem to be in America.

WITH THE  
FRONTIS-  
PIECE.  
No. XXXI.  
British  
Museum (1).

Three copies of the edition are in the British Museum, but only one of them has the frontispiece (C. 34. a. 45). The perfect copy, which measures  $5\frac{7}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{16}''$ , was acquired by the Museum, April 3, 1865. It is stained and very closely trimmed, but the impression of the frontispiece is singularly brilliant, though the verses beneath it have been cut into by the binder. This copy was at one time in the possession of Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it by auction at Sotheby's in May, 1856, for £25 10s. 0d. Halliwell[-Phillipps] inserted a manuscript note, calling attention to the extreme rarity of the edition with the frontispiece, and to its comparatively frequent occurrence without that embellishment.

No.  
XXXII.  
Bodleian  
copy.

The copy in the Bodleian Library (Malone 889) was bequeathed by Thomas Caldecott in 1833. It measures  $5\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ . The frontispiece is mounted, and may possibly have come from another copy. The title-page is cropped and mutilated at the bottom. The binding is probably of the late eighteenth century. At the back of the *Lucrece* title-page the 'Wriothesley' dedication is copied in manuscript from the 1616 edition.

No.  
XXXIII.  
Barton  
collection,  
Boston  
Public  
Library.

The copy in the Barton collection at the Boston Public Library has the frontispiece inlaid. This copy was thus described by the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, on October 5, 1835:—'The title-page torn and laid down. The frontispiece inlaid. Several leaves cut into the side margin &

dirty. The back margin sewed in.' Rodd thought it might be identical with the copy sold in 1827 at the Field sale for £3 19s. 0d. It was purchased by T. P. Barton of New York, from Rodd, in 1835, and bequeathed by Barton to the Boston Public Library in 1876. It is bound in green morocco by Mackenzie, and the binder has misplaced pages 5 and 8.

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.

An interesting copy, belonging to Mr. Dwight Church of New York, bound in old calf, has the frontispiece, but it is cut into at the bottom. Some of the pages of the text are also closely cut. The copy, which measures  $5\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ , seems identical with one which was purchased at Sotheby's, by [Sir] William Tite, in 1850, for £26 5s. 0d. and sold at the Tite sale in 1874, for £11 5s. 0d. Mr. Church's copy is carefully described in *Contributions to English Bibliography*, Grolier Club, 1895, p. 183.

No.  
XXXIV.  
Mr. Dwight  
Church of  
New York.

Mr. Folger, junior, of New York, possesses a perfect copy. This was apparently the copy which belonged to Dr. Richard Farmer, and was for a time in the library of Henry F. Sewall of New York, at the sale of whose books in 1897 it fetched £37 (\$185).

No.  
XXXV.  
Mr. Folger  
of New York.

A fourth perfect copy was sold at the Daniel sale in 1864, for £40 19s. 0d., and was subsequently in the library of E. G. Asay of Chicago.

No.  
XXXVI.  
Untraced  
(Daniel)  
copy.

Of two copies in the British Museum without the frontispiece one is bound up with a volume of pamphlets in the King's Library, E. 1672/3. The date, 'Aug: 31,' is written in a contemporary hand above the imprint, and was probably the day of publication in the year 1655. The book is in good condition. It measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$ .

WITHOUT  
THE FRON-  
TISPIECE.

The second copy without the frontispiece, which is at the British Museum, is in the Grenville collection (G. 11432). All the leaves are stained and have been mended. The volume is bound in olive morocco and measures  $5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$ . This may be the copy formerly in the library of George Hibbert, of Portland Place, which was sold at the Hibbert sale in 1829, for £2 6s. 0d.

No.  
XXXVII.  
British  
Museum (2).  
No.  
XXXVIII.  
British  
Museum (3).

EIGHTH  
EDITION,  
1655.  
No.  
XXXIX.  
Edinburgh  
University.  
Nos. XL.  
and XLI.  
Britwell  
copies.

There is a copy in the University Library at Edinburgh, without the frontispiece, and two copies without the title-page are at Britwell; one of the latter formerly belonged to Richard Heber.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Notices of other imperfect copies without the frontispiece appear in sale catalogues. In the 'Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica' (1815), a catalogue of rare books on sale at Messrs. Longmans, of Paternoster Row, a copy is priced at £1 10s. 0d. but no particulars of its condition are given. One was sold at the Utterson sale in 1852, for four guineas (without frontispiece and the bottom line of title cut off); another at the Frederick Perkins' sale in 1889, bound by Roger Payne, for £3 6s. 0d.; a third, belonging to Halliwell-Phillipps, bound by Bedford in morocco, was sold at the sale of his library, July 1, 1889, to Raglan for £22 0s. 0d. At two miscellaneous sales at Sotheby's, on June 18 and December 4, 1902, respectively, the frontispiece and title-page were sold detached from the volume. On the first occasion they were bought for £13 10s. 0d. by Mr. Gribble, and on the second occasion Messrs. Pearson & Co. were the purchasers for £110.

# LVCRECE.



L O N D O N.

Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound  
in Paules Church yard. 1 5 9 4.



TO THE RIGHT  
HONORABLE, HENRY  
VVriothesley, Earle of Southampton,  
and Baron of Titchfield.

HE loue I dedicate to your  
Lordship is without end: wher-  
of this Pamphlet without be-  
ginning is but a superfluous  
Moity. The warrant I haue of  
your Honourable disposition,  
not the worth of my vntutord  
Lines makes it assured of acceptance. VVhat I haue  
done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being  
part in all I haue, deuoted yours. VVere my worth  
greater, my duty would shew greater, meane time,  
as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish  
long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duty.

William Shakespeare.



## THE ARGUMENT.

**L**Vcius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after hee had caused his owne father in law Seruius Tullius to be cruelly murthered, and contrarie to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other Noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one evening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, and intending by theyr secret and sodaine arrivall to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies were all found dawning and reueling, or in severall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeilded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the Fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enamoured with Lucrece beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himselfe, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Colatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her Chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth Messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the Actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withall sodainely stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to roote out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deede: with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the King, wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from Kings to Consuls.

**T H E R A P E O F**  
**L V C R E C E.**

**F**ROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed TARQVIN, leanes the Roman host,  
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,  
VVhich in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames, the waist  
Of COLATINES fair loue, LVCRES the chaste.

Hap'ly that name of chaste, vnhap'ly set  
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:  
VVhen COLATINE vnwisely did not let,  
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,  
VVhich triumpht in that skie of his delight:  
VVhere mortal stars as bright as beaues Beauties,  
VVith pure aspects did him peculiar dueties.

B

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,  
Vnlockt the treasure of his happie state:  
VVhat priselesse wealth the heauens had him lent,  
In the possession of his beauteous mate.  
Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,  
That Kings might be espowed to more fame,  
But King nor Peere to such a peerelesse dame.

O happinesse enioy'd but of a few,  
And if posselt as soone decayed and done:  
As is the morning siluer melting dew,  
Against the golden splendour of the Sunne.  
An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.  
Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,  
Are weakelie fortrest from a world of harimes.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade,  
The eies of men without an Orator,  
VVhat needeth then Appologie be made  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Colatine the publisher  
Of that richiewell he should keepe vnkdown,  
From the euilheares because it is his owne?  
Perchance

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Perchance his boſt of Lucrece Sou'raignie,  
Suggested this proud iſſue of a King:  
For by our eares our hearts oft taynted be:  
Perchance that enuie of ſo rich a thing  
Brauing compare, diſdaineſully did ſting (want,  
His high picht thoughts that meaner men ſhould  
That golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome vntimelic thought did inſtigate,  
His all too timeleſſe ſpeede if none of thoſe,  
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his ſtate,  
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes,  
To quench the coale which in his liuer glowes.  
O rath falſe heate, wrapt in repentant cold,  
Thy haſtic ſpring ſtill blaſts and nere growes old.

VWhen at Colatium this falſe Lord ariued,  
VVell was he wel com'd by the Romaine dame,  
VVirhin whole face Beautie and Vertue ſtriped,  
VWhich of them both ſhould vnderprop her fame.  
VVhē Vertue brag'd, Beautie wold bluſh for ſhame,  
VVhen Beautie boſted bluſhes, in deſpight  
Vertue would ſtaine that ore with ſiluer white.

B 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But Beautie in that white entituled,  
From Venus doues doth challenge that faire field,  
Then Vertue claimes from Beautie, Beauties red,  
VVhich Vertue gaue the golden age, to guild  
Their filuer cheekes, and cald it then their shield,  
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,  
VVhē shame assaild, the red should fēce the white.

This Herauldry in LVCRECE face was scene,  
Argued by Beauties red and Vertues white,  
Of eithers colour was the other Queene:  
Prouing from worlds minority their right,  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:  
The soueraignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange ech others seat.

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,  
VVhich TARQUIN vew'd in her faire faces field,  
In their pure rankes his traytor eye encloses,  
VVhere least betweene them both it should be kild.  
The coward captiue vanquished, doth yeeld  
To those two Armies that would let him goe,  
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Now thinks he that her husbands shallow tongue,  
The niggard prodigall that praide her so:  
In that high taske hath done her Beauty wrong.  
VVhich farre exceeds his barren skill to show.  
Therefore that praife which COLATINE doth owe,  
Inchaunted TARQVIN aunswers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint adored by this deuill,  
Little suspected the false worhipper:  
"For vntaind thoughts do seldom dream on euill.  
"Birds neuer hind, no secret buthe feares  
So guiltlesse shee securely giues good cheare,  
And reuerend welcome to her princely guest,  
VVhose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in pleats of Maiestie:  
That nothing in him seemd inordinate,  
Saw sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
VVhich hauing all, all could not faistie;  
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,  
That cloyd with much, he pineth still for more.

B 3

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But she that neuer cop't with straunger eies,  
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,  
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,  
VVrit in the glassie margents of such bookes,  
Shee toucht nor vnknown baits, nor feard no hooks,  
Nor could shee moralize his wanton sight,  
More then his eies were open to the light.

He stories to her eares her husbands fame,  
VVonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:  
And decks with praises Colatines high name,  
Made glorious by his manlie chivalrie,  
VVith bruised armes and wreathes of victorie,  
Her ioie with heaued-vp hand she doth expresse,  
And wordlesse so greetes heauen for his successe.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there,  
No clowdie show of stormie blustering wether,  
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,  
Till sable Night mother of dread and feare,  
Vppon the world dim darknesse doth displaie,  
And in her vaultie prison, stowes the daie.

For

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

For then is Tarquine brought vnto his bed,  
Intending wearinesse with heauie sprite:  
For after supper long he questioned,  
VVith modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,  
Now leaden slumber with liues strength doth fight,  
And euerie one to rest himselfe betakes,  
Saue theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that  
(wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie reuoluing  
The fundie dangers of his wils obtaining:  
Yet euer to obtaine his will resoluing. (ning  
Though weake built hopes perswade him to abstai-  
Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,  
And when great treasure is the meede propos'd,  
Though death be adiunct, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much couet are with gaine so fond,  
That what they haue not, that which they possesse  
They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,  
And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,  
Or gaining more, the profite of excesse  
Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,  
That they proue backrout in this poore rich gain.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,  
VVith honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:  
And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,  
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect:  
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,  
In hauing much torments vs with defect  
Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect  
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting T A R Q V I N make,  
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,  
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.  
Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust?  
VVhen shall he thinke to find a stranger iust,  
VVhen he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies,  
To sclandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?  
Now

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Now stole vppon the time the dead of night,  
VVhen heauie sleepe had closd vp mortall eyes,  
No comfortable starre did lend his light,  
No noisc but Owles, & wolues death-boding cries:  
Now serues the season that they may surprise  
The fillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,  
VVhile Lust and Murder wakes to staine and kill.

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,  
Is madly tost betweene desire and dred;  
Th'one sweetely flatters, th'other feareth harme,  
But honest feare, bewicht with lustes foule charme,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by braineficke rude desire.

- His Faulchon on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the could stone sparkes of fire doe flie,  
VVhereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
VVhich must be lodestarre to his lustfull eye.  
And to the flame thus speakes aduisedlie;  
As from this cold flint I enforst this fire,  
So LVCRECE must I force to my desire.

C

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate,  
The daungers of his lothsome enterprits:  
And in his inward mind he doth debate,  
VVhat following sorrow may on this arise.  
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,  
And iustly thus controlls his thoughts vniust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:  
And die vnhalloved thoughts, before you blot  
VVith your vncleannesse, that which is deuine:  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let faire humanitie abhor the deede,  
That spots & stains loues modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining Armes,  
O foule dishonor to my housholds graue:  
O impious act including all foule harmes.  
A martiall man to be soft fancies slaue,  
True valour still a true respect should haue,  
Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Yea though ! die the scandale will suruiue,  
And be an eie-fore in my golden coate :  
Some lothsome dash the Herrald will contriue,  
To cipher me how fondlie I did dote :  
That my posteritie sham'd with the note  
    Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,  
    To wih that I their father had not beene.

VWhat win I if I gaine the thing I seeke ?  
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,  
VWho buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke ?  
Or fels eternitie to get a toy ?  
For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy ?  
    Or what fond begger, but to touch the crowne,  
    VWould with the scepter straight be strokē down ?

If COLATINVS dreame of my intent,  
VVill he not wake, and in a desp'rate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to preuent ?  
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
    This dying vertue, this suruiuing thame,  
    VVhose crime will beare an euer-during blame.

C 2

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O what excuse can my inuention make  
VVhen thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed?  
VVil not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints shake?  
Mine eies forgo their light, my false hart bleede?  
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth still excede;  
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,  
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my sonne or fire,  
Or laine in ambuth to betray my life,  
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire  
Might haue excuse to worke vppon his wife:  
As in reuenge or quittall of such strife.  
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,  
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,  
He beg her loue: but she is not her owne:  
The worst is but deniall and reproouing.  
My will is strong past reasons weake remoouing:  
VVho feares a sentence or an old mans saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Thus gracelesse holds he disputation,  
Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Vrging the worser sence for vantage still.  
VVhich in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,  
That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, shee tooke me kindlie by the hand,  
As in my eager eyes,  
Newes from the warlike band,  
d'COLATINVS lies,  
I make her colour rise!  
First red as Roses that on Lawne we laie,  
Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke awaie.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,  
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:  
VVhich strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,  
Vntill her husbands welfare shee did heare.  
VVhereat shee smiled with so sweete a cheare,  
That had NARCISSVS seene her as shee stood,  
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the flood.

C 3

### THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhy hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,  
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,  
Loue thrives not in the hart that shadows dreadeth,  
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth,  
And when his gaudie banner is displaide,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismaide.

Then childish feare auaunt,  
Respect and reason waite o  
My heart shall neuer count  
Sad pause, and deepe regar  
My part is youth and beate:  
Desire my Pilot is, Beate  
Then who feares sinking

As come ore-growne by weedes: so heedfull feare  
Is almost choakt by vnresisted luit:  
Away he steales with open listning eare,  
Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:  
Both which as seruitors to the vniust,  
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,  
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.  
VVith-

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVithin his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the selfe same seat sits COLATINE,  
That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits,  
That eye which him beholdes, as more deuine,  
Vnto a view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,  
VVhich once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his seruile powers,  
VVho flattered by their leaders iocound shew,  
Sett vp his lust: as minutes fill vp howres.  
As their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute then they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Romane Lord marcheth to LVCRECE bed.

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,  
Ech one by him inforst retires his ward:  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
VVhich driues the creeping theefe to some regard,  
The threlhold grates the doore to haue him heard,  
Night-wandering weezels shreek to see him there,  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,  
Through little vents and cranies of the place,  
The wind warres with his torch, to make him staie,  
And blowes the smoake of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
LVCRECIAS gloue, wherein her needle sticks,  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks.  
As who should say, this gloue to wanton trickes  
Is not inur'd; returne againe in ha't,  
Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,  
He in the worst sence consters their deniall:  
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,  
He takes for accidentall things of triall.  
Or as those bars which stop the houely diall,  
VWho with a lingring staie his course doth let,  
Till euerie minute payes the howre his debt.

So

## THE RAPE OF LYCRECE

So so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To ad a more reioysing to the prime,  
And giue the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain payes the income of ech precious thing, (sands  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirats, shelues and  
The marchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,  
That thuts him from the Heauen of his thought,  
VWhich with a yeelding latch, and with no more,  
Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from him selfe impiety hath wrought,  
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,  
As if the Heauens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his vnfuitfull prayer,  
Hauing solicited th' eternall power,  
That his foule thoughts might cōpasse his fair faire,  
And they would stand auspicious to the howre.  
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must deflowre;  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they then assist me in the act?

D

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,  
My will is backt with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,  
The blackest sinne is clear'd with absolution.  
Against loues fire, feares frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of Heauen is out, and mistie night  
Couers the shame that followes sweet delight.

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,  
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,  
The doue sleeps fast that this night Owle will catch.  
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied.  
V Who sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;  
But shee sound sleeping fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedlie he stalkes,  
And gazeth on her yet vnstained bed:  
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,  
Rowling his greedie eye-bals in his head.  
By their high treason is his heart misled,  
V Which giues the watch-word to his hand ful soon,  
To draw the clowd that hides the siluer Moon.

Looke

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Suone,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:  
Euen so the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun  
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.  
VVhether it is that shee reflects so bright,  
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
But blind they are, and keep themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darke some prison died,  
Then had they seene the period of their ill:  
Then COLATINE againe by LVCRECE side,  
In his cleare bed might have reposed still.  
But they must ope this blessed league to kill,  
And holie-thoughted LVCRECE to their sight,  
Must sell her ioy, her life, her worlds delight.

- Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,  
- Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:  
VVho therefore angrie seemes to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his blisse.  
Betweene whose hils her head intombd is;  
VVhere like a vertuous Monument shee lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd vnhallowed eyes.

D 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VWithout the bed her other faire hand was,  
On the greene couerlet whose perfect white  
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,  
VVith pearlie sweet resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like goldē threeds playd with her breath,  
O modest wantons, wanton modestie!  
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,  
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortallitie.  
Ech in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,  
As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,  
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life!

Her breasts like Iuory globes circled with blew,  
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,  
Sawe of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honored.  
These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,  
VWho like a fowle vsurper went about,  
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

VWhat

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

VVhat could he see but mightily he noted?  
VVhat did he note, but strongly he desired?  
VVhat he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.  
VVith more then admiration he admired  
Her azure vaines, her alablaster skinne,  
Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,  
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:  
So ore this sleeping soule doth T A R Q V I N stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
Slakt, not supprest, for standing by her side,  
His eye which late this mutiny restraines,  
Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling slaues for pillage fighting,  
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and rauishment delighting;  
Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones respecting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:  
Anon his beating heart allarum striking,  
Gives the hot charge, & bids the do their liking.

D 3

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
His hand as proud of such a dignitie,  
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his stand  
On her bare brest, the heart of all her land;  
VVhose ranks of blew vains as his hand did scale.  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet Cabinet,  
VVhere their deare gouernesse and ladie lies,  
Do tell her shee is dreadfullie beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries.  
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,  
VVho peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,  
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,  
That thinkes shee hath beheld some gastlie sprite,  
VVhose grim aspect sets euerie ioint a shaking,  
VVhat terror tis: but shee in worser taking,  
From sleepe disturbed, heedfullie doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror trew.  
VVrapt

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

V Vrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,  
Like to a new kild bird thee trembling lies:  
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appears  
Quicke shifting Antiques vglie in her eyes.  
“Such shadowes are the weake brains forgeries,  
V Who angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,  
In darknes daunts the with more dreadfull lights.

His hand that yet remains vppon her brest,  
(Rude Ram to batter such an luorie wall :)  
May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) distressed,  
V Vounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall,  
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.  
This moues in him more rage and lesser pittie,  
To make the breach and enter this sweet Cittie.

First like a Trompet doth his tongue begin,  
To sound a parlie to his heartlesse foe,  
V Who ore the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash allarme to know,  
V Which he by dum demeanor seekes to show.  
But shee with vehement prayers vrgeth still,  
Vnder what colour he commits this ill.



THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,  
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,  
And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,  
Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.  
Vnder that colour am I come to scale  
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide,  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
VWhere thou with patience must my will abide,  
My will that marks thee for my earths delight,  
VWhich I to conquer sought with all my might.  
But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,  
I know what thornes the growing rose defends,  
I thinke the honie garded with a sting,  
All this before-hand counsell comprehends.  
But VVill is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,  
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,  
And dotes on what he looks, gainst law or ducty.

I

## THE RAPE OF LVGRECE.

I haue debated euen in my soule,  
**W**hat wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shal brece J,  
**B**ut nothing can affections course controull,  
**O**r stop the headlong furie of his speed.  
**I** know repentant teares insewe the deed,  
    Reproch, disdain, and deadly enmity,  
    Yet strue I to embrace mine infamy.

**T**his said, hee shakes aloft his Romaine blade,  
**W**hich like a Faulcon tousing in the skies,  
**C**owcheth the fowle below with his wings shadde,  
**W**hose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.  
**S**o vnder his insulting Fauchion lies  
    -Harmelesse LVCRETIA marking what he tels,  
    **W**ith trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcōs bels.

**L**VCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enioy thee,  
**I**f thou deny, then force must worke my way :  
**F**or in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.  
**T**hat done, some worthlesse slaue of thine ile slay.  
**T**o kill thine Honour with thy liues decaie.  
    And in thy dead armes do I meane to place him,  
    Swearing I slue him seeing thee embrace him.

E

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So thy suruiuing husband shall remaine  
The scornefull marke of euerie open eye,  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdaine,  
Thy issue blur'd with namelesse bastardie;  
And thou the author of their obloquie,  
Shalt haue thy trespasse cited vp in rimes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,  
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted,  
“A little harme done to a great good end,  
For lawfull pollicie remaines enacted.  
“The poysonous simple sometime is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,  
Tender my suite, bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no deuſe can take,  
The blemish that will neuer be forgot:  
VVorse then a slauiſh wipe, or birth howrs blot,  
For markes discried in mens natiuitie,  
Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie.

Here

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here with a Cockatrice dead killing eye,  
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,  
VWhile shee the picture of pure pietie,  
Like a white Hinde vnder the grypes sharpe claws,  
Pleades in a wildernesse where are no lawes,  
To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,  
Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thret,  
In his dim mist rh'aspiring mountaines hiding:  
From earths dark-womb, some gentle gust doth get,  
VWhich blow these pitchie vapours frō their biding:  
Hindring their present fall by this deuiding.  
So his vnhalloved hast her words delays,  
And moodie PLVTO winks while Orpheus playes.

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,  
VWhile in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse pāteth,  
Her sad behauour feedes his vulture follic,  
A swallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.  
His care her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her playning,  
“Tears harden lust, though marble were with ray-  
E 2 (ning.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadlie fixed  
In the remorselesse wrinckles of his face.  
Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,  
VVhich to her Oratorie addes more grace.  
Shee puts the period often from his place,  
And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,  
That twise she doth begin ere once she speakes.

She coniures him by high Almighty loue,  
By knighthood, gentrie, and sweete friendships orh,  
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,  
By holie humane law, and common troth,  
By Heauen and Earth, and all the power of both:  
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,  
And stoope to Honor, not to fowle desire.

Quoth shee, reward not Hospitalitie,  
VVith such black payment, as thou hast pretended,  
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.  
End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.  
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,  
To strike a poore vnreasonable Doc.

My

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,  
Thy selfe art mightie, for thine own sake leaue me:  
My selfe a weakling, do not then insnare me.  
Thou look'st not like deceipt, do not deceiue me.  
My sighes like whirlwindes labor hence to heaue  
If euer man were mou'd with womans moies, (thee.  
Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my groines.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,  
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continuall motion:  
For stones dissolud to water do conuert.  
O if no harder then a stone thou art,  
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,  
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQVINE likenesse I did entertaine thee,  
Hast thou put on his shape, to do him shame?  
To all the Host of Heauen I complaine me.  
Thou wrongst his honor, woudst his princely name:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;  
For kings like Gods should gouerne euerie thing.

E 3

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age  
VVhen thus thy vices bud before thy spring?  
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage,  
VVhat darst thou not when once thou art a King?  
O be remembred, no outrageous thing:  
From yassall actors can be wipt away,  
Then Kings misdeedes cannot be hid in clay.

This deede will make thee only lou'd for feare,  
But happie Monarchs till are feard for loue:  
VVith fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,  
VVhen they in thee the like offences proue;  
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.  
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,  
VVhere subiects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
VVilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discern  
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame?  
To priuiledge dishonor in thy name.  
Thou backst reproch against long-living lawd,  
And mak'st faire reputation but a bawd.

Hast

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Hast thou commaund? by him that gaue it thee  
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will:  
Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie;  
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.  
Thy Princelie office how canst thou fulfill?  
Y When patterned by thy fault fowle sin may fay,  
He learnd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespasse in another:  
Mens faults do seldome to themselues appeare,  
Their own transgressions partiallie they smother,  
This guilt would seem death-worthie in thy brother.  
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,  
That frō their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes?

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,  
Not to seducing lust thy rash reliefe:  
I sue for exil'd maisties repeale,  
Let him returne, and flattering thoughts retire.  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eien,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pittie mine.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled tide  
Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.  
Small lightes are soone blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the winde in greater furie set:  
The petty streames that paie a dailie det  
To their salt soueraigne with their fresh fals haft,  
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth shee, a sea, a soueraigne King,  
And loe there fals into thy boundlesse flood,  
Blacke lust, dishonor, shame, mis-gouerning,  
VWho seeke to staine the Ocean of thy blood.  
If all these pettie ils shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddels wombe is herfed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea disperfed.

So shall these slaues be King, and thou their slaue,  
Thou noblie base, they baselic dignified:  
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:  
Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.  
The Cedar stoopes not to the base shrubs foote,  
But low-shrubs wither at the Cedars roote.

So

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state,  
No more quoth he, by Heauen I will not heare thee.  
Yield to my loue, if not inforced here,  
In steed of loues coy tutch shall rudelic teare thee.  
That done, despitefullie I meane to beare thee  
    Vnto the base bed of some rascall groome,  
    To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foote vppon the light,  
For light and lust are deadlie enemies,  
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,  
VVhen most vnseene, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolfe hath ceazd his pray, the poor lamb cries,  
    Till with her own white fleece her voice controlld,  
    Intombes her outcrie in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that shee weares,  
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest teares,  
That euer modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O that prone lust should staine so pure a bed,  
    The spots whereof could weeping purifie,  
    Her tears should drop on them perpetuallie.

F

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

- But shee hath lost a dearer thing then life,  
And he hath wonne what he would loose againe,  
This forced league doth force a further strife,
- This momentarie ioy breeds months of paine,
- This hot desire conuerts to colde disdain;  
Pure chastitie is rifled of her store,  
And lust the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,  
Vnapt for tender smell, or speedie flight,  
Make slow pursuite, or altogether bauk,  
The praie wherein by nature they delight:  
So surfet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:  
His tast delicious, in digestion sowing,  
Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

- O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination!  
Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt  
Ere he can see his owne abomination.
- VWhile Lust is in his pride no exclamation
  - Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,
  - Till like a Iade, self-will him selfe doth tire.

And

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And then with lanke, and leane discolour'd cheeke,  
VVith heauie eye, knit-brow, and strengthlesse pace,  
Feeble desire all recreant, poore and meeke,  
Like to a banckrout begger wailes his cace :  
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with graces;  
For there it reuels, and when that decaies,  
The guiltie rebell for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,  
VVho this accomplishment so hotly chased,  
For now against himselfe he sounds this doome,  
That through the length of times he stāds disgraced:  
Besides his soules faire temple is defaced,  
To whose weake ruines muster troopes of cares,  
To aske the spotted Princeesse how she fares.

Shee sayes her subiects with fowle insurrection,  
Haue batterd downe her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortall fault brought in subiection  
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall,  
To liuing death and payne perpetuall.  
VVhich in her prescience shee controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

F 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night he stea-  
A captiue victor that hath lost in gaine, (leth,  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scarre that will dispight of Cure remaine,  
Leauing his spoile perplex in greater paine.  
• Shee beares the lode of lust he left behinde,  
• And he the burthen of a guiltie minde.

Hee like a theeuish dog creeps sadly thence,  
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there,  
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,  
Shee desperat with her nailes her flesh doth teare.  
He faintly flies sweating with guiltie feare;  
Shee staies exclayming on the direfull night,  
He runnes and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy conuertite,  
Shee there remaines a hopelesse cast-away,  
He in his speed lookes for the morning light:  
Shee prays shee neuer may behold the day.  
• For daie, quoth shee, nights scapes doth open lay,  
• And my true eyes haue neuer praiz'd how  
• To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

They thinke not but that euerie eye can see,  
The same disgrace which they themselues behold:  
And therefore would they still in darkenesse be,  
To haue their vnseene sinne remaine vtold.  
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,  
And graue like water that doth eate in Steele,  
Vppon my cheeks, what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here shee exclaimes against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blinde,  
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her brest,  
And bids it leape from thence, where it maie finde  
**S**ome purer chest, to close so pure a minde.  
Franticke with grieve thus breaths shee forth her  
Against the vnseene secrecie of night. (spite,

**O** comfort-killing night, image of Hell,  
**D**im register, and notarie of shame,  
**B**lacke stage for tragedies, and murthers fell,  
**V**ast sin-concealing Chaos, nurse of blame.  
**B**linde muffled bawd, darke harbor for defame,  
Grim caue of death, whispring conspirator,  
**V**Vith close-tong'd treason & the rauisher.

F 3

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,  
Since thou art guilty of my curelesse crime:  
Muster thy mists to meete the Easterne light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time.  
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poysonous clouds about his golden head.

VVith rotten damps rauilh the morning aire,  
Let their exhald vnholdsome breaths make sicke  
The life of puritie, the supreme faire,  
Ere he arriue his wearie noone-tide pricke,  
And let thy mustie vapours march so thicke,  
That in their smoakie rankes, his smothred light  
May set at noone, and make perpetuall night.

VVere TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,  
The siluer shining Queene he would distaine;  
Her twinkling handmaids to (by him defil'd)  
Through nights black bosom shuld not peep again.  
So shoud I haue copartners in my paine,  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As Palmers chat makes short their pilgrimage.

VVhere

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

VWhere now I haue no one to blush with me,  
To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,  
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,  
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showres of siluer brine;  
..Mingling my talk with tears, my greef with grones,  
..Poore wasting monuments of lasting mones.

O night thou furnace of fowle reeking smoke!  
Let not the iealous daie behold that face,  
VWhich vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding cloke  
Immodestly lies martird with disgrace.  
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,  
May likewise be sepulcherd in thy shade.

Make me not obiekt to the tell-tale day,  
The light will shew characterd in my brow,  
The storie of sweete chastities decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlocke vowe.  
Yea the illiterate that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,  
VWill cote my loathsome trespassse in my lookes.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The nourse to still her child will tell my storie,  
And fright her crying babe with T A R Q V I N S name.  
The Orator to decke his oratorie,  
V Vill couple my reproch to T A R Q V I N S shame.  
Feast-finding minstrels tuning my defame,  
V Vill tie the hearers to attend ech line,  
How T A R Q V I N wronged me, I C O L A T I N E.

Let my good name, that sencelesse reputation,  
For C O L A T I N E S deare loue be kept vnspotted:  
If that be made a theame for disputation,  
The branches of another roote are rotted;  
And vnder seru'd reproch to him allotted,  
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,  
As I ere this was pure to C O L A T I N E.

O vnseene shame, inuisible disgrace,  
O vnfelt sore, crest-wounding priuat scarre!  
Reproch is stamp't in C O L A T I N V S face,  
And T A R Q V I N S eye maie read the mot a farre,  
"How he in peace is wounded not in warre.  
"Alas how manie beare such shamefull blowes,  
V Which not thēselues but he that giues thē knowes.  
If

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft:  
My Honnie lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,  
Haue no perfection of my sommer left,  
But rob'd and ransak't by iniurious theft.  
· In thy weake Hiue a wandring waspe hath crept,  
· And suck't the Honnie which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,  
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,  
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:  
For it had beene dishonor to disdaine him,  
Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,  
And talk't of Vertue (O vnlook't for euill,)  
VVhen Vertue is prophan'd in such a Deuill.

VVhy should the worme intrude the maiden bud?  
Or hatefull Kuckcows hatch in Sparrows nests?  
Or Todes infect faire founts with venome mud?  
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle breasts?  
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behestes?  
\* But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impuritie doth not pollute.

G

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painefull fits,  
And scarce bath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still pining TANTALVS he sits,  
And vselesse barnes the haruest of his wits:  
    Hauing no other pleasure of his gaine,  
    But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vse it,  
And leaues it to be maistred by his yong:  
VVho in their pride do presently abuse it,  
Their father was too weake, and they too strong  
To hold their cursed-blessed Fortune long.  
    “ The sweets we wish for, turne to lothed sowrs,  
    “ Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
Vnholosome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,  
The Adder hisses where the sweete birds sing,  
VVhat Vertue breeds Iniquity deuours:  
VVe haue no good that we can say is ours,  
    But ill annexed opportunity  
    Or kils his life, or else his quality.

○

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

O opportunity thy guilt is great,  
Tis thou that execut'st the rraytors treason:  
Thou sets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,  
V Who euer plots the sinne thou point'st the season.  
Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason,  
And in thy lhadie Cell where none may spie him,  
Sits sin to ceaze the foules that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestall violate her oath,  
- Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thawd,  
Thou smother'st honestie, thou murther'st troth,  
- Thou sowle abbetor, thou notorious bawd,  
Thou plantest scandall, and displacest lawd.  
Thou rauilher, thou traytor, thou false theefe,  
- Thy honie turnes to gall, thy ioy to greefe.

- Thy fetret pleasure turnes to open shame,  
Thy priuate feasting to a publicke fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
- Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood tast,  
- Thy violent vanities can neuer last.  
How comes it then, vile opportunity  
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

G 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VWhen wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend  
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?  
VWhen wilt thou sort an howre great strifes to end?  
Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?  
Giue phisicke to the sicke, ease to the pained?  
The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for  
But they nere meet with oportunitie. (thee,

The patient dies while the Phisician sleepes,  
The Orphane pines while the oppressor feedes.  
Iustice is feasting while the widow weepes.  
Aduise is sporting while infection breeds.  
Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.  
VVrath, enuy, treason, rape, and murthers rages,  
Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

VWhen Trueth and Vertue haue to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keepe them from thy aide:  
They buie thy helpe, but sinne nere giues a fee,  
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,  
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath saide.  
My COLATINE would else haue come to me,  
VWhen TARQUIN did, but he was staied by thee.  
Guilty

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Guilty thou art of murther, and of theft,  
Guilty of periurie, and subornation,  
Guilty of treason, forgerie, and shift,  
Guilty of incest that abomination,  
An accessarie by thine inclination.

To all sinnes past and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the generall doome.

Mishapen time, copesmate of vgly night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of griefflie care,  
Eater of youth, false slaue to false delight:  
Base watch of woes, sins packhorse, vertues snare.  
Thou nourrest all, and murthrest all that are.  
O heare me then, iniurious shifting time,  
Be guiltie of my death since of my crime.

Why hath thy seruant opportunity  
Betraide the howres thou gau'st me to repose?  
Cancelld my fortunes, and inchained me  
To endlesse date of neuer-ending woes?  
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,  
To cate vp errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowrie of a lawfull bed.

G 3

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Times glorie is to calme contending Kings,  
To vnmaske fallhood, and bring truth to light,  
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,  
To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
    To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,  
    And imeare with dust their glitring golden towers.

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,  
To feede obliuion with decay of things,  
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,  
To plucke the quills from auncient rauens wings,  
To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs:  
    To spoile Antiquities of hammerd steele,  
    And turne the giddy round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the childe a man, the man a childe,  
To slay the tygre that doth liue by slaughter,  
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lion wild,  
To mocke the subtle in themselves beguild,  
    To cheare the Plowman with increasefull crops,  
    And wast huge stones with little water drops.

VVhy

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhy work'st thou mischief in thy Pilgrimage,  
 Vnlesse thou could'st returne to make amends?  
 One poore retyring minute in an age  
 VVould purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
 Lending him wit that to bad detters lends, (backe,  
 O this dread night, would'st thou one howr come  
 I could preuent this storme, and shun thy wracke.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to Eternitie,  
 VVith some mischance crosse TARQVIN in his flight.  
 Deuise extremes beyond extremities,  
 To make him curse this cursed crimefull night.  
 Let gastly shadowes his few eyes affright,  
 And the dire thoughts of his committed euill,  
 Shape every bush a hideous shapelesse deuill.

Disturbe his howres of rest with restless trances,  
 Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,  
 Let there be chaunce him pitifull mischances,  
 To make him mone, but pite not his mones:  
 Stone him with hardned hearts harder then stones,  
 And let the women to him loose their mildnesse,  
 VVilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,  
Let him haue time against himselfe to raue,  
Let him haue time of times helpe to dispaire,  
Let him haue time to liue a lothed slaue,  
Let him haue time a beggers orts to craue,  
And time to see one that by almes doth liue,  
Disdaine to him disdained scraps to giue.

Let him haue time to see his friends his foes,  
And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort:  
Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of follic, and his time of sport.  
And euer let his vnrecalling crime  
Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill:  
At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,  
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euerie howre to kill,  
Such wretched hāds such wretched blood shuld spill.  
For who so base would such an office haue,  
As sclandrous deaths-man to so base a slaue.

The

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The baser is he coming from a King,  
To shame his hope with deedes degenerate,  
The mightier man the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honord, or begets him hate:  
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.  
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bath his coaleblack wings in mire,  
And vnperceau'd flie with the filth away,  
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,  
The staine vppon his siluer Downe will stay.  
Poore grooms are sightles night, kings glorious day,  
Gnats are vnnoted where soere they flie,  
But Eagles gaz'd vppon with euerie eye.

Out idle wordes, seruants to shallow fooles,  
Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,  
Busie your selues in skill contending schooles,  
Debate where leysure serues with dull debators:  
To trembling Clients be you mediators,  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

H

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,  
At time, at T A R Q V I N, and vnchearefull night,  
In vaine I caull with mine infamie,  
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight,  
This helpelesse smoake of words doth me no right:  
The remedie indeede to do me good,  
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

Poore hand why quiuerst thou at this decree?  
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,  
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,  
But if I liue thou liu'st in my defame;  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,  
And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Fo,  
Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betombl'd couch shee starteth,  
To finde some desp'rat Instrument of death,  
But this no slaughter house no toole imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
VWhich thronging through her lips so vanisheth,  
As smoake from Æ T N A, that in aire consumes,  
Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.

In

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In vaine (quoth shee) I liue, and seeke in vaine  
Some happie meane to end a haplesse life.  
I fear'd by TARQVINS Fauchion to be slaine,  
Yet for the selfe same purpose seeke a knife;  
But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,  
    So am I now, ô no that cannot be,  
    Of that true tipe hath TARQVIN rifled me.

O that is gone for which I fought to liue,  
And therefore now I need not feare to die,  
To cleare this spot by death (at least) I giue  
A badge of Fame to sclanders liuerie,  
A dying life, to liuing infamie:  
    Poore helplesse helpe, the treasure stolne away,  
    To burne the guiltlesse casket where it lay.

VVell well deare COLATINE, thou shalt not know  
The stained tast of violated troth:  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:  
This bastard grasse shall neuer come to growth,  
    He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,  
    That thou art doting father of his fruite.

H. 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,  
But thou shalt know thy intrest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolne from soorth thy gate.  
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,  
And with my trespasse neuer will dispence,  
Till life to death acquit my forst offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses,  
My sable ground of sinne I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.  
My tongue shall vtter all, mine eyes like fluces,  
As from a mountaine spring that feeds a dale,  
Shal gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting Philomele had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended  
To ouglie Hell, when loe the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.  
But cloudie LVCRECE shames her selfe to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reucaling



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,  
Make her mones mad, with their sweet melodie,  
“For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,  
“Sad soules are flaine in merrie companie,  
“Griefe best is pleas'd with griefes societie;  
    “True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd,  
    “VVhen with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

“Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,  
“He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,  
“To see the salue doth make the wound ake more:  
“Great griefe greeues most at that wold do it good;  
“Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
    VVho being stopt, the bounding banks overflowes,  
    Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds(quothe) your tunes intombe  
VVithin your hollow swelling feathered breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,  
My restlesse discord loues no stops nor rests:  
“A woefull Hostesse brookes nor merrie guests.  
    Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing eares,  
    “Distres likes dūps whē time is kept with teares.  
Come

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Come Philomele that sing'st of rauishment,  
Make thy sad groue in my disheuled heare,  
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment:  
So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,  
And with deepe grones the Diapason beare:  
For burthen-wise ile hum on T A R Q V I N still,  
V While thou on T E R E V S descants better skill

And whiles against a thorne thou bear'st thy part,  
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
V Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,  
V Who if it winke shall thereon fall and die.  
These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,  
Shal tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming anie eye should thee behold:  
Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,  
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold  
V Will wee find out: and there we will vnfold  
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds,  
- Since mē proue beasts, let beasts bear gētle minds.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

As the poore frighted Deare that stands at gaze,  
VVildly determining w<sup>h</sup>ich way to flie,  
Or one incompast with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readilie:  
So with her selfe is thee in mutinie,  
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,  
VVhen life is sham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my selfe, quoth shee, alacke what were it,  
But with my body my poore soules pollution?  
They that loose halfe with greater patience beare it,  
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.  
That mother tries a mercilesse conclusion,  
VVho hauing two sweet babes, when death takes  
VVill slay the other, and be nurse to none. (one,

My bodie or my soule which was the dearer?  
VVhen the one pure, the other made deuine,  
VVhose loue of eyther to my selfe was nearer?  
VVhen both were kept for Heauen and COLATINE:  
Ay me, the Barke pild from the loftie Pine,  
His leaues will wither, and his sap decay,  
So must my soule her barke being pild away.  
Her

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batterd by the enemie,  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoild, corrupted,  
Grosslie ingirt with daring infamie.  
Then let it not be cald impietie,  
If in this blemish't fort I make some hole,  
Through which I may conuay this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE  
Haue heard the cause of my vntimelie death,  
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,  
Reuenge on him that made me stop my breath,  
My stained bloud to TARQUIN ile bequeath,  
VWhich for him taintet, shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife  
That wounds my bodie so dishonored,  
Tis Honor to depriue dishonord life,  
The one will liue, the other being dead.  
So of shames ashes shall my Fame be bred,  
For in my death I murder shamefull scorne,  
My shame so dead, mine honor is new borne.

I

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Deare Lord of that deare iewell I haue lost,  
VVhat legacie shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution loue shall be thy boist,  
By whose example thou reueng'd mayst be.  
How TARQVIN must be vs'd, read it in me,  
My selfe thy friend will kill my selfe thy fo,  
And for my sake serue thou false TARQVIN so.

This brieft abridgement of my will I make,  
My soule and bodie to the skies and ground:  
My resolution Husband doe thou take,  
Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,  
My shame be his that did my Fame confound;  
And all my Fame that liues disburfed be,  
To those that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Thou COLATINE shalt ouersee this will,  
How was I ouerseene that thou shalt see it?  
My bloud shall wash the sclander of mine ill,  
My liues foule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.  
Faint not faint heart, but stoutlie say so be it,  
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee,  
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.  
This

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This plot of death when sadlie shee had layd,  
And wip't the brinish pearle from her bright eies,  
VVith vntun'd tongue shee hoartlie cals her mayd,  
VVhose swift obedience to her mistresse hies.  
"For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoughts feathers flies,  
Poore LVCRECE cheeks vnto her maid seem so,  
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse shee doth giue demure good morrow,  
VVith soft flow-tongue, true marke of modestie,  
And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,  
(For why her face wore sorrowes liuerie.)  
But durst not aske of her audaciouſlie,  
VVhy her two suns were clowd ecclipsed so,  
Nor why her faire cheeks ouer-waſht with woe.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being ſet,  
Each flowre moiſtned like a melting eye:  
Euen ſo the maid with ſwelling drops gan wet  
Her circled eien inforſt, by ſympathie  
Of thoſe faire Suns ſet in her miſtreſſe ſkie,  
VVho in a ſalt waſt Ocean quench their light,  
VVhich makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

I 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,  
Like luorie conduits corall cesterns filling:  
One iustlie weepes, the other takes in hand  
No cause, but cōpanie of her drops spilling.  
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,  
Greeuing themselues to gesse at others smart,  
And thē they drowne their eies, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,  
The weake opprest, th' impression of strange kindes  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.  
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,  
No more then waxe shall be accounted euill,  
VVherein is stamp't the semblance of a Deuill.

Their smootheesse; like a goodly champaine plaine,  
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,  
In men as in a rough-growne groue remaine.  
Caue-keeping euils that obscurely sleepe.  
Through christall wals ech little mote will peepe;  
Though mē cā couer crimes with bold stern looks,  
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.  
No

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

No man inueigh against the withered flowre,  
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,  
Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuour  
Is worthie blame, ô let it not be hild  
Poore womens faults, that they are so fulfild  
VVith mens abuses, those proud Lords to blame,  
Make weak-made womē tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LVCRECE view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might intue.  
By that her death to do her husband wrong,  
Such danger to resistance did belong:  
That dying feare through all her bodie spread,  
And who cannot abuse a bodie dead ?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE speake,  
To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,  
My girle, quoth shee, on what occasion breake  
Those tears frō thee, that downe thy cheeks are raig-  
If thou dost weepe for grieve of my sustaining: (ning?  
Know gentle wench it small auails my mood,  
, If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

I 3

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But tell me girle, when went (and there shee staide,  
Till after a deepe grone) T A R Q V I N from hence,  
Madame ere I was vp (repli'd the maide,)   
The more to blame my sluggard negligence.  
Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispence :  
    My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day,  
    And ere I rose was T A R Q V I N gone away.

But Lady, if your maide may be so bold,  
Shee would request to know your heauinesse:  
(O peace quoth L V C R E C E) if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it lesse:  
For more it is, then I can well expresse,  
    And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,  
    V Vhen more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get mee hither paper, inke, and pen,  
Yet saue that labour, for I haue them heare,  
(V Vhat should I say) one of my husbands men  
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare  
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,  
    Bid him with speede prepare to carrie it,  
    The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.  
Her

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her maide is gone, and shee prepares to write,  
First houering ore the paper with her quill:  
Concept and grieve an eager combat fight,  
VVhat wit sets downe is blotted straight with will.  
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,  
Much like a presse of people at a dore,  
Throng her inuentions which shall go before.

At last shee thus begins: thou worthie Lord,  
Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person, next, touch safe rafford  
(If euer loue, thy LVCRECE thou wilt see).  
Some present speed, to come and visite me:  
So I commend me, from our house in grieve,  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brieve.

Here folds shee vp the tenure of her woe,  
Her certaine sorrow writ vncertainely,  
By this short Cedula COLATINE may know  
Her grieve, but not her griefes true quality,  
Shee dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest she should hold it her own grasse abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,  
Shee hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her,  
VWhen sighs, & groanes, & tears may grace the falliõ  
Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her  
From that suspiciõ which the world might bear her.  
To thun this blot, shee would not blot the letter  
VWith words, till action might becom the better.

•To see sad sights, moues more then heare them told,  
For then the eye interpretes to the eare  
The heauie motion that it doth behold,  
VWhen euerie part, a part of woe doth beare.  
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,  
•Deep sounds make lesfer noise the shallow foords,  
And sorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,  
The Post attends, and shee delivers it,  
Charging the fowr-fac'd groome, to high as fast  
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blasts,  
Speed more then speed, but dul & slow she deems,  
Extremity still vrgeth such extremes.

The

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The homelie villaine curties to her low,  
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,  
Receaues the scroll without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,  
Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,  
For LVCRECE thought, he blusht to see her shame.

VVhen feelie Groome (God wor) it was defect  
Offspirite, life, and bold audacitie,  
Such harmlesse creatures haue a true respect  
To talke in deeds, while others saucilie  
Promise more speed, but do it leysurelie.  
Euen so this patterne of the worne-out age,  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blazed,  
Shee thought he blusht, as knowing TARQVINS lust,  
And blushing with him, wittlie on him gazed,  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.  
The more shee saw the bloud his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her som blemish.

K

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But long shee thinkes till he returne againe,  
And yet the dutious vassall scarce is gone,  
The wearie time shee cannot entertaine,  
For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,  
So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,  
That shee her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pawling for means to mourne some newer way.

At last shee calls to mind where hangs a peece  
Of skilfull painting, made for PRIAMS Troy,  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For HELENS rape, the Cittie to destroy,  
Threatning cloud-kissing ILLION with annoy,  
VVhich the conceived Painter drew so proud,  
As Heauen (it seem'd) to kisse the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable obie&as there,  
In scorne of Nature, Art gaue liuelesse life,  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping reare,  
Shed for the slaughtred husband by the wife.  
The red bloud reek'd to shew the Painters strife,  
And dying eyes gleem'd forth their ashie lights,  
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.  
There

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner  
Begim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,  
And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare  
The verie eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing vppon the Greekes with little lust,  
Such sweet obseruance in this worke was had,  
That one might see those farre of eyes looke sad.

In great commaunders, Grace, and Maieftie;  
You might behold triumphing in their faces;  
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,  
And here and there the Painter interlaces  
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.  
VWhich hartlesse peataunts did so wel resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake & trēble.

In AIA X and VLYSSES, ō what Art  
Of Phisiognomy might one behold!  
The face of eyther cypher'd eythers heart,  
Their face, their manners most expresse told,  
In AIA X eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,  
But the mild glance that shie VLYSSES lent,  
Shewed deepe regard and smiling gouernment.

K 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

There pleading might you see graue NESTOR stand,  
As'twere encouraging the Greekes to fight,  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight,  
In speech it seem'd his beard, all siluer white,  
    VVag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,  
    Thin winding breath which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a presse of gaping faces,  
VVhich seem'd to swallow vp his sound aduice,  
All ioyntlie listning, but with feuerall graces,  
As if some Marmaide did their eares intice,  
Some high, some low, the Painter was so nice.  
    The scalpes of manie, almost hid behind,  
    To iump vp higher seem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,  
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours care,  
Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,  
Another smotherd, seemes to pelt and sweare,  
And in their rage such signes of rage they beare,  
    As but for losse of NESTORs golden words,  
    It seem'd they would debate with angrie swords.  
For

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

For much imaginarie worke was there,  
Concept deceitfull, so compact to kinde,  
That for ACHILLES image stood his speare  
Grip't in an Armed hand, himselfe behind  
VVas left vnseene, saue to the eye of mind,  
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged TROY, (field,  
VVhen their braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to  
Stood manie Troian mothers sharing ioy,  
To see their youthfull sons bright weapons wield,  
And to their hope they such odde action yeeld,  
That through their light ioy seemed to appeare,  
(Like bright things staine'd) a kind of heauie feare.

And from the strond of DARDAN where they fought,  
To SIMOIS reddie bankes the red bloud ran,  
VVhose waues to imitate the battaile fought  
VVith swelling ridges, and their rankes began  
To breake vppon the galled shore, and than  
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes  
They ioine, & shoot their some at SIMOIS bancks.

K 3

## THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

To this well painted peece is LYCRECE come,  
To find a face where all distresse is steld,  
Manie shee sees, where cares haue carued some;  
But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,  
Till shee dispayring HECUBA beheld,  
    Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,  
    V Which bleeding vnder PIRRHVS proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had anathorniz'd  
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raig,  
Her cheeks with chops and wrinces were disguiz'd,  
Of what shee was, no semblance did remaine:  
Her blew bloud chang'd to blacke in euery vaine,  
    V Vanting the spring, that those shrunk pipes had  
    Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead.      (fed,

On this sad shadow LYCRECE spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,  
V Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.  
The Painter was no God to lend her those,  
    And therefore LYCRECE swears he did her wrong,  
    To glue her so much griefe, and not a tong.  
Poore

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Poore Instrument (quoth shee) without a sound,  
He tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet Balme in PRIAMS painted wound,  
And raile on PIRRHVS that hath done him wrong;  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;  
And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes,  
Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nailes her beautie I may teare:  
Thy heat of lust fond PARRIS did incur  
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,  
And here in Troy for trespassse of thine eye,  
The Sire, the sonne, the Dame, and daughter die.

VVhy should the priuate pleasure of some one  
Become the publicke plague of manie more?  
Let sinne alone committed, light alone  
Vppon his head that hath transgressed so.  
Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guilty woe,  
For ones offence why should so many fall?  
To plague a priuate sinne in generall.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Lo here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,  
Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROYLVS founds,  
Here friend by friend in bloudie channel lies:  
And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,  
And one mans lust these manie liues confounds.  
    , Had doting PRIAM checkt his sons desire,  
    , TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROYES painted woes,  
For sorrow, like a heauie hanging Bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own waight goes,  
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,  
So LVCRECE set a worke, sad tales doth tell  
    To pencil'd pensiuenes, & colour'd sorrow, (row,  
    She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,  
And who shee finds forlorne, shee doth lament:  
At last shee sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous lookes, to Phrygian sheapheards lent,  
His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,  
    Onward to TROY with the blunt swains he goes,  
    So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.  
In

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and giue the harmlesse show  
An humble gate, calme looks, eyes wayling still,  
A brow vnbeut that seem'd to welcome wo,  
Cheeks neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,  
That blushing red, no guiltie instance gaue,  
Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,  
He entertain'd a show, so seeming iust,  
And therein so enconceit his secret euill,  
That Iealousie it selfe could not mistrust,  
False creeping Craft, and Periurie should thrust  
Into so bright a daie, such blackfac'd storms,  
Or blot with Hell-born sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this milde Image drew  
For periur'd SINON, whose inchaunting storie  
The credulous old PRIAM after flew.  
VVhose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie  
Of rich-built ILLION, that the skies were sorie,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
VVhē their glas fel, wherein they view'd their faces.

L

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This picture shee aduisedly perus'd,  
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill:  
Saying, some shape in S I N O N s was abui'd,  
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill,  
And still on him shee gaz'd, and gazing still,  
Such signes of truth in his plaine face shee spied,  
That shee concludes, the Picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,  
(Shee would haue said) can lurke in such a looke:  
But T A R Q V I N s shape, came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, tooke  
It cannot be, shee in that sence forsooke,  
And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,  
But such a face should beare a wicked mind.

For euen as subtill S I N O N here is painted,  
So sober sad, so wearie, and so milde,  
(As if with grieffe or trauaile he had fainted)  
To me came T A R Q V I N armed to beguild  
VVith outward honestie, but yet defild  
VVith inward vice, as P R I A M him did cherish:  
So did I T A R Q V I N, so my Troy did perish.  
Looke

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Looke looke how listning P R I A M wets his eyes,  
To see those borrowed teares that S I N O N sheeds,  
P R I A M why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
For euerie teare he fals a Troian bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,  
Those roud cleare pearls of his that moue thy pittie,  
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citty.

Such Deuils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,  
For S I N O N in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,  
These contraries such vnitie do hold,  
Only to flatter fooles, and make them bold,  
So P R I A M trust false S I N O N s teares doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

Here all inrag'd such passion her assailes,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast,  
Shee tears the sencelesse S I N O N with her nailes,  
Comparing him to that unhappie guest,  
VWhose deede hath made her selfe, herselfe detest,  
At last shee smilingly with this giues ore,  
Foole fool, quoth she, his wounds wil not be sore.

L 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,  
And time doth wearie time with her complaining,  
Shee looks for night, & then shee longs for morrow,  
And both shee thinks too long with her remayning.  
Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning,  
Though wo be heauie, yet it seldome sleepest,  
And they that watch, see time, how slow it creepest.

VVhich all this time hath ouerslipt her thought,  
That shee with painted Images hath spent,  
Being from the feeling of her own grieft brought,  
By deepe surmise of others detriment,  
Looing her woes in shews of discontent:  
It easeth some, though none it euer cured,  
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger comebacke,  
Brings home his Lord and other companie.  
VVho finds his LVCRECE clad in mourning black,  
And round about her teare-distained eye  
Blew circles stream'd, like Rain-bows in the skie.  
These watrgalls in her dim Element,  
Foretell new stormes to those alreadie spent.  
VVhich

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhich when her sad beholding husband saw,  
Amazedlie in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes though sod in tears look'd red and raw,  
Her liuelie colour kil'd with deadlie cares,  
He hath no power to aske her how shee fares,  
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,  
And thus begins: what vncouth ill euent  
Hath thee befallne, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweet loue what spite hath thy faire colour spent?  
VVhy art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauinesse,  
And tell thy grieve, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with sighes shee giues her sorrow fire,  
Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:  
At length addrest to answer his desire,  
Shee modestlie prepares, to let them know  
Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foe,  
VVhile COLATINE and his consorted Lords,  
VVith sad attention long to heare her words.

L 3.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

And now this pale Swan in her watrie nest,  
Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,  
Few words (quoth shee) shall fit the trespasse best,  
VVhere no excuse can giue the fault amending.  
In me moe woes then words are now depending,  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,  
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,  
VVhere thou wast wont to rest thy wearie head,  
And what wrong else may be imagined,  
By foule inforcement might be done to me,  
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,  
VVith shining Fauchion in my chamber came  
A creeping creature with a flaming light,  
And softly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,  
And entertaine my loue, else lasting shame  
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
If thou my loues desire do contradict.

For

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

For some hard fauour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,  
Vnlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will  
He murther straight, and then he slaughter thee,  
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill  
The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill  
The lechors in their deed, this Act will be  
My Fame, and thy perpetuall infamy.

VWith this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he set his sword,  
Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,  
I should not liue to speake another word.  
So should my shame still rest vpon record,  
And neuer be forgot in mightie Roome  
Th'adulterat death of LVCRECE, and her Groome.

My enemy was strong, my poore selfe weake,  
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)  
My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to speake,  
No rightfull plea might plead for Iustice there.  
His scarlet Lust came euidence to sweare  
That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,  
And when the Iudge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,  
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,  
Though my grosse bloud be staind with this abuse,  
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,  
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclin'd  
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poyson'd closet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse,  
VVith head declin'd, and voice dam'd vp with wo,  
VVith sad set eyes and wretched armes acrossse,  
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow  
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.  
But wretched as he is he striues in vaine,  
VVhat he breaths out, his breath drinks vp again.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his hast:  
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,  
Backe to the strait that forst him on so fast:  
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past,  
Euen so his sighes, his sorrowes make a saw,  
To push griefe on, and back the same grief draw.  
VVhich

THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhich speechlesse woe of his poore she attendeth,  
And his vntimelie frenzie thus awaketh,  
Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power, no floud by raining flaketh, —  
My woe too fencible thy passion maketh  
More feeling painfull, let it than suffice  
.. To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,  
For thee that wasthy LVCRECE, now attend me,  
Be sodainelic reuenged on my Foe.  
Thine, mine, his own, suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past, the helpe that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the Traytor die,  
“For sparing Iustice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth shee,  
(Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)  
Shall plight your Honourable faiths to me,  
-- VVith swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine,  
Fortis a meritorious faire designe,  
To chase iniustice with reuengefull armes,  
-- > Knights by their oaths should right poore Ladies  
M (harmes.

## THE RAPE OF LVGRECE.

At this request, with noble disposition,  
Each present Lord began to promise aide,  
As bound in Knighthood to her imposition,  
Longing to heare the hatefull Foe bewraide.  
But shee that yet her sad taske hath not said,  
The protestation stops, ô speake quoth shee,  
How may this forced staine be wip'd from me?

VVhat is the qualitie of my offence  
Being constrain'd with dreadfull circumstance?  
May my pure mind with the fowle act dispence  
My low declined Honor to aduance?  
May anie termes acquit me from this chance?  
The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe,  
And why not I from this compelled staine?

VVith this they all at once began to saie,  
Her bodies staine, her mind vntainted cleares,  
VWhile with a ioylesse smile, shee turnes awaie  
The face, that map which deepe impression beares  
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with tears.  
No no, quoth shee, no Dame hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claime excuses giuing.

Here

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Here with a sigh as if her heart would breake,  
Shee throwes forth TARQVINS name: he he, she saies,  
But more then he, her poore tong could not speake,  
Till after manie accents and delaies,  
Vntimelic breathings, sicke and short assaies,  
Shee vtters this, he he faire Lords, tis he  
That guides this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here she sheathed in her harmlesse breast  
A harmfull knife, that thence her soule vnsheathed,  
That blow did baile it from the deepe vnrest  
Of that polluted prison, where it breathed:  
Her contrite sighes vnto the clouds bequeathed  
Her winged sprite, & through her wouds doth flie  
Liues lasting date, from cancel'd destinie.

Stone still, astonisht with this deadlie deed,  
Stood COLATINE, and all his Lordly crew,  
Till LVCRECE Father that beholds her bleed,  
Himselfe, on her selfe-slaughtred bodie threw,  
And from the purple fountaine BRVTVS drew  
The murtherous knife, and as it left the place,  
Her bloud in poore reuenge, held it in chafe.

M 2

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And bubling from her brest, it doth deuide  
In two flow riuers, that the crimson bloud  
Circles her bodie in on euerie side,  
VVho like a late sack't lland vastlie stood  
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.  
... Some of her bloud still pure and red remain'd,  
... And som look'd black, & that false TARQVIN stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,  
VVhich seemes to weep vpon the tainted place,  
And euer since as pittying LVCRECE woes,  
Corrupted bloud, some waterie token showes,  
... And bloud vntainted, still doth red abide,  
... Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,  
That life was mine which thou hast here depriued,  
If in the childe the fathers image lies,  
VVhere shall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?  
Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.  
... If children prædecease progenitours,  
... VVe are their offspring and they none of ours.

Poore

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,  
But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old  
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time out-worne,  
O from thy cheekes my image thou hast torne,  
And thiuerd all the beautie of my glasse,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should suruiue :  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leaue the foultring feeble soules aliue?  
The old Bees die, the young possesse their hiue,  
Then liue sweet LVCRECE, liue againe and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLATINE as from a dreame,  
And bids LVCRECIUS giue his sorrow place,  
And than in key-cold LVCRECE bleeding streame  
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,  
And counterfais to die with her a space.  
Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,  
And liue to be reuenged on her death.

M 3

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

...The deepe vexation of his inward soule,  
...Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,  
VWho mad that sorrow should his vse controll,  
.. Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng  
-VVeake words, so thick come in his poor harts aid,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime T A R Q V I N was pronounced plaine;  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,  
This windie tempest, till it blow vp raine,  
Held backe his sorrowes tide, to make it more.  
At last it raines, and busie windes giue ore,  
.. Then sonne and father weep with equall strife,  
.. VWho shuld weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.  
The father saies, shee's mine, ô mine shee is  
Replies her husband, do not take away  
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say  
He weepes for her, for shee was onely mine,  
And onelic must be wayl'd by COLATINE.

O,

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O, quoth LVCRETIUS, I did giue that life  
VVhich shee too earely and too late hath spil'd.  
VVoe woe, quoth COLATINE, shee was my wife,  
I owed her, and tis mine that shee hath kil'd.  
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild  
The disperst aire, who holding LVCRECE life,  
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRUTUS who pluck't the knife from LVCRECE side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies show,  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As seelie ieering idiots are with Kings,  
For sportiue words, and vttring foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,  
VVherein deepe pollicie did him disguise,  
And arm'd his long hid wits aduised lie,  
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eies.  
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, arise,  
Let my vnfounded selfe supposed a foole,  
Now set thy long experienc't wit to schoole.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

VVhy COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?  
 Do wounds helpe wounds, or griefe helpe greeuous  
 Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow, (dceds?  
 For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?  
 Such childish humor from weake minds proceeds,  
 Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,  
 To slaie her selfe that should haue slaie her Foe.

Couragious Romaine, do not steepe thy hart  
 In such relenting dew of Lamentations,  
 But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,  
 To rowse our Romaine Gods with inuocations,  
 That they will suffer these abominations.  
 (Since Rome her self in thē doth stand disgraced,)  
 By our strong arms frō forth her fair streets chaced.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,  
 And by this chaste bloud so vniustlie stained,  
 By heauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,  
 By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,  
 And by chaste LVCRECE soule that late complained  
 Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,  
 VVe will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

This sayd, he strooke his hand vpon his breast,  
And kilt the fatall knife to end his vow :  
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,  
VVho wondring at him, did his words allow.  
Then ioyntlie to the ground their knees they bow,  
And that deepe vow which BRVTVS made before,  
He doth againe repeat, and that they fwore.

VVhen they had sworne to this aduised doome,  
They did conclude to beare dead LVCRECE thence,  
To shew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,  
And so to publish TARQVINS fowle offence;  
VVhich being done, with speedie diligence,  
The Romaines plausibly did giue consent,  
To TARQVINS euerlasting banishment.

N

FINIS.



**THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM**

**1599**

**FACSIMILE**

LONDON  
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.  
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD

1536 • 1536 • 1536 • 1536 • 1536 • 1536 • 1536 • 1536 • 1536 • 1536 •

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF

THE FIRST EDITION

1599

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AT BRITWELL

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

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**PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY**

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### FACSIMILE OF THE EDITION OF 1599





# I

THE *Passionate Pilgrim* is a collection of fourteen lyrical pieces, with an appendix of six pieces of identical character which are introduced by the separate title: 'SONNETS To sundry notes of Musicke.'<sup>1</sup> The twenty pieces are of varied poetic merit.<sup>2</sup> Many have a touch of that 'happy valiancy' of rhythm and sentiment which is characteristic of the Elizabethan temper, but very few betray that union of simple feeling with verbal melody which is essential to lyrical perfection. Several are little more than pleasant jingles describing phases of the tender passion with a whimsical artificiality. The poems are in varied metres. Nine take the form of regular sonnets or quatorzains; five are in the

General  
character-  
istics.

<sup>1</sup> The word 'sonnet' is here used in the common sense of 'song'. The musical composer, William Byrd, published in 1587 his *Psalms, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*; but though he tells the reader that if he be disposed 'to bee merrie, heere are Sonets', and heads a section of the book 'Sonets and Pastorales', no poem bearing any relation to the sonnet form is included. No 'quatorzain' is included in the Appendix to *The Passionate Pilgrim*, of which the title may be paraphrased as 'Songs set to various airs'. The 'sundry notes of Musicke' are only extant in the case of two poems; but it may be inferred that, before publication, all the six 'Sonnets' were 'set' by contemporary composers. Oldys's guess, that John and Thomas Morley were the composers, is unconfirmed. Indirect evidence supports the conjecture that a lost edition of the *Sonnets* supplied the music. A poetic miscellany—'Strange Histories' by Thomas Deloney—of like character to *The Passionate Pilgrim* and with similar typographical ornaments, has at the head of each piece in the 1602 edition (unique copy at Britwell) a line of musical notes, which is absent from other known editions. Again, of the poetic collection entitled 'The Teares or Lamentations of a Sorrowfull Soule, by Sir William Leighton' two editions are known—one (1613) giving the words only, and another (1614) adding the music.

<sup>2</sup> The total is usually given as twenty-one, but the pieces commonly numbered fourteen and fifteen form a single poem and are printed together in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, under the single heading 'Loath to depart'. J. P. Collier's proposal to divide the last piece also into two has been wisely ignored by recent editors. In the original editions the separate pieces were not numbered. Malone, in his reprint of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in his *Supplement* (1780), was the first editor to introduce a consecutive numerical notation.

common six-line stanza which Shakespeare employed in his *Venus and Adonis*; two are in seven-syllabled riming couplets; one is in four-lined stanzas alternately rimed; and three are in less regular metres, which were specially adapted for musical accompaniment.

Internal and external evidence alike confute the assertion of the title-page that all the contents of the volume were by Shakespeare. No more than five poems can be ascribed with confidence to his pen. Of the remaining fifteen, five were assigned without controversy to other hands in Shakespeare's lifetime; two were published elsewhere anonymously; and eight, although of uncertain authorship, lack all signs of Shakespeare's workmanship. A study of the facts attending the volume's publication shows, moreover, that it was not designed by Shakespeare, and that in its production he had no hand.

William  
Jaggard.

*The Passionate Pilgrim* owed its origin to the speculative boldness of the publisher, William Jaggard, who, according to the title-page, caused the book to be printed. Jaggard deserves respectful mention by the student of Shakespeare in virtue of the prominent part he took in the publication of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays in 1623. He was at the head of the syndicate of stationers who defrayed the cost of that noble undertaking, and at his press the great volume was printed. The enterprise of the First Folio was the closing episode in Jaggard's career. It belonged to the zenith of his prosperity. He died at the moment that the work was completed.<sup>1</sup> *The Passionate Pilgrim* was a somewhat insolent tribute paid by Jaggard to Shakespeare's reputation

<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Jaggard, of Liverpool, who is engaged on a full biography of his namesake, kindly informs me that the Elizabethan publisher's will was dated March 28, 1623, and proved on November 17 following.

four and twenty years earlier. The publisher had just then begun business for himself, and his prospects were still insecure.

Every detail in the history of the enterprise pertinently illustrates the unscrupulous methods which the customs of the trade encouraged the Elizabethan publisher to pursue. But it is erroneous to assume that it was reckoned by any extensive public opinion of the day personally discreditable in Jaggard to publish under Shakespeare's name work for which the poet was not responsible. In all that he did Jaggard was justified by precedent, and he secured the countenance and active co-operation of an eminent member of the Stationers' Company, whose character was deemed irreproachable.

William Jaggard, who was Shakespeare's junior by some five years, having been born in 1569, enjoyed a good preliminary training as a publisher. His father, John Jaggard, citizen and barber-surgeon of London, died in William's boyhood, and he and a brother, John, both apprenticed themselves on the same day, September 29, 1584, to two highly reputable printers and publishers, each of whom was in a large way of business and owned as many as three presses.<sup>1</sup> Henry Denham, William's master, twice Under-Warden of the Stationers' Company, lived at the sign of the Star in Paternoster Row. John's master was the veteran Richard Tottel, twice Master of the Stationers' Company, who won lasting fame at the outset of his career by his production in 1557 of that first anthology of English verse which is commonly known as *Tottel's Miscellany*.<sup>2</sup> Tottel's

Jaggard's  
early career.

<sup>1</sup> For the details and dates in the career of Jaggard and his brother I am indebted to Mr. Arber's *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*.

<sup>2</sup> The full title of this volume, of which *The Passionate Pilgrim* was a descendant, ran:—'*Songes and Sonettes*, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and other. Apud Richardum Tottel, 1557.' The book reached an eighth edition in 1587.

place of business was at the sign of the Hand and Star in Fleet Street, within Temple Bar, between the two Temple gates, and there his young apprentice helped him in 1587 to prepare an eighth edition of his popular anthology.

In due course the brothers were admitted freemen of the Company, William on December 6, 1591, and John next year, on August 7, 1592. They were thus fully qualified to play their part in the history of English publishing, when Shakespeare was winning his earliest laurels.

John  
Jaggard, suc-  
cessor to  
Richard  
Tottel.

John's career only indirectly concerns us here. He became assistant to his old master Tottel, and in 1597, four years after Tottel's death, was established in Tottel's well-seasoned house of business, the Hand and Star in Fleet Street. Though he did not acquire Tottel's printing-presses, and never printed for himself, he rapidly made a name as a publisher and bookseller. Among his publications were two editions of Fairfax's great translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and the third, fourth, and fifth editions of Bacon's *Essays* (1606, 1612, 1613). He entered the livery of his Company July 3, 1602, and acted as Warden in 1619 and 1620.

William  
Jaggard's  
early strug-  
gle, 1594-  
1605.

William, whose rise was less rapid, was a rougher-tempered man than his brother, and never obtained office in his Company. He began business on his own account in 1594, acquiring premises, which have no ascertainable history, at the east end of the churchyard at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street. There, for eleven years, he published books on a limited scale. He owned no printing-press, and his operations were restricted. But in 1605 his position completely changed. He acquired a preponderating interest, which he soon converted into a sole interest, in the old-established printing business of James Roberts, in the Barbican. Thenceforth his fortunes were not in doubt. Between 1605 and 1623, the year of his death, he

His  
prosperous  
years,  
1605-23.

carried on one of the largest printing businesses in London, and produced and published many imposing folios besides the First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays. In 1611 he became printer to the City of London; in 1613 he purchased from his partner Roberts the right of printing 'the players' bills' or theatrical programmes; and in 1618 he issued 'A catologue of such English Bookes as lately haue bene and now are in Printing for Publication', which he promised to continue half-yearly. The reputation of his press for typographical accuracy was never high, but he violently denounced any authors who were bold enough to complain of its defects.

The year 1599, during which Jaggard produced *The Passionate Pilgrim*, was long anterior to the prosperous period of his life, which opened in 1605 with the control of Roberts' press. Before 1599 he would seem to have published not more than two or three books. The first extant book, on the title-page of which his name figures, was a sermon preached by John Dove at St. Paul's Cross, Nov. 3, 1594, which came out before the close of that year. The title-page stated that it was printed 'by P. S. [i. e. Peter Short] for W. Jaggard'. Next year there was issued a new edition of the pedestrian verse of William Hunnis called *Hunnies Recreations*. The imprint was the same, with the addition of Jaggard's address in Fleet Street.

The Stationers' Company granted no licence for the publication of either of these books, and in fact Jaggard obtained only one licence from the Company before the end of the sixteenth century. On January 23, 1597-8, he was duly authorized by the Company to publish an embroidery pattern book, called *The true perfection of Cuttworkes*, of which no copy has been met with.

Jaggard was no slave of legal formalities. It was the exception rather than the rule for him to seek a licence

His first  
publications.

for the publication of a book. Though he published several books in the interval, he did not seek a second licence until March 16, 1603, when he obtained one for a work appropriately called *The Anatomie of Sinne*. He faced the risk of punishment for his defiance of the law, and, when a penalty was exacted, paid it without demur.<sup>1</sup>

His two undertakings in 1599.

No extant book which bears Jaggard's name came out during the three years 1596, 1597, and 1598. In 1599 two volumes appeared with the intimation on the title-page that they were 'printed for W. Jaggard'.<sup>2</sup> In neither case was the Stationers' Company made officially cognizant of Jaggard's operations. Of these two volumes, one was Thomas Hill's *Schoole of Skil*, an astronomical treatise in black letter, which was stated to be 'printed for W. Jaggard' at the press of T. Judson. The other was *The Passionate Pilgrim*, the imprint of which declared that it was 'Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake at the *Greyhound* in Paules Churchyard'.

William Leake's co-operation.

William Leake's association with the venture guaranteed it against official censure. He was a prominent and respected member of the Stationers' Company. He had joined the livery the year before, and subsequently became assistant (1604) and Master (1618). Before associating himself with Jaggard's venture of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, he had given notable proof of interest in Shakespeare's work. On June 25, 1596, he had acquired the copyright of *Venus and Adonis* from John

<sup>1</sup> On October 23, 1600, William Jaggard and a kindred spirit, Ralph Blower, were fined by the Stationers' Company 6s. 8d. for 'printing without license and contrary to order a little booke of Sir Anthony Sherley's Travels', and all 'the said books so printed' were forfeited by the Company. The offenders were threatened with imprisonment in default of compliance with the judgement, but Jaggard cheerfully paid his share of the fine on Sept. 7, 1601, and purged his offence. Cf. Arber, ii. 831, 833.

<sup>2</sup> The preposition 'for' in the imprint of Elizabethan books usually precedes the name of the proprietor of the copyright.

Harrison, who had bought it from its first holder, Richard Field, three years before. Leake retained his property in Shakespeare's earliest printed book for nearly twenty-one years. His first edition of *Venus and Adonis* appeared in 1599, in the same year as the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and on the title-pages of both volumes figured his address—'the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.'<sup>1</sup> Thus in 1599, a year after Leake was clothed with the livery of his Company, two newly printed volumes, which were identified with Shakespeare's name and fame, adorned for the first time the shelves of his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

The unnamed printer of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was doubtless Peter Short, who had printed for Jaggard the only volume of verse which he is known to have undertaken previously, viz. *Hunnies Recreations*, in 1595. Short also printed for Jaggard his first book, Dove's *Sermon*, in 1594. Short's printing office was at 'the Star on Bread Street Hill, near to the end of Old Fish St.'; his business was a large one and many volumes of verse came from his press. Not only had he printed recently the work of the poets Spenser and Daniel, but he had produced for Leake the two editions of *Venus and Adonis* which appeared respectively in 1599 and 1602, as well as Harrison's edition of Shakespeare's *Lucrece* in 1598. More than one song-book, with the literary contents of which *The Passionate Pilgrim* had close affinity, also came from his press—one in the same year as Jaggard's miscellany, viz. 'Ayes for four Voyces composed by Michael Cavendish'.<sup>2</sup>

Peter Short,  
printer.

The typographical quality of the first edition of Jaggard's

<sup>1</sup> These premises enjoyed a traditional fame. They had been long in John Harrison's occupation, until at the close of 1596 Leake took them over; he remained there till 1602.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Peter Short, Printer, and his Marks*, by Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S. (Bibliograph. Soc.), 1898.



Typographical defects and characteristics.

miscellany is not high. Misprints abound. Numerous lines are as they stand barely intelligible. Such defects were mainly due to imperfections in the 'copy', but they bear witness, too, to hasty composition and to carelessness on the part of the press corrector. Few of the irregularities are beyond the ingenuity of a conscientious overseer to remove. In Poem IX, the second line of the sonnet is omitted. There is only one catchword in the whole volume, viz. 'Lord', at the foot of B 8 (recto). Capitals within the line are not very common, but are employed most capriciously. In Sonnet IV, three of the fourteen lines begin with small letters instead of capitals. At V, l. 7, 'eases' rimes with 'there'. Spelling eccentricities which are scarcely to be differentiated from misprints, include —II, l. 12, 'ghesse' for 'guess'; V, l. 1, 'deawy' for 'dewy'; XIII, l. 10, 'symant' for 'cement'; XIV, l. 15, 'scite' for 'cite'; 'scence' for 'sense' (the word 'sense' is correctly spelt VIII, l. 6); l. 19, 'ditte' for 'ditty'; XVII, l. 4, 'nenying' for 'renying'; l. 8, 'a nay' for 'annoy'; l. 12, 'wowen' for 'women'; XVIII, l. 34, 'prease' for 'press'; l. 51, 'th' are' for 'the ear'. The volume was a small octavo and the meagre dimensions of the 'copy' led the printer to set the type on only one side of the leaf in the case of twenty-five of the twenty-eight leaves of text. At the top and bottom of each page of text is an ornamental device of ordinary pattern—no uncommon feature in small volumes of verse of the period.

## II

Jaggard's precedents.

THE part that Jaggard played throughout the enterprise followed abundant precedents. It was common practice for publishers to issue, under a general title of their own devising, scattered pieces of poetry of varied origin. His brother's master, Tottel, had inaugurated the custom in 1557,

and *Tottel's Miscellany* had a numerous progeny. Nor was Jaggard the only publisher arbitrarily to assign the whole of a miscellaneous anthology to some one popular pen.

Opportunities for gathering material for such anthologies abounded. Printed books, for example, novels and plays, which were interspersed with songs, could always be raided with impunity. But it was from manuscript sources that the anthological publishers sought their most attractive wares. Short poems circulated very freely in manuscript copies through Elizabethan England. An author would offer a friend or patron a poetic effusion in his own handwriting. Fashion led the recipient to multiply transcripts at will as gifts for other worshippers of the Muses. There were amateurs who collected these flying leaves in albums or commonplace books.<sup>1</sup> The author exerted no definable right over his work after the MS. left his hand. His name was frequently omitted from the transcript. A publisher, in search of 'copy', recognized no obligation to consult the writer of unprinted verse before he sent it to press. It might be to his interest to enlist the aid of an amateur collector in extending his collections, and to him he might be ready to make some acknowledgement. But the author's claim to mention was usually disregarded altogether. As often as not, both collector and publisher were in ignorance of the name of the author of unsigned poems which

Manuscript  
verse.

<sup>1</sup> Numerous manuscript collections of verse, which were formed by amateurs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are extant in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and in private hands. Mr. Henry Huth printed for private circulation in 1870 interesting specimens of such collections in private hands, in the volume entitled *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies, 1584-1700*. Some Elizabethans seem to have collected with an eye to business, and to have deliberately handed their collections over to publishers for some unknown consideration. Such an one was John Bodenham, to whom the publishers of *England's Helicon* (1600), *Belvedere* (1600), and other miscellanies of the time, acknowledged indebtedness. Bodenham was hailed in a preliminary sonnet before *Belvedere* as 'First causer and collector of these flowers'.

fell into their hands. In that contingency, the publisher deemed it within his right to append in print what signature he chose.<sup>1</sup>

Evidence of  
other pub-  
lishers of  
anthologies.

Jaggard's fraudulent methods of work as an anthologist are capable of almost endless illustration. A venture of the year in which Jaggard became a freeman of the Stationers' Company precisely anticipates Jaggard's conduct in printing in a single volume 'small poems' by various pens, which were 'dispersed abroad in sundrie hands', and in attributing them all on the title-page to one author who was only responsible for a few of them. A well-known stationer, Richard Jones, issued in 1591 an anthology which he called *Brittons Bowre of Delights*. Jones represented this volume to be a collection of lyrics by Nicholas Breton, a poet who was just coming into fame. The poet had no hand in the publication, and was piqued to discover on perusing it that it was a miscellany of poems by many hands, in which the publisher had included two or three of his own composition from scattered manuscript copies. Next year, in the prefatory note of his *Pilgrimage to Paradise*, Breton stated the facts thus:—'Gentlemen, there hath beene of late printed by one Richarde Ioanes, a printer, a booke of english verses, entituled *Bretons bower of delights*: I protest it was donne altogether without my consent or knowledge, and many thinges of other mens mingled with a few of mine, for except *Amoris Lachrimae*: an epitaphe vpon Sir Phillip Sydney, and one or two other toies, which I know not how he vnhappily came by. I have no part of any of thē: and so I beseech yee assuredly beleeeue.' But the author wasted his protest on the desert air. He had no means of redress.

*Brittons  
Bowre of  
Delights,*  
1591.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Wither's *Scholars Purgatory* (c. 1625), p. 121: 'If he [i.e. the Stationer] gett any written Coppy into his powre, likely to be vendible, whether the Author be willing or no, he will publish it; And it shall be contriued and named alsoe, according to his owne pleasure: which is the reason, so many good Bookes come forth imperfect, and with foolish titles.'

The publisher Jones was indifferent to the complaint, and in 1594 he exposed the poet Breton to the like indignity for a second time. Very early in that year Jones published, with the licence of his Company, a new miscellany which he called '*The Arbor of Amorous Deuices . . . by N. B. Gent.*' In a preliminary epistle *To the Gentlemen Readers*, he boldly called attention to the fact that 'this pleasant Arbor for Gentlemen' was 'many mens workes, excellent Poets, and most, not the meanest in estate and degree'. Jones' new miscellany consisted of thirty short poems. Breton was only responsible for six or seven of them, yet the title-page ascribed all of them to him.<sup>1</sup>

Two volumes of the utmost literary interest, which were also issued in 1591, illustrate how readily poetic manuscripts fell, without the knowledge of the author or his friends, into a publisher's clutches. Firstly, in that year, Thomas Newman, a stationer of small account, discovering that Sidney's sonnets were 'spread abroad in written copies', put them into print on his own initiative, together with an appendix of 'sundry other rare Sonnets', which he ascribed to divers anonymous 'noblemen and gentry'. Samuel Daniel, the poet, soon discovered to his dismay that Newman, without giving him any hint of his intention, had made free in the

Sidney's  
Sonnets,  
1591.

<sup>1</sup> Of each of these miscellanies assigned to Breton only single copies are now known to be extant; they are even rarer than *The Passionate Pilgrim*. A unique copy of the *Bower* is at Britwell, and a unique copy of the *Arbor* (defective and without title-page) is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. Another example of the assignment by an adventurous publisher of a collection of miscellaneous poems to a single author, whereas the contents of the volume were from many pens, is offered by the second edition of Constable's *Diana*, issued by James Roberts in 1594. The printer, Richard Smith, distributed twenty-one genuine sonnets by Constable, which he had brought out in a separate and authentic volume in 1592, through a collection of seventy-five sonnets, of which fifty-four were by 'other honourable and learned personages'. Eight of the supplementary poems, which the publisher Smith connected with Constable's name, were justly claimed for Sir Philip Sidney in the authorized collection of his works in 1598.

appendix with written copies of twenty-three sonnets by himself which had not been in print before; they appeared anonymously in Newman's volume.

Spenser's  
*Complaints*,  
1591.

Secondly, in 1591, William Ponsonby published a little collection of Spenser's verse, in a volume on which he and not the author bestowed the title of *Complaints*. In an address 'To the gentle Reader' Ponsonby announced that he had 'endeavour'd by all good means . . . to get into his handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors as he heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands and not easie to bee come by by himselfe, some of them having been diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure Oversea'. The printer expressed the hope that *Complaints* might be the forerunner of a second collection of 'some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad', for which he was still searching.

Publishers'  
habit of  
wrongly giv-  
ing authors'  
names.

Further illustration of various points in Jaggard's procedure may be derived from yet two other poetic anthologies, which came out a year later than *The Passionate Pilgrim*, viz. *England's Helicon*, an admirable collection of Elizabethan lyrics, four of which also find a place in Jaggard's volume; and *Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses*, an ample miscellany of elegant extracts. In the address to the reader prefixed to *England's Helicon* reference is made to the grievance that another man's name was often put in such works to an author's poems, but the wrong done was treated by the publisher of *England's Helicon* as negligible.<sup>1</sup>

The *Belvedere* anthology indicates the superior

<sup>1</sup> To the complaint of stationers, that their copies 'were robbed' and their copyright ignored by these collections, the compiler of *England's Helicon* makes answer that no harm can be done by quotation when the name of the author is appended to the extract, and the most eminent poets are represented in the miscellany. As the author's name was usually either omitted or given wrongly, the apologist for Jaggardian methods offers very cold comfort.

importance which the publishers attached to 'private', or unpublished pieces, above 'extant', or pieces which were already in print. The compiler of *Belvedere* claims credit for having derived his material not merely from printed books, but from '*private poems, sonnets, ditties and other witty conceits . . . according as they could be obtained by sight or favour of copying*'. In the case of Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Barnfield, and many other living authors whom he named, he had drawn not merely 'from many of their extant (i. e. published) workes', but from '*some kept in private*'. Of five recently dead authors he stated he had 'perused' not only their 'divers extant labours' but '*many more held back from publishing*'.

Publishers' thirst for 'private poems'.

In christening his volume, Jaggard illustrated the habit which George Wither had in mind when he wrote of the stationer that 'he oftentimes giues bookes such names as in his opinion will make them saleable, when there is little or nothing in the whole volume sutable to such a tytle'.<sup>1</sup> The title which Jaggard devised has no precise parallel, but it does not travel very far from the beaten track. The ordinary names which were bestowed on poetic miscellanies of the day were variants of a somewhat different formula, as may be deduced from the examples 'Bower of Delights', 'Handful of Pleasant Delights', and 'Arbor of Amorous Devices'. *The Affectionate Shepheard*, a collection of poems by Richard Barnfield, which appeared in 1594, approaches Jaggard's designation more nearly than that of any preceding extant volume of verse.<sup>2</sup>

The name of Jaggard's miscellany.

<sup>1</sup> *Scholars Purgatory* (c. 1625), p. 122.

<sup>2</sup> The similitude is not quite complete. Although Barnfield's book includes many detached pieces, the title of the whole applies particularly to the opening and longest poem of the volume. Jaggard's general title does not apply to any individual item of the book's contents.

Jaggard used the word 'passionate' in the affected sense of 'amorous'.<sup>1</sup> 'Passionate' in that signification was a conventional epithet of 'shepherd' and 'poet' in pastoral poetry. Two poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, which also appear in *England's Helicon*, were ascribed in the later anthology to 'The *Passionate Shepherd*'. Biron's verses from *Love's Labour's Lost* were headed 'The *Passionate Shepherd's Song*', while Marlowe's poem 'Come, live with me' was headed 'The *Passionate Shepherd to his Love*'. A poetaster, Thomas Powell, entitled a volume of verse in 1601, *The Passionate Poet*, and described himself in the preface as the creature of 'passion'. In 1604 Nicholas Breton christened a miscellany of love-poems 'The *Passionate Shepherd*'; and named the concluding section 'Sundry Sweet Sonnets and *Passionated Poems*.' It was Jaggard's manifest intention to attract through the title those interested in amorous verse.<sup>2</sup>

### III

Shake-  
speare's posi-  
tion in 1599.

IN 1599 Shakespeare was nearing the height of his fame. He had just produced the two parts of *Henry IV* in which

<sup>1</sup> A detached love poem was often called 'a passion'. Thomas Watson gave his *Εκατομπαθια* (1582), a well-known collection of love-poetry, the alternative title of 'Passionate Centurie of Love', and the work was described in the preliminary pages as 'this Booke of Passionate Sonnetes', while each poem was called a 'passion'. Cf. the title of the appendix to the love poem *Alcilia* (1595): 'The Sonnets following were written by the Author, after he began to decline from his *Passionate Affection*.'

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh's familiar verses beginning, 'Give me my scalop shell of quiet', which circulated freely in MS., bore, perhaps with allusion to Jaggard's volume, the title of 'The *Passionate Mans Pilgrimage*' when they were first published at the end of Scoloker's *Daiphantus*, 1604. In this connexion 'passionate' signifies 'sorrowful', as in Shakespeare's *King John*, ii. 1. 544, 'She [i. e. Constance] is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.' Raleigh was author of 'Loues answere', which Jaggard included in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, in No. xix.

Falstaff came into being, and in the previous autumn he had been hailed by the critic Meres as the greatest poet of his era. It was a natural ambition in a speculative publisher to parade Shakespeare's name on the title-page of a conventional anthology. The customs of the trade and the unreadiness or inability of authors to make effective protest rendered the plan easy of accomplishment. Enough of Shakespeare's undoubted work fell, moreover, into Jaggard's hands to give a specious justification to the false assignment.<sup>1</sup>

A year before *The Passionate Pilgrim* appeared, it was announced that poems by Shakespeare were circulating 'in private'. Shakespeare's appreciative critic, Francis Meres, did more than write admiringly in 1598 of Shakespeare's narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, which were accessible in print, and of a dozen plays, which were familiar on the stage to the theatre-goer. He made specific reference to writings by the great poet which were 'held back from publishing' and 'kept in private'. These were vaguely described by Meres as Shakespeare's 'sugred Sonnets among his private friends, etc.' The productions which Meres cloaked under his 'etc.' are not with certainty identified, but two of Shakespeare's 'Sonnets' strayed into Jaggard's net.

Meres' statement of 1598.

There can be no doubt that Jaggard, like his colleagues in trade when designing a miscellany, made it his chief aim to secure 'private poems, sonnets, ditties, and other witty poems.

Jaggard's hunt for 'private' poems.

<sup>1</sup> It was not the first time that Shakespeare suffered such an experience, and the action of other publishers was even less justifiable than Jaggard's. Already in 1595 *The Tragedie of Locrine* was attributed by the publisher, Thomas Creede, on the title-page to 'W.S.', with fraudulent intent. His surname figured on the title-pages of *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, *The London Prodigall*, 1605, *A Yorkshire Tragedie*, 1608, and 'W. S.' again in *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602, and in *The Puritaine*, 1607. With none of these six plays had Shakespeare any concern. The worthless old play about King John was assigned to Shakespeare in revisions of 1611 and 1622.



conceits' by popular authors which had been 'held back from publishing' and 'kept in private'. He depended for access to such treasures 'according as they could be obtained by sight on favour of copying'. 'Extant' work was not excluded from his piratical undertaking. Eight of his pieces were already in print, but it seems probable that even in those cases he had met with the text in stray manuscript copies, and that he mistook them for 'private' instead of 'extant' compositions. There is no question that he was successful in acquiring two of the 'private' pieces by Shakespeare, the existence of which had been publicly vouched for by Meres. Three other poems by Shakespeare, which he included, were already in print, imbedded in a published play. But Jaggard was probably ignorant of the fact, and derived his text of these pieces also from independent transcripts in 'private' hands.<sup>1</sup>

The contents :  
Shakespeare's contributions.

On the opening pages of his volume Jaggard set out two of that collection of Shakespeare's sonnets which was not published until ten years later. The two sonnets are numbered, in the full edition of 1609, CXXXVIII and CXLIV respectively. Jaggard's text differs at many points from that of the later volume. He clearly derived his text from detached copies privately circulating among collectors of verse. Thereby, in spite of his insolent defiance of the author's rights or wishes, he rendered lovers of literature a genuine service.

Nos. I and II (Sonnets cxxxviii and cxliv).

Jaggard seems to have presented an earlier recension of the text than figured in the edition of 1609. The poet's second thoughts do not seem to have been always better than his

<sup>1</sup> Two careful analyses of the contents of *The Passionate Pilgrim* should be mentioned: one, by Mr. Charles Edmonds, is in the Isham Reprints—*The Passionate Pilgrime* from the First Edition, 1870; the other, by Professor Dowden, is in the photo-lithographic facsimile of the First Edition (Shakespeare-Quarto facsimiles, No. 10).

first. The text of the second, at any rate, of Jaggard's sonnets is superior to that in Thorpe's collection. In Jaggard's first sonnet (No. CXXXVIII of 1609) he reads The first sonnet.

Vnskillfull in the worlds false forgeries (l. 4) for  
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.

Jaggard's lines 6-9 run:—

Although I know my yeares be past the best :  
I smiling, credite her false-speaking tounge,  
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill rest.  
But wherefore sayes my loue that she is young?

These lines, if less polished, are somewhat more pointed than the later version:—

Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress :  
But wherefore sayes she not she is uniuert?

Line 11,

O, Loues best habite is a soothing tounge,

became in 1609,

O loues best habit is in seeming trust;

while the concluding couplet—

Therefore Ile lye with Loue, and Loue with me,  
Since that our faults in Loue thus smother'd be;

appeared ten years later in the different but equally ambiguous form:—

Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lyes we flattered be.

Jaggard's second sonnet shows fewer discrepancies with The second sonnet.

that of 1609, and his version is on the whole the better of the two:—

line 8—

[1599] Wooing his purity with her faire pride.

[1609] Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.

line 11—

[1599] For being both to me: both to each friend,

[1609] But being both from me both to each friend,

line 13—

[1599] The truth I shall not know, but liue in doubt.

[1609] Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,

Finally, Jaggard's text knows nothing of the 1609 misprint of 'sight' for 'side' in the important line 6:—

Tempteth my better angel from my side.

Nos. III, V,  
and XVI—  
excerpts  
from Shake-  
speare's  
*Love's  
Labour's  
Lost*.

The three remaining poems which can be confidently assigned to Shakespeare are all to be found in his play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, which was published in 1598. Other plays of his had been published earlier, but this piece was the first to bear on the title-page Shakespeare's name as author (*By W. Shakespere*). The variations from the text of the play are in all three pieces unimportant and touch single words or inflexions. But such as they are, they suggest that Jaggard again printed stray copies which were circulating 'privately', and did not find the lines in the printed quarto of the play. The distribution of the three excerpts through the miscellany suggests that Jaggard did not know that they all came from the same source. The first excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost*—No. III—immediately follows Shakespeare's two sonnets. It is Longaville's sonnet to Maria, from Act iv, Sc. 3, ll. 58-71. The variations are as follow:—

No. III.

<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (1598)	<i>Passionate Pilgrim</i> (1599)
l. 2. cannot	could not
l. 9. Vows are but breath	My vow was breath
l. 10. which on my earth dost	that on this earth doth
l. 11. Exhalest	Exhale
l. 12. If broken then,	If broken, then
l. 14. To lose an oath	To breake an oath

The second excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost* stands next No. V. but one to the first. It is Dumain's sonnet to 'most divine Kate' (in lines of six feet), from Act iv, Sc. 2, ll. 100-13. The different readings are:—

<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> (1598)	<i>Passionate Pilgrim</i> (1599)
l. 2. Ah	O
l. 3. faithful	constant
l. 4. were oaks	like Okes
l. 6. Art would comprehend	Art can comprehend
l. 11. Thy eye loues lightning bears	Thine eye loues lightning seems
l. 13. O pardon love this wrong	O, do not loue that wrong
l. 14. That sings	To sing

The third excerpt from *Love's Labour's Lost* is Biron's No. XVI. verse-address to Rosaline, in seven-syllable riming couplets (beginning, 'On a day, alack the day'), from Act iv, Sc. 3, ll. 97-116. This poem is the sixteenth in Jaggard's volume, being the second of the appended 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', and the sole piece by Shakespeare in that portion of Jaggard's volume. The only difference worthy of record between Jaggard's version and the text of the play is the omission from the former of the eighth couplet of the latter, viz. :—

Do not call it sin in me  
That I am forsworn for thee.<sup>1</sup>

Nos. IV, VI,  
IX, and XI.  
The *Venus*  
and *Adonis*  
sonnets.

Jaggard did more than include five genuine poems by Shakespeare in order to vindicate his right to place the great poet's name on the title-page. He introduced four sonnets on the theme of Venus and Adonis, which fill respectively the fourth, sixth, ninth, and eleventh places in his miscellany. Thus Jaggard thought to support the faith of the unwary in Shakespeare's responsibility for the whole of the collection. His partner in the venture, Leake, who owned the copyright of Shakespeare's popular poem, and brought out a new edition of it at the same time as he joined Jaggard in producing his anthology, naturally abetted Jaggard in encouraging the notion that Shakespeare was still at work on a topic which had proved capable of making a very powerful appeal to the Elizabethan public. How great was the importance which Jaggard attached to those portions of the volume which brought the subject of *Venus and Adonis* to the minds of readers, may be gauged from the circumstance that, in a new edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1612, he introduced into the title-page the alternative title: *Certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis*. But the poetic temper and phraseology of Jaggard's four poems about Venus and Adonis sufficiently refute the pretensions to Shakespearean authorship which Jaggard, with Leake's connivance, made in their behalf. All of them

<sup>1</sup> This piece was reprinted—for the third time in three years—in *England's Helicon*, in 1600. Jaggard's version was there followed, and it may have been transferred direct from *The Passionate Pilgrim*. It is succeeded in *England's Helicon*, as in Jaggard's miscellany, by 'My flocks feed not'. But the editor of *England's Helicon* bestowed on Biron's verses the new heading 'The Passionate Shepherds Song', and subscribed them with the name 'W. Shakespeare'.

embody reminiscences of Shakespeare's narrative poem, but none show any trace of his workmanship.

All treat of Venus' infatuation for Adonis and of Adonis' bashful rejection of her advances. The insistence on the boyish modesty of Adonis is largely Shakespeare's original interpretation of the classical fable, and the emphasis newly laid upon the point in Jaggard's sonnets seems to indicate the source of their inspiration. No. IX, 'Fairst was the morne, when the faire Queene of Love,' develops Venus' warning against the boar-hunt. No. XI, 'Venus with Adonis sitting by her,' works up ll. 97-114 in Shakespeare's poem, where Venus describes how she had been wooed by 'the stern and direful god of war'. In the two other sonnets (Nos. IV and VI) which open the series in Jaggard's volume, hints have been sought outside Shakespeare's poem, but the reference to Adonis in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* appears to have given the sonneteer his leading cue. No. IV ('Sweet Cytherea sitting by a Brooke') and No. VI ('Scarse had the Sunne dride vp the dewy morne'), in both of which the goddess is called Cytherea and is pictured by a brook, read like glosses on the passage in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. Sc. 2, ll. 52-3), which tells of

Their dependence on Shakespeare's poem.

Adonis painted by a running brook  
And Cytherea all in sedges hid.

The episode of Adonis bathing, with which the second of these two sonnets deals, is unnoticed in Shakespeare's poem.

Of only two of these four poems is any trace found outside *The Passionate Pilgrim*. An early manuscript copy of No. IX was at one time in Halliwell[-Phillipps]'s possession. It gives a different and very tame version of ll. 2-4. The manuscript reading runs:—

Faire was the morne when the faire Queen of Loue;  
*Hoping to meet Adonis in that place,*  
*Address her early to a certain grooue,*  
*Where he was wont ye savage Beast to chase.*

No. XI and  
 B. Griffin's  
*Fidessa*,  
 1596.

Of No. XI alone ('Venus with Adonis sitting by her') is the authorship determinable beyond doubt. With verbal differences, the sonnet was already included in an ample collection entitled '*Fidessa*. . . . by B. Griffin Gent.', which had been published three years before, in 1596. It filled the third place in Griffin's little array of sixty-two quatorzains. The textual variations again point to Jaggard's dependence for his version on a private transcript. Apart from such differences as 'the warlike god', in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, for 'the wanton god' in *Fidessa*, or 'she clasped Adonis' for 'she clipt Adonis', the two texts entirely disagree in regard to ll. 7-12. Jaggard presents them thus:—

Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac't me,  
 As if the boy should vse like louing charmes;  
 Euen thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes,  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure:  
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

In Griffin's printed volumes of 1596 the passage runs thus:—

But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,  
 And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:  
 Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,  
 And all his sex of cowardise detecting.  
 Oh that I had my mistres at that bay,  
 To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away.

It is clear that Jaggard did not know Griffin's work as it was printed in Griffin's published *Fidessa*. Jaggard's text was probably a trial version, which Griffin distributed among private friends, but finally excluded from his collection when

he sent it to press. The three other sonnets on the theme of Venus and Adonis in *The Passionate Pilgrim* have a strong family resemblance to that attributable to Griffin, and may well have been similar experiments of his Muse, which were withheld from the printer and circulated only in private.

Griffin is one of three contemporary poets whom Jaggard may be safely convicted of robbing. He was wise in laying somewhat heavier hands on the work of Richard Barnfield, whose lyric gift was more pleasing than Griffin's. There is no question that two of Jaggard's pieces—No. VIII, the sonnet beginning 'If Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree', and No. XX, the seven-syllable riming couplets at the extreme end of the volume, beginning 'As it fell upon a day'—were from Barnfield's pen. Both were published in 1598 in a poetical tract entitled *Poems: in diuers humours*, which formed the fourth section of a volume bearing the preliminary title, '*The Encomion of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money*, by Richard Barnfield, Graduate in Oxford.' The whole book was published by William Jaggard's brother John, at the Hand and Star in Fleet Street, and there is ground for believing that Jaggard, with his brother's connivance, borrowed in this instance from a printed text.

Nos. VIII, XVII, and XX: Contributions of Richard Barnfield.

'Poems in diuers humours' was the last of the four parts of the 'Encomion' and had, like each of the three preceding parts, a separate title-page. It was prefaced by a dedication in three couplets to the author's friend 'Maister Nicholas Blackleech of Grayes Inne'. There the writer described the poems which followed as 'fruits of unriper years'. Barnfield's claim to authorship of the 'Poems in diuers humours' cannot be justly questioned.

Barnfield's *Poems in diuers humours*, 1598.

The opening piece in Barnfield's tract is headed 'Sonnet I.



No. VIII.  
Barnfield's  
Sonnet to  
R. L.

To his friend Maister R. L. in praise of Musique and Poetrie'. This is the eighth poem of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The texts are identical, though in Barnfield's publication capitals are more freely used than in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, while the proper names are in italics and not in roman letters as in the later volume.<sup>1</sup>

'R. L.,' to whom Barnfield addressed the sonnet, is doubtless Richard Linche, author of a collection of sonnets called *Diella* which appeared in 1596. John Dowland, to whom Barnfield refers in line 5 of his sonnet, was the famous lutenist and musical composer, who had published a year before a valuable volume in folio, called 'The First Book of Songes, and Ayres of foure partes with Tablature for the Lute' (printed by Peter Short). The compliment to Spenser in lines 7-8 is repeated in Barnfield's volume in the next poem but one, a piece which is entitled 'A Remembraunce of some English Poets' and opens with the line: 'Live Spenser ever in thy *Fairy Queene*.' Already, in 1595, Barnfield had proved his admiration for Spenser by publishing a poem in the Spenserian stanza, called 'Cynthia', which he described in his preface as 'the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet Maister

<sup>1</sup> In a reprint of Barnfield's volume under the abbreviated title 'Lady Pecunia', in 1605, only two of the eight 'poems in diuers humours' were included. Among the omitted pieces were the two poems which figured in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. From this omission of the two pseudo-Shakespearean pieces Collier argued that Barnfield was not their author; that the claim to them advanced in behalf of Shakespeare by the compiler of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was justifiable, and that they were dropped by Barnfield in 1605, in deference to an imaginary protest on the part of the compiler of Jaggard's miscellany. Collier ignored the fact that not the two pseudo-Shakespearean pieces alone, but four other of the original eight 'poems in diuers humours' were excluded from the new edition of Barnfield's volume. So wholesale an exclusion undermines Collier's theory, apart from the internal evidence of poetic quality, which entirely negatives Shakespeare's responsibility for the two pieces in question. Cf. Collier's *Bibliographical Account*, i. 57-8; Grosart's Introduction to Barnfield's *Poems* (Roxburghe Club), pp. xxv seq.

Spenser in his *Fayrie Queene*. In the last line of Barnfield's sonnet, the words 'One knight loves both' (i. e. Dowland and Spenser) refer to Sir George Carey, who in 1596 succeeded his father as second Baron Hunsdon. To Sir George, Dowland dedicated his *First Book of Ayres* in 1597, and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, was a friend and patroness of Spenser, who dedicated to her his 'Muioptmos' (1590) by way of acknowledging her 'great bounty' to him as well as the tie of kindred between them.

The fourth item in Barnfield's 'Poems' of 1598 was headed 'An ode'. This is the concluding poem (No. XX), filling the last four pages, of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599. The reproduction in the later volume is again verbatim, save for the substitution of roman letters for a few italics. Although Jaggard here employed a printed text, a private transcript of Barnfield's Ode seems to have strayed into circulation, and that was printed for the first time in *England's Helicon*. There we find a greatly abbreviated version of Barnfield's Ode. The last thirty lines, which figure in both Barnfield's *Poems* and in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, are omitted, and after the twenty-sixth line there is introduced a concluding couplet which is not found in either of the preceding volumes. These two lines run:

Even so, poor bird like thee,  
None alive will pity me.

Of the twenty-six lines, which appear in all three books, the text in *England's Helicon* varies little from that in the other collections. *England's Helicon* in line 22 reads 'Ruthless beasts they will not cheer you', instead of 'Ruthless Beares', &c., as in both the earlier printed versions.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There was a crude sort of justice in the attribution of Barnfield's verse to another. Thoroughly well read in contemporary poetry, Barnfield had

No. XVII.

There is a likelihood that much else in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, besides the two poems which he included in his printed collection of poems, were by Barnfield. At any rate, the seventeenth poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 'My flocks feed not,' may be confidently set to his credit. In three twelve-line stanzas it had appeared anonymously with minor differences of text in 'Madrigals to 3, 4, 5, and 6 voyces' by the musical composer Thomas Weelkes, which was printed and published by Thomas Este (or East), in 1597. In no instance did Weelkes give the name of the author whose words he set to music. 'My flocks feed not' again appeared in *England's Helicon* (1600) with the new title 'The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint'. It was immediately

already shown himself an unblushing plagiarist. His popular ode beginning 'As it fell upon a day' secretly levies heavy loans on a poem by a little-known versifier, Francis Sabie. In his 'Pan his Pipe: conteyning three pastorall Eglogues in Englyshe hexameter; with other delightfull verses' (London. Imprinted by Richard Jones, 1595, 4to) Sabie opens his volume thus:—

It was the moneth of May,  
All the fields now looked gay,  
Little Robin finely sang,  
With sweet notes each green wood rang;  
Philomene, forgetfull then  
Of her rape by Tereus done,  
In most rare and joyfull wise  
Sent her notes unto the skies:

Fish from chrystall waves did rise  
After gnats and little flies:  
Little lambs did leape and play  
By their dams in meadowes gay:

Barnfield was also a silent debtor to Shakespeare, and in two of his earlier works—*The Affectionate Shepheard* (1594) and his narrative poem *Cassandra* (1595)—not merely adopted the common six-line stanza of *Venus and Adonis*, but borrowed many expressions and turns of phrase both from that poem and from Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, as well as apparently from some of Shakespeare's sonnets, which were as yet unpublished and were only circulating in private transcripts.

followed in that anthology by the first half (twenty-six lines out of fifty-six of Barnfield's fully accredited 'Ode'—'As it fell upon a day'), which bore the heading 'Another of *the same* shepherds'. Though the editor of *England's Helicon* appended to the fragment of Barnfield's 'Ode' the signature 'Ignoto', the authorship of those verses is not in doubt. 'The same shepherd' is Barnfield, and there is no valid ground for rejecting the attribution to his pen of the preceding poem, 'My flocks feed not.'

It seems unlikely that Jaggard drew the 'copy' of 'My flocks feed not' directly from Weelkes' volume. Apart from three misprints and minor differences in spelling for which Jaggard's printer may be held responsible (e.g. 'nenying' for 'renying', l. 4; 'wowen' for 'women', l. 12; 'blacke' for 'backe', l. 28), there are textual discrepancies between his and Weelkes' versions which suggest that Jaggard employed 'copy' other than that which Weelkes followed. In neither volume are the words carefully printed, and the sense is in both texts difficult to follow. At the end of the first stanza (ll. 11-12), Weelkes reads:—

The text in  
Weelkes'  
Madrigals,  
1597.

For now I see inconstancie  
More in women then *in many men to be*:

Jaggard reads:—

For now I see, inconstancy,  
More in wowen [i. e. women] then *in men remaine*.

Here the rime with 'dame', though not good, is improved by Jaggard.

In the second stanza, ll. 10-11 appear in Weelkes thus:—

With howling *noyse* to see my dolfull plight;  
How sighes resound through *harklesse* ground.

Jaggard reads:—

In howling *wise*, to see my dolefull plight,  
How sighes resound through *hartles* ground.

In the third stanza Jaggard's text differs from that of Weelkes in nearly every line. For example:—

line 2, Weelkes: Lowde bells ring not cherefully;  
Jaggard: Greene plants bring not forth their die.

line 4, Weelkes: Nimphes backcreping  
Jaggard: Nimphes blacke [i.e. backe] peeping.

line 9, Weelkes: Farewell, sweet lasse, the like nere was.  
Jaggard: Farewell sweet loue thy like nere was.

line 12, Weelkes: Other help for him I know ther's none.  
Jaggard: Other helpe for him I see that there is none.

In *England's  
Helicon*.

The text of this poem in *England's Helicon* follows closely that of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and was doubtless taken from the latter volume direct or from the same manuscript. Misprints are corrected. The only textual change of importance is in the last stanza, line 10, where 'woe' is replaced by 'moane' for the sake of the rime with 'none' in the concluding line.

The text of  
Harl. MS.  
6910.

The poem was clearly very popular, and was constantly copied in 'private' commonplace books. A transcript of it in a contemporary script in the British Museum, Harleian MS. 6910, fol. 156 *b*, without author's name, supplies many readings which differ from the printed versions. These variations are often improvements and probably present the verse in the form that it left the writer's hand. For example, in Stanza 1, l. 6, the four lines read in the manuscript:—

All my merry Jiggs are *cleane* forgot  
All *my layes of Love* are lost God wot  
Where my *joyes were firmly linkt* by love  
There *annoyes* are placst without remove.

This makes far better sense than Jaggard's:—

All my merry ligges are *quite* forgot,  
All my *Ladies loue* is lost (god wot)  
Where *her faith was firmly fixt* in loue,  
There *a nay* is plac't without remoue.

So again in Stanza 2, ll. 9–10, the manuscript reading:—

*My sighes so deepe, doth cause him to weepe*  
*With houling noyse to wayle my woeful plight.*

is superior to Jaggard's:—

*With sighes so deepe, procures to weepe,*  
*In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight.*

In the following line the MS. is probably right in reading 'through Arcadia grounds' for 'through hartles' or 'harcklesse' of the printed copies. In Stanza 3, l. 4, 'nymphs looke peeping' is better than any of the printed readings (i. e. 'back creeping', 'blacke peeping', or 'backe peeping'). Finally, in l. 7,

Alle our evening sportes from greenes are fled  
is more pictorial than:—

All our euening sport from vs is fled.<sup>1</sup>

Shakespeare's tutor in tragedy, Marlowe, may be safely credited with the authorship of the familiar lyric 'Come live with me and be my love', which is the nineteenth piece in the miscellany, and stands fifth in the appendix of 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke'. It is in four alternately riming stanzas. To it is appended a single stanza of like metre, entitled 'Loues answere'; this stanza has been assigned on good grounds to Sir Walter Raleigh.

No. XIX.  
Marlowe's  
lyric.

The four stanzas of the substantive poem reappear in

<sup>1</sup> The last four lines are omitted from the Harleian MS.

*England's Helicon*, with the addition of two stanzas in the fourth and sixth places, and the whole is signed 'Chr. Marlow'. The presence of these two new stanzas, and the slight variations between the two texts at other points<sup>1</sup>, indicate that different manuscripts were employed by the two compilers, and that the editor of *England's Helicon* did not borrow direct from *The Passionate Pilgrim*.<sup>2</sup>

Survival of  
the tune.

As in the case of the poem 'My flocks feed not', the air to

<sup>1</sup> For example, the two lines 1 and 20 in *England's Helicon* both open with the words 'Come liue with me', instead of with 'Liue with me' (line 1) or 'Then liue with me' (line 16), as in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

<sup>2</sup> The lyric enjoyed great popularity in Shakespeare's day. Marlowe somewhat derisively quotes two lines in his *Jew of Malta*, where Ithamore addresses Bellamine:—

Thou in those groves, by Dis above,  
Shalt live with me and be my love.

Shakespeare also introduces a stanza into the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1. 17-29, where Sir Hugh Evans hums over the last two lines of the second stanza and the first two of the third. Sir Hugh sings:—

To shallow rivers to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
There will we make our beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies.

There were numerous imitations of the song. One, entitled 'Another of the nature', in *England's Helicon* begins:—

Come live with me and be my deare  
And we will revill all the yeare,  
In plaines and groves, on hills and dales  
Where fragrant ayre breeds sweetest gales.

Another by Dr. Donne was called 'The Bait', and opens thus:—

Come liue with me and be my love  
And we will some new pleasures prove  
Of golden sands and crystal brooks  
With silken lines and silver hooks.

Cf. Donne's *Poems*, 1635, p. 39.

In his *Poste with a packet of Mad Letters*, 1637, 4to, Nicholas Breton attests the continuance of the piece's popularity:—'You shall heare the old song that you were wont to like well of, sung by the black browes with the cherrie-cheeke, under the side of the pide-cowe: "Come, live with me, and be my love": you know the rest, and so I rest.'

which the lyric was sung was very popular and still survives. A contemporary manuscript version, found by Sir John Hawkins, is given in Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakespeare (ed. 1793, vol. iii, p. 402). A ballad, entitled 'Queen Elinor', which is printed in a contemporary anthology, *Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonets* (assigned to the ballad writer Thomas Deloney), has the heading 'To the tune of come live with me and be my love', and the air is given in the 1602 edition of the work now at Britwell.<sup>1</sup> One of the 'Lessons for the Lyra Viole' in a music-book of the day, Corkine's *Second booke of Ayres*, 1612, has, as its heading, the first line of the song; only the musical notes follow (G 2 recto-H recto).

The four-line stanza which follows 'Come live with me' in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and is called by Jaggard 'Loues answere', also reappears in *England's Helicon*. It is printed there with a single textual variation: *England's Helicon* reads in line 1 'If *all* the world', instead of 'If *that* the world'; but there are added five new stanzas and the whole is entitled 'The Nymphs Reply to the Shepherd'. In the printed type the initials 'S. W. R.' (i.e. 'Sir Walter Raleigh') are attached, but these letters were pasted over with a blank slip of paper in most published copies of *England's Helicon*, perhaps in deference to some exceptional protest on Sir Walter's part to the unauthorized inclusion of the piece in the anthology.

To this pair of poems further interest attaches from their quotation (with some original additions) by Izaak

Raleigh's  
'Answer'.

Walton's  
quotations.

<sup>1</sup> The 1607 edition, which the Percy Society reprinted, mentions the tune (p. 28) without the musical notation. Several contemporary ballads in the Roxburghe Collection are described as written 'To the Tune of Live with me' (cf. Roxburghe Collection, ed. Chappell, i. 162-3, 205). Marlowe's lyric (in six stanzas) appeared as a broadside, headed 'A most Excellent Ditty of the Lover's promises to his beloved To a sweet new Tune called Live with me & be my Love', together with Raleigh's reply under the title 'The Ladies prudent Answer to her Love To the same Tune' (ibid. ii. 3).



Walton in the second chapter of his *Compleat Angler* (1653, pp. 66-7). Walton heads the first song 'The Milkmaid's Song' and describes it as 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe now at least 50 years ago'. Walton's version resembles that in *England's Helicon*, but to the six stanzas which figure there he added in the second (not in the first) edition of his *Compleat Angler* a seventh of his own invention.

The 'Answer', which Walton also cited in his *Compleat Angler*, he drew from *England's Helicon*, and gave it the new title 'The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer'. In the second edition of his *Compleat Angler* he added as in the former case a seventh stanza. Of the second poem Walton wrote that it 'was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days'. The two pieces, Walton adds, 'were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good'.

No. XII.

The lyric 'Crabbed age and youth', which fills the twelfth place in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, obtained little less popularity in Elizabethan England than 'Come live with me and be my love'. It was probably in print before Jaggard designed his miscellany. It forms with textual variations the first two stanzas of a long lyric of over one hundred lines in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*. That anthology, which was of the normal type, was, according to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, in existence in 1595.<sup>1</sup> But no earlier edition than that of 1604 is now extant. The *Garland of Good Will* was repeatedly reissued during the seventeenth century, and the song 'Crabbed age and youth'

<sup>1</sup> Nashe wrote in 1595 (cf. his *Works*, ed. McKerrow, iii. 84): 'Euen as Thomas Deloney the Balletting Silke-weauer hath rime enough for all myracles, & wit to make a *Garland of good will*.' Deloney died in 1600. Thomas Pavier, the publisher, received on March 1, 1602, an assignment of the copy-right 'uppon condicon that yt be no others mans copie'; cf. Arber, iii. 201. Nevertheless Edward White published the edition of 1604.

was reprinted with frequent alterations and additions. Jaggard's version was again drawn from a 'private' copy other than that used by Deloney in any extant edition. Jaggard's text is here the better. Line 4 in Jaggard's text, 'Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare,' is omitted by Deloney. In line 6 Jaggard reads 'Youth is nimble' for Deloney's 'Youth is wild', and in line 10 'my loue is young' for Deloney's 'my lord is young'. 'Crabbed age and youth' was set to music early, but the original air has not survived.<sup>1</sup>

'It was a Lording's daughter,' a ballad or song for music, No. XV. opens the appended 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', and fills the fifteenth place in the miscellany. Nothing has been discovered respecting it. It narrates the struggle of a man of arms (an Englishman) with a tutor or man of learning for the hand of 'a Lording's daughter', with the result that 'art with armes contending was victor of the day'. It is in the vein of Deloney's ballads and may possibly be from his somewhat halting pen.

The remaining five poems, numbered respectively VII, X, XIII, XIV, XVIII, are all in six-lined stanzas, the metre of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. They occupy ten of the thirty-one printed pages of the volume, and confirm the impression given by the four 'Venus and Adonis' sonnets, that Jaggard and Leake were anxious to bring their venture into close touch with Shakespeare's earliest poem. The metre is

Nos. VII,  
X, XIII,  
XIV, and  
XVIII.  
(Poems in  
six-lined  
stanzas).

<sup>1</sup> Dramatists make frequent reference to the song. William Rowley notes in his play *A Match at Midnight* (1633), how 'the Widdow and my sister sung both one song, and what was't but *Crabbed age and youth cannot live together?*' (Act v, Sc. 1 (4to), Sign. I 2, back). John Ford imitated the song in his *Fancies* (Act iv, Sc. 1) in the lines:—

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot jump together;  
One is like good luck,  
T'other like foul weather.

The piece was included in Percy's *Reliques* (ed. Wheatley, i. 237).

not peculiarly Shakespearean. It is constantly met with not merely in contemporary narrative poetry, but in ballads and lyrics of the popular anthologies, as well as in 'words' for madrigals and part-songs in song-books.<sup>1</sup> But Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* was the most notable example of its employment within Jaggard's and Leake's experience.

None of Jaggard's five poems in six-lined stanzas are met with in print elsewhere. All are pitched in a more or less amorous key, and treat without much individuality of the tritest themes of the Elizabethan lyricist.

No. VII ('Fair is my loue') is an indictment of a beautiful mistress's fickleness; No. X ('Sweet rose, faire flower') is an elegy on the premature death of a fair friend; No. XIII ('Beauty is but a vaine and doubtful good') is a lament on the evanescence of beauty; No. XIV ('Good night, good rest') is a lover's meditation at night and dawn; No. XVIII ('When as thine eye hath chose the dame') is an ironical lecture on the art of wooing. The sentiment and phraseology of each of these poems can be paralleled as easily as the metre. Greene, who wrote many songs in the six-line stanza, anticipates Jaggard's seventh and thirteenth poems in two lyrics which are inserted in two of his romances, respectively *Perimedes the Blacke-Smith* (1588) and *Alcida, Greenes Metamorphosis* (licensed for the press 1588). A song in the former romance begins with the same words as Jaggard's poem No. VII, viz. 'Fair is my loue', and continues in a like strain:—

Faire is my loue for Aprill is her face,  
Hir louely brests September claimes his part,  
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,

<sup>1</sup> In John Farmer's *First set of English Madrigals*, which appeared in 1599 at the same time as Jaggard's volume, twelve of the seventeen numbers, and in Weelkes' *Madrigals in six parts*, which came out a year later, seven of the ten numbers, are in six-line stanza.

But colde December dwelleth in her heart ;  
 Blest be the months, that sets my thoughts on fire,  
 Accurst that Month that hindreth my desire.<sup>1</sup>

In Greene's second tract, *Alcida*, the verses beginning :—

Beauty is vaine, accounted but a flowre,  
 Whose painted hiew fades with the summer sunne.<sup>2</sup>

adumbrate Jaggard's thirteenth poem :—

Beauty is but a vaine and doubtful good . . .  
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud.<sup>3</sup>

Again, the ironical advice to the wooer, which constitutes Jaggard's poem XVIII, is little more than a repetition of passages in two poems in the six-lined stanza, which were already in print.

<sup>1</sup> Greene's Works, ed. Grosart, vii. 90.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* ix. 87.

<sup>3</sup> There are endless Elizabethan poems in the six-lined stanza which are in sentiment and phrase as well as metre hardly distinguishable from this effort of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The stanza numbered xxxiii in the 'Sonnets' appended to J. C.'s *Alcilia*, which appeared in 1595, runs :—

Though thou be fair, think Beauty but a blast!  
 A morning's dew! a shadow quickly gone!  
 A painted flower, whose colour will not last!  
 Time steals away, when least we think thercon.  
 Most precious time! too wastefully expended;  
 Of which alone the sparing is commended.

Cf. the sonnet attributed to Surrey in *Tottel's Miscellany* (p. 10), headed 'The frailtie and hurtfulness of beautie', which opens :—

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,  
 Wherof the gift is small, and short the season.

In Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602) was first printed 'An invective against love', which contains the stanza :—

Beauty the flower so fresh, so fair, so gay,  
 So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and taste,  
 As seems it should endure, by right, for aye,  
 And never be with any storm defaced;  
 But when the baleful southern wind doth blow,  
 Gone is the glory which it erst did show.

Davison assigns this poem to the unidentified contributor 'A. W.', and it was appropriated by the publisher of the second edition of *England's Helicon* (1614).

In 'Willobie his Auisa' (1594), canto 44, one 'W. S.' is represented as giving in the same metre identical counsel to a love-lorn friend 'H. W.':—

Apply her still with dyuers thinges  
 (For giftes the wysest will deceave)  
 Sometymes with gold, sometymes with ringes,  
 No tyme nor fit occasion leaue,  
 Though coy at first she seeme and wielde,  
 These toyes in tyme will make her yielde.

The poem in *The Passionate Pilgrim* varies little:—

And to her will frame all thy waies,  
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,  
 Where thy desart may merit praise  
 By ringing in thy Ladies eare,  
 The strongest castle, tower and towne,  
 The golden bullet beats it downe.'

A contem-  
 porary MS. of  
 No. XVIII.

These five poems were certainly derived by Jaggard from 'private' manuscripts, and doubtless many transcripts were in existence in his day in unpublished poetical collections. Only one of these lyrics (No. XVIII) has survived in a contemporary 'copy', but the variations from Jaggard's version are numerous enough to show that he used another and less satisfactory manuscript. Before 1790 Dr. Samuel Lysons lent a contemporary manuscript poetic miscellany, containing a different version, to Malone, who in his edition of 1790 adopted many of its readings. At the sale of Benjamin

'A Sonnet' (in seven stanzas of six ten-syllabled lines) in the anthology known as Deloney's *Strange Histories or Song of Sonettes* (probably published in 1595, although no earlier edition than that of 1602 is extant) deals in much the same temper with the same topic:—

Next, shew thyself that thou hast gone to schoole,  
 Commende her wit although she be a foole.  
 Speake in her prayse, for women they be proud;  
 Looke what she sayes for trothe must be aloude.  
 If she be sad, look thou as sad as shee;  
 But if that she be glad, then joy with merry glee.

Heywood Bright's library in 1884, the MS. passed to Halliwell, who gave in his Folio Shakespeare, vol. xvi, p. 466, a facsimile of the 'very early MS. copy of this poem with many variations'. Halliwell dated the compilation of the poetical miscellany 'some years before the appearance of *The Passionate Pilgrim*'. In the MS., stanzas 3 and 4 change places with stanzas 5 and 6.

For Jaggard's unintelligible l. 4,

As well as fancy (*partyall might*),

the MS. reads: As well as fancy, *partial like*.

In line 12 of the MS.,

And set *thy* person forth to *sell*

is an improvement on Jaggard's

And set *her* person forth to *sale*.

In l. 14 the MS. reads:—

Her cloudy lookes will *clear ere* night

for Jaggard's

Her cloudy lookes will *calme yer* night.

In ll. 43-6 the MS. gives:—

Think, women love to *match* with men,

*And not to live so like a saint:*

*Here* is no heaven; *they* holy *then*

*Begin, when* age *doth* them attaint.

Jaggard's less satisfactory version runs:—

Thinke Women still to *strive* with men,

*To sinne and neuer for to saint,*

*There* is no heauen (*by* holy *then*)

*When time with* age *shall* them attaint.

Finally, in line 51 the MS. reads:—

She will not stick to ringe my eare

and Jaggard reads :—

She will not stick to round me on th' are.

No. XIII.  
Suppositi-  
tious MS.

The poem No. XIII ('Beauty is but a vaine') was printed in 1750 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xx, p. 521, under the title 'Beauty's Value by Wm. Shakespeare. From a corrected MS.' This was reprinted with what was claimed to be greater accuracy in the same periodical ten years later (vol. xxx, p. 39). The variations are not important, and have a too pronouncedly eighteenth-century flavour to establish their pretension to greater antiquity. In line 7, where Jaggard reads :—

*And as goods lost, are seld or never found.*

the *Gentleman's Magazine* manuscript reads :—

As goods *when* lost are *wond'rous* seldom found.

To improve the rhymes 'refresh' and 'redress' (at the end of lines 8 and 10 respectively), the 'corrected' manuscript reads awkwardly 'excite' in the first case and 'unite' in the second. There can be little question that search must be made elsewhere for any contemporary illustration of this poem of Jaggard's miscellany.

Theory of  
Barnfield's  
authorship  
of the poems  
in six-line  
stanzas.

The authorship of these five poems, which Jaggard first printed from manuscript, can in the present state of the evidence be matter for conjecture only. It is very possible that they are from Barnfield's pen. Barnfield was a voluminous writer, and not all his verse found its way to the printing-press. Much of it circulated in manuscript only, and is still extant in that medium.<sup>1</sup> It is probable, moreover,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Grosart printed in full, in his edition of Barnfield's *Poems* for the Roxburghe Club, a 'manuscript' commonplace book bearing Barnfield's autograph, which was in the library of Sir Charles Isham of Lamport Hall. The volume contained some previously unprinted poems from Barnfield's pen together with transcripts of others' work. The first page gives, without indication of its

that much of it was entrusted to William Jaggard's brother John, who printed an ample but by no means exhaustive selection from it in 1598. Barnfield's imitative habit of mind rendered the six-lined stanza, which Shakespeare had glorified in his *Venus and Adonis*, a favourite instrument, and the internal quality of the many six-line stanzas in *The Passionate Pilgrim* justifies the theory that Barnfield was their author, at any rate of those of them that are in a serious vein.

## IV

It may be assumed, although the indications are obscure, that despite its equivocal claims to respectful notice, Jaggard's venture met with success. There is small doubt that the compiler of the popular anthology called *England's Helicon*, which appeared next year, was influenced by the example of the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The former printed four of Jaggard's 'Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke', viz. XVI, 'On a day, alack the day', from *Love's Labour's Lost*; XVII, Barnfield's 'My flocks feed not'; XIX, Marlowe's lyric with the reply; XX, Barnfield's 'As it fell upon a day'. Although the editor of *England's Helicon* depended in most cases on different transcripts, the coincidence of his choice and the order which he followed in introducing these four pieces to his reader can hardly be regarded as fortuitous.

Popularity  
of Jaggard's  
miscellany.

No copy of a second edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* is extant, and there is no clue to the date of its issue.<sup>1</sup> The poet Drummond of Hawthornden noted that he read the book in 1606, possibly in a second edition. A third edition

The lost  
second  
edition.

The third  
edition.

source, a Latin quotation from Ovid's *Fasti*, ii. 771-4, which describes Tarquin's admiration of Lucrece's beauty. Shakespeare's poem of *Lucrece* no doubt suggested to Barnfield the transcription of these lines.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 48, *infra*.



was undertaken by the unabashed Jaggard in 1612, when his prosperity was secure and he had become his own printer.

Jaggard's  
additions to  
the text.

Exceptional interest attaches to the issue of the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1612. The volume was now printed at William Jaggard's own press, which he had controlled only since 1605. Jaggard in this reissue bettered his earlier instruction. He enlarged the text to more than twice its original length by the addition of two somewhat long narrative poems in which Shakespeare had no hand. The third edition, in fact, grossly exaggerated the offence of the first in assigning to Shakespeare work by other hands. The additions to the third edition were from *Troia Britanica*, a collection of poetry by a well-known writer, Thomas Heywood. That volume Jaggard had himself published in 1609, contrary, as would appear, to the wish of the author. Heywood proved less complaisant than those whose name and rights were ignored in the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

Heywood's  
*Troia  
Britanica*  
1609.

Jaggard obtained the licence for the publication of Heywood's *Troia Britanica* on December 5, 1608, on somewhat peculiar conditions. The entry in the Stationers' Company's Register described the work, without mention of Heywood's name, as 'A booke called *Brytans Troye*', and the exceptional provision was added 'that yf any question or trouble growe hereof. Then he [i. e. Jaggard] shall answere and discharge yt at his owne losse and costes'.<sup>1</sup> When the book duly appeared, Heywood did not question Jaggard's right to publish it, and no strictly legal 'question or trouble' seems to have 'grown thereof'. But Heywood bitterly complained of Jaggard's typographical carelessness. He requested Jaggard to insert a list of 'the infinite faults escaped'. But Jaggard was obdurate and insolently retorted (according to Heywood's statement) that

<sup>1</sup> Arber, iii. 397.

‘hee would not publish his owne disworkemanship, but rather let his owne fault lye upon the neck of the author’.<sup>1</sup>

Three years later, in 1612, Jaggard inflicted on Heywood the further indignity of filching from *Troia Britanica* translations in verse of two of Ovid’s Epistles, which were first published in that volume. He added them to the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, all the contents of which Jaggard continued to assign on the title-page to Shakespeare’s pen. Heywood was in no temper to suffer this new injury at Jaggard’s hands in silence. In an address to another printer, Nicholas Okes, who published for him his prose *Apology for Actors*, in 1612 (soon after the appearance of the third edition of Jaggard’s ‘Passionate Pilgrim’), Heywood not only exposed Jaggard’s misconduct, but claimed to have interested Shakespeare in the matter. His protest was issued (he declared) in the great dramatist’s name as well as in his own. Heywood’s words run: ‘Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [i. e. *Troia Britanica*] by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume (i. e. *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612) under the name of another, [i. e. Shakespeare], which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worth his [i. e. Shakespeare’s] patronage under whom he [i. e. Jaggard] hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M. Jaggard that altogether unknowne to him presumed to make so bold with his name.’

Jaggard was not, as we have seen<sup>2</sup>, the only publisher who had made ‘so bold with’ Shakespeare’s name as to put it

Shakespeare’s  
alleged protest.

<sup>1</sup> Heywood’s *Apology for Actors*, 1612, Sh. Soc. 1841, p. 62.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 21, note 1.

to books in which he had no hand. But it was characteristic of Shakespeare to ignore the wrongs which Jaggard and Jaggard's colleagues in trade were in the habit of doing himself and other authors. Heywood's statement offers the only extant evidence that Shakespeare deigned to notice the nefarious practices in which the state of the law of copyright enabled Jaggard and his like to indulge with impunity. But Heywood's exposure was not without effect. Jaggard stayed the issue of the volume with the statement on the title-page that all the contents were 'By W. Shakespeare'. He cancelled that title-page and inserted in unsold copies a new one from which Shakespeare's name was expunged. No name was suffered to take the vacant place.

The text of  
1612.

Save for the expansion of the simple title of *The Passionate Pilgrim* for mercantile purposes by the addition of the words 'or Certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis' and a notification of the inclusion of the translation of Ovid's Epistles, with a change of imprint and date, the old text reappeared in 1612 with very small alteration. The spelling and punctuation were slightly improved (cf. I. 4, 'Spirit' for 'sperite'; XIV. 19, 'ditty' for 'ditte'; 27, 'each' for 'ech'; XVIII. 14, 18, 'ere' for 'yer'; 20, 'thee' for 'the'). But not all the misprints were removed. One or two new ones were introduced (cf. VIII. 7, 'Spencer' for 'Spenser'). The greater number of the pages were left blank as before.<sup>1</sup>

The reprint  
of 1640.

Once again *The Passionate Pilgrim* was reprinted in the seventeenth century, just twenty-four years after Shakespeare's death. The 'Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare. Gent.' of 1640 contains not merely Shakespeare's Sonnets in a different order from that followed in the previous edition of 1609, but scattered through these rearranged Sonnets are all

<sup>1</sup> See p. 14, *supra*.

the pieces in the 1612 edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, including Heywood's *Epistles*, and there are further poems by other pens. The poems of *The Passionate Pilgrim* are mingled with the sonnets and miscellaneous poems most capriciously. Each item is given a distinguishing title.<sup>1</sup>

*The Passionate Pilgrim* was not published again during the seventeenth century. In 1709 it was reprinted from the first edition of 1599 by Bernard Lintott in his 'A Collection of Poems, viz. I. Venus and Adonis; II. The Rape of Lucrece; III. The Passionate Pilgrim; IV. Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick by Mr. William Shakespeare'. In this volume *The Passionate Pilgrim* and the 'Sonnets to

Lintott's  
reprint of  
1709.

<sup>1</sup> The three opening sonnets of Jaggard's miscellany, which appear in the 1640 volume in Jaggard's order and in Jaggard's text, are preceded by thirty-one of Shakespeare's sonnets of 1609. The first is headed 'False beleafe', the second 'A Temptation', and the third 'Fast and loose'. After three more of the sonnets of 1609, there come poems 4 and 5 of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, headed respectively 'A sweet provocation' and 'A constant vow'. These are separated by four more sonnets from Jaggard's poems 6 and 7, which are headed respectively 'Cruell Deceit' and 'The unconstant Lover'. Three more sonnets introduce consecutively Jaggard's Nos. 8 and 9, called respectively 'Friendly concord' and 'Inhumanitie'. After a set of five sonnets come from *The Passionate Pilgrim* Nos. 11, 'Foolish disdaine'; 12, 'Ancient Antipathy'; and 13, 'Beauties valuation'. Two sonnets intervene before No. 10 of Jaggard's series is reached under the title of 'Love's Losse'. Another five sonnets of 1609 appear before Jaggard's No. 14, 'Loath to depart', and yet nine sonnets more before his Nos. 15, 'A Duel'; 16, 'Love-sicke'; 17, 'Love's labour's lost'; and 18, 'Wholesome counsell'. Seventeen sonnets of 1609 cut these off from No. 20, 'As it fell upon a day,' which is called 'Sympathizing love'. The remaining poem, No. 19, of Jaggard's volume (Marlowe's lyric) is separated altogether from its companions by the insertion of sixty-four sonnets; of *The Tale of Cephalus and Procris*; of two more of Shakespeare's sonnets; of five poems by another hand; of *A Lover's Complaint*, and of Heywood's two 'Epistles'. Jaggard's poem, No. 19, is then printed under the title of 'The Passionate Shepheard to his love', as in *England's Helicon*; the text follows that anthology and fills twenty-four lines; the reply follows also in the amplified text of *England's Helicon*, and is succeeded by a poem in imitation of Marlowe from the same source. The remaining twenty-two poems of the volume of 1640 have no concern with *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

Sundry Notes' were each introduced by a separate title-page, of which the imprint ran: 'London, Printed in the year 1599.' In the preliminary 'Advertisement' Lintott wrote: 'The Remains of Mr. William Shakespeare call'd *The Passionate Pilgrime* & Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick (at the end of this collection) came into my hands in a little stitch'd Book, printed at *London* for *W. Jaggard* in the year 1599.' Lintott's 'Collection' was reissued next year, with the addition of a second volume supplying a reprint of the original 1609 edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and *A Lover's Complaint*. The new title-page was curiously inaccurate as to the date of the first edition of Shakespeare's narrative poems and of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The words ran: 'A Collection of Poems in Two Volumes: being all The miscellanies of Mr. William Shakespeare, which were Publish'd by himself in the year 1609, and now correctly Printed from these Editions.' There were at least two impressions of this 'Collection in Two Volumes'. In one of these impressions *The Passionate Pilgrim* and 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes' bore the correct date of 1599. In another impression, the title-pages were reprinted with the date changed to 1609. There is no ground for assuming that Lintott knew of an edition, belonging to that year, of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, or of the appended 'Sonnets to Sundry Notes'. The date was invented to agree with that of the first edition of the *Sonnets*.

Gildon's  
reprint of  
1710.

Another collection of Shakespeare's poems followed independently in 1710. This edition formed an unauthorized 'Seventh' or supplementary volume to Rowe's more or less critical edition of Shakespeare's Plays of 1709. This supplement was undertaken by Edmund Curll, the notorious printer-publisher, with the editorial assistance of Charles Gildon. Rowe's publisher, Jacob Tonson, had

no hand in the venture. The contents included, besides *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, miscalled 'Tarquin and Lucrece', the whole of the Poems of 1640, with its clumsy commingling of the *Sonnets*, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Lover's Complaint*, and generous extracts from the work of Heywood and others. Gildon bestowed on this part of his volume (pp. 111-256) the alternative titles of 'His [i.e. Shakespeare's] Miscellany Poems' or 'Poems on Several Occasions'. In a critical essay on Shakespeare's poems (p. 449) he taunted Lintott's 'wise editor' with the 'absurd incoherency' of his very accurate reprint of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. The censorious Gildon, ignorant of the existence of the original editions of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, denounced Lintott for throwing 'into a heap without any distinction', 'a medley of Shakespeare's [verses] tho' they are on several and different subjects.' A factitious value attached in Gildon's eyes to the capricious order which was allotted to the contents of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, and to the separate titles which were there bestowed on the scattered items.

Gildon's editorial procedure was followed in five succeeding reissues of Shakespeare's *Poems* which were undertaken during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century. The *Passionate Pilgrim* was published with the *Sonnets* and the usual mass of irrelevant verse, in the collection of the poems 'revised by Dr. Sewell', which formed a seventh volume supplementary to Pope's edition of the plays in 1725; in a concluding seventh volume of an edition of Shakespeare's Plays which appeared in Dublin in 16mo in 1771; in the concluding ninth volume of 'Bell's Edition of Shakespeare's Plays' (London, 1774, 12°), as well as in two independent publications: 'Poems on several occasions by

Later  
eighteenth-  
century  
reprints of  
the 1640  
edition.

Malone's  
restoration  
of the text  
of the  
original  
edition.

Shakespeare' (London, without date, 1760? 12°) and 'Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare' (London, 1778, 8°). No notice was taken of any of Shakespeare's poems in the editions of his plays by Theobald, Hanmer, Johnson, Warburton, and Steevens (1778). *The Passionate Pilgrim* was not restored to its independence till Malone edited Shakespeare's poems in 1780 in his 'Supplement' to the 1778 edition of Shakespeare's Plays, where *The Passionate Pilgrim* fills pp. 709-36.<sup>1</sup> Malone omitted the two sonnets by Shakespeare and the nineteenth poem on the ground that that piece was by Marlowe; he added two pieces which were not in the original edition—the two stanzas of the song:

Take, oh! take those lips away

(of which the first stanza in *Measure for Measure* is alone by Shakespeare, the second being by Fletcher) and the enigmatic poem on *The Phoenix and Turtle*, which was assigned to Shakespeare in Chester's 'Loves Martyr', 1601. Both these pieces had been included in the *Poems* of 1640 and the many reissues of that volume. Of the eighteen pieces which Malone printed from the original edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* he remarked: 'Most of these little pieces bear the strongest marks of the hand of Shakespeare,' though he admitted the possibility that one or two 'might have crept in that were

<sup>1</sup> At page iv of his Advertisement in Vol. i Malone wrote:—'Though near a century and a half has elapsed since the death of Shakespeare, it is somewhat extraordinary, that none of his various editors should have attempted to separate his genuine poetical compositions from the spurious performances with which they have been so long intermixed, or taken the trouble to compare them with the earliest editions. Shortly after his death, a very incorrect impression of his poems was issued out, which in every subsequent edition has been implicitly followed.' Dr. Richard Farmer first pointed out in his 'Essay on Shakespeare's Learning' (1766) that Heywood and not Shakespeare was the translator of Ovid's Epistles and of 'all the other translations which have been printed in the modern editions of the Poems of Shakespeare'.

not the production of our author'. In most of the editions of Shakespeare subsequent to the appearance of Malone's 'Supplement' *The Passionate Pilgrim* has been accorded an independent place at the end of the poems.

## V

*The Passionate Pilgrim* reached three editions. Of the second no copy is known, and of the first and third only two in each instance are traceable. Of these four copies, two are in public libraries and two are in private hands. All are in England. Census  
of copies.

The first edition was issued in very small octavo. The signatures run A–D 8 in eights. Only A, A 3, A 4, B, B 3, C, D are noted. The leaves number thirty-two. There is no pagination. The first leaf, in the middle of which appears the signature A, and the last leaf, which is unsigned, are blank. A curious feature of the book is the circumstance that of the twenty-eight leaves which contain the text, twenty-five bear type on one side—the front side—only. The three concluding leaves, D 5, D 6, D 7, alone have type on both sides. On C 3 appears a second title:—SONNETS | To sundry notes of Musicke. | AT LONDON | Printed for W. Iaggard, and are | to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-hound in Paules Churchyard. | 1599. | As in many other small books of poetry of the period, each page of print has two linear ornaments—one above and another below the type. FIRST  
EDITION,  
1599.  
Description.

Of the two extant copies of the first edition of 1599, one is in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the other in the Christie Miller Library at Britwell.

The Capell copy measures  $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3\frac{1}{4}''$ . Its state is somewhat dirty, and the date on the second title-page has been No. I.  
The Capell  
copy, 1599.



FIRST  
EDITION,  
1599.

cut off by the binder. With it is bound up the 1620 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, which it follows. There is an old MS. note at the end of the book running, 'Not quite perfect, see 4 or 5 leaves back: so it cost me but 3 Halfpence.' This copy, which once belonged to 'Honest Tom Martin' of Palgrave, the historian of Thetford (1697-1771), has his autograph signature. It was reproduced in photo-lithography in 1883 in the Shakspeare-Quarto facsimiles, No. 10, with an introduction by Professor Dowden.

No. II.  
The Brit-  
well copy,  
1599.

The Britwell copy was purchased in 1895 by Mr. Wakefield Christie Miller (died three years later) from Sir Charles Isham, Bart., of Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire. This copy was discovered by Mr. Charles Edmonds in an upper lumber-room at Lamport Hall in September, 1867. It is bound in a vellum cover, probably of contemporary date, between two other poetical tracts, viz.:—William Leake's 1599 edition of *Venus and Adonis*, of which no other copy is known, and an undated edition of '*The Epigrammes and Elegies by I. D. and C. M.*' (i.e. Sir John Davies and Christopher Marlowe). This copy measures  $4\frac{5}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$  and is in very clean condition. It is here reproduced in photographic facsimile for the first time by kind permission of Mrs. Christie Miller. A typed reproduction edited by Mr. Charles Edmonds was published in a limited edition of 131 copies, together with the two tracts with which it is bound up, in 1870.

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1612.

The third edition is enlarged to sixty-four leaves by the unwarranted addition of Heywood's rendering of two of Ovid's Epistles. The title runs:—THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME. | OR | *Certaine Amorous Sonnets,* | *betweene Venus and Adonis,* | *newly corrected and aug-mented.* | *By W. Shakespere.* | The third Edition. | Where-unto is newly ad-ded two Loue-Epistles, the first | from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and | *Hellens* answere backe againe to *Paris*. | Printed by W. Iaggard. | 1612. |

The text of *The Passionate Pilgrim* was set up again with small alteration. Rather more italic type was used in the new composition. The signatures of the enlarged volume ran from A-H 8 in eights. The first and last leaves were blank,



THIRD  
EDITION,  
1612.

and there was no pagination. The reprint of *The Passionate Pilgrim* followed the example of the original edition in leaving the *verso* of the leaves blank through the first three sheets A–C. Sheet D was differently treated. The type was set on both sides of the page, with the result that the text ended on the *verso* of D5, and did not reach as in the first edition the *verso* of D7. The second title reappears on C3, with the altered date 1612, thus:—

Sonnets: To sundry Notes of Musicke [scroll device]  
At London Printed by W. Iaggard 1612.

No. III.  
Bodleian  
copy, 1612.

The Bodleian copy, which measures  $4\frac{7}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{6}''$ , is in the Malone collection. It is numbered Malone 328, and bears a manuscript note signed 'E. M.' and dated October 22, 1785. Malone there points out that Heywood's translations from Ovid were generally assumed to be by Shakespeare until Dr. Farmer noted their true authorship in 1766. The copy is peculiar in having two title-pages, of which one has the words *By W. Shakespere*, in the central space, and the other is without them. There is no question that Shakespeare's name was removed by the publisher Jaggard, at the request either of Shakespeare or of Heywood, and that the title-page bearing Shakespeare's name was cancelled and another substituted to accompany late impressions of the book. By a happy accident the two titles survive together in Malone's copy. The title which lacks Shakespeare's name is not known to be extant anywhere else.

No. IV.  
The Loveday  
copy,  
1612.

The second copy, which measures  $4\frac{1}{8}'' \times 3\frac{1}{8}''$ , belongs to Mr. John E. T. Loveday of Williamscote, near Banbury. The title-page has in the centre the words *By W. Shakespere*. The existence of this copy was only made known in 1882. It was originally bound in rough calf with five other rare tracts of contemporary date. *The Passionate Pilgrim* occupied the second place. The volume bore on the fly-leaf the words:

'e libris Jac: Merrick  
e. coll. Tr: Oxon  
1738'

The inscription is in the handwriting of the former owner,

James Merrick, fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, who made some reputation in his day as a religious poet and classical and biblical scholar. Merrick died in 1769, within three days of his forty-ninth birthday, and left this, with many other scarce and valuable books, to his friend John Loveday of Williamscothe (1711-89), great-grandfather of the present owner. The *Passionate Pilgrim* and the five accompanying tracts have been lately separately bound in morocco and are kept together in a case of the same material.<sup>1</sup>

THIRD  
EDITION,  
1612.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Loveday, who carefully described his copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* and the rare tracts (originally bound with them) in *Notes and Queries* (Aug. 12, 1882), sixth ser. vol. vi, kindly gave me the opportunity of making a personal examination of them. The accompanying tracts are in the order in which they were originally bound together, as follows:—

1. The Picture of Incest Lively Portraicted in the Historie of Cinyras and Myrrha. By James Gresham. London Printed for R. A. 1626.

3. The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and death of that thrice valiant Capitaine, and most godly Martyr Sir John Oldcastle Knight Lord Cobham. Printed by V. S. for William Wood 1601.

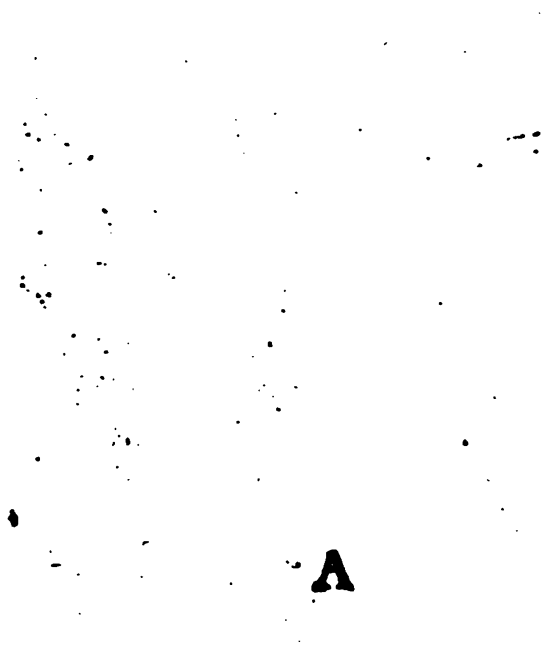
4. The Kings Prophecie: or Weeping Joy. Expressed in a Poeme, to the Honor of Englands too great Solemnities. Jos: Hall London: Printed by T. C. for Symon Waterson. Reprinted for Roxburghe Club by Mr. J. E. T. Loveday.

5. Britain's Ida. Written by that Renowned Poet, Edmond Spenser. London: Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in Britaines Burse. 1628.

6. John Marston's The Scourge of Villanie. Three Bookes of Satyres. Perseus. Nec scompros [*sic*] metuentia carmina, nec thus. At London. Printed by I. R., and are to be sold by John Busbie, in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Crane, 1598.

The last three tracts have linear ornaments at the top and bottom of each page of text, as in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.







THE  
PASSIONATE  
PILGRIME.

*By W. Shakspeare.*

AT LONDON  
Printed for W. Iaggard, and are  
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-  
hound in Paules Churchyard.

1599.







When my Loue swears that she is made of truth,  
I doe beleue her (though I know she lies)  
That she might thinke me some vntutor d youth,  
Vnskilfull in the worlds false forgetries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinkes me young,  
Although I know my yeares be past the best:  
I smiling, credite her talke speaking young,  
Outfacing faults in Loue, with lous ill rest.  
But wherefore sayes my Loue that she is young,  
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?  
O, Loues best habite is a soothing tongue,  
And Age (in Loue) loues not to haue yeares told.  
Therefore lye lye with Loue, and Loue with me,  
Since that our faults in Loue thus smother'd be.

A 3







**T**Wō Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Despaire,  
That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:  
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)  
My worser spirit a Woman (colour'd ill.)  
To winne me soone to hell, my Female euill  
Tempteth my better Angell from my side,  
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,  
Woing his purity with her faire pride.  
And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,  
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:  
For being both to me : both, to each friend,  
I ghesse one Angell in anothers hell:  
The truth I shall not know, but liue in doubt,  
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

A 4







**D**Id not the heavenly Rhetorike of thine eie,  
Gainst whom the world could not hold argumēt,  
Perswade my hart to this false periurie :  
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.  
A woman I forswore : but I will proue  
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee :  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly loue,  
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in me,  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,  
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is :  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
If by me broke, what tooke is not so wise  
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise :







Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a Brooke,  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and Greene,  
Did court the Lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauties queen,  
She told him stories, to delight his cares.  
She shew'd him favors, to allure his eye:  
To win his hart, she toucht him here and there,  
Touches so soft still conquer chastitie,  
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,  
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
The tender nabler would not touch the bait,  
But smile, and iest, at euery gentle offer:  
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward  
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.









**I**f Loue make me forsworn, how shal I swere to loue?  
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:  
Trough to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile constant proue,  
those thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Ofiers bowed,  
Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes,  
where all those pleasures liue, that Art can comprehend:  
It knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:  
Wel learned is that young that well can thee commend,  
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder,  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre:  
Thine eye loues lightning seems, thy voice his dreadfull  
which (not to anger bent) is musick & sweet fire (thunder  
Celestiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:  
To sing heauens praile, with such an earthly young.







S Carle had the Sunne dride vp the dewy morne,  
And scarle the beard gone to the hedge for shade:  
When Cytherea (all in Lou: forlorne)  
A longing tariance for Adonis made  
Vnder an Olyer growing by a brooke,  
A brooke, where Adon vnde to coole his spleene:  
Hot was the day, the hotter that did looke  
For his approach, that often there had beene.  
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,  
And stood starke naked on the brookes greene brim:  
The Sunne lookt on the world with glorious eie,  
Yet not so wistly, as this Queene on him:  
He spying her, bounst in (whereas he stood)  
Oh L o v e s (quoth she) why was not I a flood ?







Faire is my loue, but not so faire as fickle.  
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor trustie,  
Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,  
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty :  
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none falsier to deiace her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she ioyned,  
Berwene each kisse her othes of true loue swearing,  
How many tales to please me hath she coyned,  
Dreading my loue, the losse whereof still fearing,  
Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieatings.

She burnt with loue, as straw with fire flameth,  
She burnt out loue, as soone as straw out burneth :  
She fram d the loue, and yet she foyle d the framing,  
She bad loue last, and yet she tell a turning.  
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether ?  
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

B







**I**F Musicke and sweet Poetrie agree,  
As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)  
Then must the loue be great twxt thee and me,  
Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heavenly touch  
Vpon the Lute, dooth rauish humane sense:  
Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,  
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.  
Thou lou'st to heare the sweet melodious sound,  
That Phoebus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes:  
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,  
When as himselte to singing he betakes.  
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)  
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.









Faire was the morne, when the faire Queene of Ioue,  
Paler for sorrow then her milke white Doue,  
For Adons sake, a youngster proud and wilde,  
Her stand she takes vpon a steepe vp hill.  
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,  
She silly Queene, with more then loues good will,  
Forbad the boy he should not passe thole grounds,  
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth  
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,  
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,  
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,  
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

B 3







Sweet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, soon vaded,  
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the sprung ·  
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely shaded,  
Faure creature kulde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:  
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tice:  
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I haue,  
For why: thou lets me nothing in thy will ·  
And yet thou lets me more then I did craue,  
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:  
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee,  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.







VEnus with Adonis sitting by her,  
Vnder a Mirtle shade began to wooe him,  
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,  
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.  
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac't me:  
And then she clipt Adonis in her armes:  
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac't me,  
As if the boy should vse like louing charmes:  
Euen thus (quoth she) he seized on my lippes,  
And with her lips on his did set the seizure:  
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.  
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:  
To kisse and clip me till I run away.







Crabbed age and youth cannot liue together,  
Youth is full of pleafance, Age is full of care,  
Youth like fummer morne, Age like winter weather,  
Youth like fummer braue, Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of fport, Ages breath is fhort,  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame  
Youth is hot and bo'd, Age is weake and cold,  
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.  
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,  
O my loue my loue is young:  
Age I doe defie thee. Oh fweet Shepheard hie thee:  
For me thinks thou ftai's too long.










**B**eaury is but a vaine and doubtfull good,  
A shring glasse, that vadeth sodainly,  
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,  
A brittle glasse, that is broken presently.  
A doubtfull good, a glasse, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods lost, are sold or neuer found,  
As vaded glasse no rubbing will reioyn :  
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,  
As broken glasse no symant can redress.  
So beaury olemeth on e, for ever lost,  
In spice of phisicke, paine, paine and cost.







Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share,  
She had good night, that kept my rest away,  
And dast me to a cabben hangde with care:  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow  
Fare well I could not, for I slept with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorne or friendship, nill I conser whether :  
'T may be the ioyd to scast at my exile,  
'T may be againe, to make me wander thither.  
Wander ( a word ) for shadowes like my selfe,  
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord







Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East,  
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rife  
Doth scire each mouing science from idle rest,  
Not daring trust the office of mine eies.

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And with her layes were tuned like the lark.

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditte,  
And drives away darke dreaming night:  
The night so packt, I post vnto my pretty,  
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wished sight,  
Sorrow changd to solace, and solace mixt with sorrow,  
For why, the sight, and bad me come to morrow.

C







Where I with her, the night would pass too soone,  
But now are minutes added to the houres:  
To spite me now, each minute seems an houre,  
Yet not for me, thine sun to succour flowers.  
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow  
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow







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# SONNETS

To sundry notes of Musicke.

*AT LONDON*  
Printed for W. Iaggard, and are  
to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-  
hound in Paules Churchyard.  
1599.





It was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three  
That liued of her maister, as well as well might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie coul  
Her fancie fell a turning.  
Long was the combat doubtfull, that loue with loue did  
To leaue the maister louelife, or kill the gallant knight  
To put in practise either, alas it was a spite  
Vnto the filly damsell.  
But one must be refused, more mickle was the paine,  
That nothing could be vsed, to turne them both to gaine  
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with dille  
Alas she could not helpe it.  
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day  
Which by a gift of learning, did beare the mard away,  
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,  
For now my song is ended.







ON a day (alacke the day)  
Loue whose month was euer May  
Spied a blossome passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton ayre,  
Through the velvet leaues the wind  
All vnscene gan priuage find,  
That the louer (icke to death)  
Went himselfe the heauen . breath,  
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe  
Ayre, would I might triumph in  
But (alas) my hand hath sworne,  
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,  
Vow (alacke) for youth vnnect,  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,  
Thou for whome loue would sweare,  
Iuno but an Ethiopie were  
And deny hymselfe for loue  
Turning mortall for thy Loue.







**M**Y flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,  
My Rams speed not, all is amiss:  
Loue is dying, Fathes defying,  
Harts nenyng, causer of this.  
All my merry liggess are quite forgot,  
All my Ladies loue is lost (god wot)  
Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,  
There a nay is plac't without remoue.  
One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,  
O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,  
For now I see, inconstancy,  
More in women then in men remaine.









In blacke motne I, all feares scorne I,  
Loue hath forborne me, liuing in thrall:  
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,  
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.  
My shepheards pipe can sound no deale,  
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,  
My curraile dogge that wont to haue plaid,  
Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.

With sighes so deepe, procures to weepe,  
In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,  
How sighes resound through hartles ground  
Like a thousand vanquish't men in blodie fight.







In blacke morne I, all feares scorne I,  
Loue hath so tortorne me, liuing in thrall:  
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,  
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.  
My shepheards pipe can sound no deale,  
My weathers bell rings dolefull knell,  
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid,  
Plaies not at all but seemes afraid.  
With sighes so deepe, procures to weepe,  
In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight,  
How sighes resound through hartles ground  
Like a thousand vanquishd men in blodie fight.







Clare wels spring not, sweete birds sing not,  
Greene plants bring not forth their die,  
Heards stands weeping, flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphes blacke peeping fearefully:  
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore swaines:  
All our merrie meetings on the plaines,  
All our evening sport from vs is fled,  
All our loue is loit, for loue is dead,  
Farewell sweet loue thy like nere was,  
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,  
Poore Coridon muſt lue alone,  
Other helpe for him I ſee that there is none.







When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,  
And strike the deare that thou shouldst strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy (partly all night)  
Take counsell of some wiser head,  
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comst thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talke;  
Least the some subtil practise smell,  
A Cripple soone can finde a halt,  
But plainly say thou loust her well,  
And set her person forth to sale.

D









What though her frowning browes be bent  
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,  
And then too late she wll repent,  
That thus dissembled her delight,  
And twice desire yer it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and braule, and say the nay:  
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say:  
Had women beene so strong as men  
In faith you had not had it then.







And to her will frame all thy waies,  
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there,  
Where thy dearest may merke praise  
By ringing in thy Ladies eare,  
The strongest castle, tower and towne,  
The golden bullet bears it downe.

Serue alwaies with assured trust,  
And in thy lute be humble true,  
Vnlesse thy Lady proue vnjust,  
Praise neuer thou to chuse a new:  
When time shall serue, be thou not slacke,  
To proffer though she put thee back.







The wiles and guiles that women worke,  
Dissembled with an outward shew:  
The tricks and coyes that in them lurke,  
The Cock that treads thē shall not know,  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A Womans may doth stand for nought.

Thinke Women still to strive with men,  
To sinne and neuer for to faunt,  
There is no heaven/ by huly then)  
When time with age shall them attaine,  
Were kisses all the ioyes in bed,  
One Woman would another wed.

But soft enough, too much I feare,  
Least that my mistresse heare my song,  
She will not stick to round me on th'are,  
To teach my tounge to be so long:  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To heare her secrets so bewraid.







**L**oue with me and be my Loue,  
And we will all the pleasures proue.  
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,  
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,  
By shallow Rivers, by whose faine  
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,  
With a thousand fragrant poses,  
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle  
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.







A belt of Row and Yuyebuds,  
With Corall Clasp and Amber studs,  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me, and be my Love.

*Love answers.*

If that the World and Love were young,  
And truth in every shepherds tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee and be thy Love.






**A**S it fell vpon a Day,  
In the merry Month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
Which a groue of Myrtles made,  
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,  
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring;  
Every thing did banish mone,  
Sauie the Nightingale alone.  
Shee poore Bird, as all forlorne,  
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,  
And there sung the dolefull Ditty,  
That so heere it was great Pity,  
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry  
Tera, Tera, by and by:






That to heare her so complaine,  
Scarce I could from teares refraine:  
For her griefes so liuely showne,  
Made m: thinke vpon mine owne.  
Ah/ thought I thou mournt in vaine,  
None takes pittie on thy paine:  
Senselesse Trees, they cannot heare thee,  
Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheere thee.  
King Pandion, he is dead:  
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.  
All thy fellow Birds doe sing,  
Carelesse of thy sorrowing.





Whilst as fickle Fortune smile,  
Thou and I, were both beguilde,  
Every one that flatters thee,  
Is no friend in miserie:  
Words are easie, like the wind,  
Faithfull friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:  
But if store of Crownes be scant,  
No man will supply thy want  
If that one be prodigall,  
Bountifull they will him call:  
And with such-like flattering,  
Pitty but he were a King.





If he be addickt to vice,  
Quickly him, they will intice.  
If to Women hee be bent,  
They haue at Commaundement,  
But if Fortune once doe frowne,  
Then farewell his great renowne:  
They that fawnd on him before,  
Vse his company no more.  
Hee that is thy friend indeede,  
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:  
If thou sorrow, he will weepe:  
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe:  
Thus of euerie griefe, in hart  
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.  
These are certaine signes, to know  
Faithfull friend, from flatterer too.







# **SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE**

1609

**FACSIMILE**



**LONDON**  
**HENRY FROWDE, M.A.**  
**PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY**  
**OF OXFORD**

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# SHAKESPEARES SONNETS

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF  
THE FIRST EDITION

1609

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## I

THOUGH Shakespeare's sonnets are unequal in literary merit, many reach levels of lyric melody and meditative energy which are not to be matched elsewhere in poetry. Numerous lines like

General  
characteris-  
tics.

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy  
or

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
seem to illustrate the perfection of human utterance. If a few of the poems sink into inanity beneath the burden of quibbles and conceits, others are almost overcharged with the mellowed sweetness of rhythm and metre, the depth of thought and feeling, the vividness of imagery, and the stimulating fervour of expression which are the finest fruits of poetic power.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This preface mainly deals with the bibliographical history of the sonnets, and the problems involved in the circumstances of their publication. In regard to the general significance of the poems—their bearing on Shakespeare's biography and character or their relations to the massive sonnet literature of the day, at home and abroad—I only offer here a few remarks and illustrations supplementary to what I have already written on these subjects in my *Life of Shakespeare*, fifth edition, 1905, or in the Introduction to the *Elizabethan Sonnets*, 1904 (Constable's reissue of Arber's English Garner). The abundant criticism which has been lavished on my already published comments has not modified my faith in the justice of my general position or in the fruitfulness of my general line of investigation. My friend Canon Beeching has, in reply to my strictures, ably restated the 'autobiographic' or 'literal' theory in his recent edition of the sonnets (1904), but it seems to me that he attaches insufficient weight to Shakespeare's habit of mind elsewhere, and to the customs and conventions of contemporary literature, especially to those which nearly touch the relations commonly subsisting among Elizabethan authors, patrons, and publishers. Canon Beeching's

The interpretation.

The sonnets, which number 154, are not altogether of homogeneous character. Several are detached lyrics of impersonal application. But the majority of them are addressed to a man, while more than twenty towards the end are addressed to a woman.<sup>1</sup> In spite of the vagueness of intention which envelops some of the poems, and the slenderness of the links which bind together many consecutive sonnets, the whole collection is well calculated to create the illusion of a series of earnest personal confessions. The collection has consequently been often treated as a self-evident excerpt from the poet's autobiography.

In the bulk of the sonnets the writer professes to describe his infatuation with a beautiful youth and his wrath with a disdainful mistress, who alienates the boy's affection and draws him into dissolute courses. But any strictly literal or autobiographic interpretation has to meet a formidable array of difficulties. Two general objections present themselves on the threshold of the discussion. In the first place, the autobiographic interpretation is to a large extent in conflict with the habit of mind and method of work which are disclosed in the rest of Shakespeare's achievement. In the second place, it credits the poet with humiliating experiences of which there is no hint elsewhere.

Shakespeare's dramatic habit of mind.

On the first point, little more needs saying than that Shakespeare's mind was dominated and engrossed by genius for drama, and that, in view of his supreme mastery of dramatic

comments on textual or critical points, which lie outside the scope of the controversy, seem to me acute and admirable.

<sup>1</sup> It is not clear from the text whether all the sonnets addressed to a man are inscribed to the same person. Mingled, too, with those addressed to a man, are a few which offer no internal evidence whereby the sex of the addressee can be determined, and, when detached from their environment, were invariably judged by seventeenth and eighteenth-century readers to be addressed to a woman.

power, the likelihood that any production of his pen should embody a genuine piece of autobiography is on *a priori* grounds small. Robert Browning, no mean psychologist, went as far as to assert that Shakespeare 'ne'er so little' at any point of his work left his 'bosom's gate ajar', and declared him incapable of unlocking his heart 'with a sonnet-key'. That the energetic fervour which animates many of Shakespeare's sonnets should bear the living semblance of private ecstasy or anguish, is no confutation of Browning's view. No critic of insight has denied all tie of kinship between the fervour of the sonnets and the passion which is portrayed in the tragedies. The passion of the tragedies is invariably the dramatic or objective expression, in the vividest terms, of emotional experience, which, however common in human annals, is remote from the dramatist's own interest or circumstance. Even his two narrative poems, as Coleridge pointed out, betray 'the utter aloofness of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst'. Certainly the intense passion of the tragedies is never the mere literal presentment of the author's personal or subjective emotional experience, nor does it draw sustenance from episodes in his immediate environment. The personal note in the sonnets may well owe much to that dramatic instinct which could reproduce intuitively the subtlest thought and feeling of which man's mind is capable.

The particular course and effect of the emotion, which Shakespeare portrayed in drama, were usually suggested or prescribed by some story in an historic chronicle or work of fiction. The detailed scheme of the sonnets seems to stand on something of the same footing as the plots of his plays. The sonnets weave together and develop with the finest poetic and dramatic sensibility themes which



had already served, with inferior effect, the purposes of poetry many times before. The material for the subject-matter and the suggestion of the irregular emotion of the sonnets lay at Shakespeare's command in much literature by other pens. The obligation to draw on his personal experiences for his theme or its development was little greater in his sonnets than in his dramas. Hundreds of sonneteers had celebrated, in the language of love, the charms of young men—mainly by way of acknowledging their patronage in accordance with a convention which was peculiar to the period of the Renaissance. Thousands of poets had described their sufferings at the hands of imperious beauty. Others had found food for poetry in stories of mental conflict caused by a mistress's infidelity or a friend's coolness.<sup>1</sup> The spur of example never failed to incite Shakespeare's dramatic muse to activity, and at no period of literary history was the presentation of amorous adventures more often essayed in sonnets than by Shakespeare's poetic contemporaries at home and abroad during the last decade of the sixteenth century. It goes without saying that Shakespeare had his own experience of the emotions incident to love and friendship or that that experience added point and colour to his verse. But his dramatic genius absolved him of the need

<sup>1</sup> The conflicts between the claims of friend and mistress on the affections, and the griefs incident to the transfer of a mistress's attentions to a friend—recondite topics which are treated in Shakespeare's sonnets—seem no uncommon themes of Renaissance poetry. Clement Marot, whose work was very familiar to Spenser and other Elizabethan writers, in complicated verse headed 'A celle qui souhaite Marot aussi amoureux d'elle qu'un sien Amy' (*Œuvres*, 1565?, p. 437), describes himself in a situation resembling that which Shakespeare assigns to the 'friend' of his sonnets. Being solicited in love by his comrade's mistress, Marot warns her of the crime against friendship to which she prompts him, and, less complacent than Shakespeare's 'friend', rejects her invitation on the ground that he has only half a heart to offer her, the other half being absorbed by friendship.

of seeking his cue there exclusively. It was not in his nature (to paraphrase Browning again) to write merely for the purpose of airing his private woes and perplexities.

Shakespeare acknowledged in his plays that 'the truest poetry is the most feigning'. The exclusive embodiment in verse of mere private introspection was barely known to his era, and in these words the dramatist paid an explicit tribute to the potency in poetic literature of artistic impulse and control contrasted with the impotency of personal sensation, which is scarcely capable of discipline. To few of the sonnets can a controlling artistic impulse be denied by criticism. The best of them rank with the richest and most concentrated efforts of Shakespeare's pen. To pronounce them, alone of his extant work, free of that 'feigning', which he identified with 'the truest poetry', is tantamount to denying his authorship of them, and to dismissing them from the Shakespearean canon.

The second general objection which is raised by the theory of the sonnets' autobiographic significance can be stated very briefly. A literal interpretation of the poems credits the poet with a moral instability which is at variance with the tone of all the rest of his work, and is rendered barely admissible by his contemporary reputation for 'honesty'. Of the 'pangs of despised love' for a woman, which he professes to suffer in the sonnets, nothing need be said in this connexion. But a purely literal interpretation of the impassioned protestations of affection for a 'lovely boy', which course through the sonnets, casts a slur on the dignity of the poet's name which scarcely bears discussion. Of friendship of the healthy manly type, not his plays alone, but the records of his biography, give fine and touching examples. All his dramatic writing, as well as his two narrative poems and the testimonies of his intimate associates in life, seems to prove

The alleged  
morbidity of  
the sonnets.

him incapable of such a personal confession of morbid infatuation with a youth, as a literal interpretation discovers in the sonnets.

The comparative study of sonnet literature.

It is in the light not merely of aesthetic appreciation but of contemporary literary history that Shakespeare's sonnets must be studied, if one hopes to reach any conclusions as to their precise significance which are entitled to confidence. No critic of his sonnets is justified in ignoring the contemporary literary influences to which Shakespeare, in spite of his commanding genius, was subject throughout his extant work. It is well to bear in mind that Elizabethan sonneteers, whose number was legion, habitually levied heavy debts not only on the great masters of this form of verse in Italy and France, who invented or developed it, but on contemporary foreign practitioners of ephemeral reputation. Nor should it be forgotten that the Elizabethan reading public repeatedly acknowledged a vein of artificiality in this naturalized instrument of English poetry, and pointed out its cloying tendency to fantastic exaggeration of simulated passion.<sup>1</sup>

Tasso and the language of love.

Of chief importance is it to realize that the whole vocabulary of affection—the commonest terms of endearment—often carried with them in Renaissance or Elizabethan poetry, and especially in Renaissance and Elizabethan sonnets, a poetic value that is wholly different from any that they bear to-day. The example of Tasso, the chief representative of the Renaissance on the continent of Europe in Shakespeare's day, shows with singular lucidity how the language of love was suffered deliberately to clothe the conventional relations of poet to

<sup>1</sup> Impatience was constantly expressed with the literary habit of 'Oiling a saint with supple sonneting', which was held to be of the essence of the Elizabethan sonnet (cf. J. D.'s *Epigrammes*, 1598, Sonnet II at end, headed 'Ignoto', and the other illustrations of contemporary criticism of sonnets in my *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 111-12).

a helpful patron. Tasso not merely recorded in sonnets an apparently amorous devotion for his patron, the Duke of Ferrara, which is only intelligible in its historical environment, but he also carefully describes in prose the precise sentiments which, with a view to retaining the ducal favour, he sedulously cultivated and poetized. In a long prose letter to a later friend and patron, the Duke of Urbino, he wrote of his attitude of mind to his first patron thus: 'I confided in him, not as we hope in men, but as we trust in God. . . . It appeared to me, so long as I was under his protection, fortune and death had no power over me. Burning thus with devotion to my lord, as much as man ever did with love to his mistress, I became, without perceiving it, almost an idolater. I continued in Rome and in Ferrara many days and months in the same attachment and faith.' With illuminating frankness Tasso added: 'I went so far with a thousand acts of observance, respect, affection, and almost adoration, that at last, as they say the courser grows slow by too much spurring, so his [i.e. the patron's] goodwill towards me slackened, because I sought it too ardently.' There is practical identity between the alternations of feeling which find touching voice in many of the sonnets of Shakespeare and those which colour Tasso's confession of his intercourse with his Duke of Ferrara. Both poets profess for a man a lover-like idolatry. Both attest the hopes and fears, which his favour evokes in them, with a fervour and intensity of emotion which it was only in the power of great poets to feign.

That the language of love was in common use in Elizabethan England among poets in their intercourse with those who appreciated and encouraged their literary genius, is convincingly illustrated by the mass of verse which was addressed

Poetic  
protestations  
of love for  
Queen  
Elizabeth.

<sup>1</sup> Tasso, *Opere*, Pisa, 1821-32, vol. xiii, p. 298.

**XLII. 11-12.**

The obsequious dependant and professional suitor declares himself to be a sleepless lover, sleepless because of the cruelty

XLIV. 1-2. If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way.

LXI. 1-2. Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?

Similarly Spenser wrote of Queen Elizabeth in 1591 in his *Colin Clouts come home againe* with a warmth that must mislead any reader who closes his ears and eyes to the current conventions of amorous expression. Here are some of his assurances of regard (ll. 472-80):—

To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,  
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:  
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,  
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:  
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she,  
And I hers ever only, ever one:  
One ever I all vowed hers to be,  
One ever I and others never none.

As in Raleigh's case, Spenser draws attention to his sufferings as his patron's lover by night as well as by day. To take a third of a hundred instances that could be adduced of the impassioned vein of poetic addresses to Queen Elizabeth, Richard Barnfield wrote a volume of poems called (like Raleigh's poem) *Cynthia*, in honour of his sovereign (published in 1595). In a prefatory address he calls the Queen 'his mistress'. Much high-strung panegyric follows, and he reaches his climax of adoring affection in a brief ode attached to the main poem. There he describes how, after other adventures in the fields of love, 'Eliza' has finally written her name on his heart 'in characters of crimson blood'. Her fair eyes have inflicted on him a fatal wound. The common note of familiarity in a poet's addresses to patrons is well illustrated by the fluency of style in which Barnfield professes his affection for the Queen:—

Her it is, for whom I mourne;  
Her, for whom my life I scorne;  
Her, for whom I weepe all day;  
Her, for whom I sigh, and say,  
Either She, or els no creature,  
Shall enioy my loue: whose feature  
Though I neuer can obtaine,  
Yet shall my true loue remaine:  
Till (my body turned to clay)  
My poore soule must passe away,  
To the heauens; where (I hope)  
Hit shall finde a resting scope:  
Then since I loued thee (alone)  
Remember me when I am gone.

of his mistress in refusing him her old favours. In vain he tries to blot out of his mind the joys of her past kindness and to abandon the hopeless pursuit of her affection. He is 'a man distract', who, striving and raging in vain to free himself from strong chains of love, merely suffers 'change of passion from woe to wrath'. The illusion of genuine passion could hardly be produced with better effect than in lines like these:—

The thoughts of past times, *like flames of hell*,  
Kindled afresh within my memory  
The many dear achievements that befell  
In those prime years and infancy of love.

It was in the vein of Raleigh's addresses to the Queen that Elizabethan poets habitually sought, not her countenance only, but that of her noble courtiers. Great lords and great ladies alike—the difference of sex was disregarded—were repeatedly assured by poetic clients that their mental and physical charms excited in them the passion of love. Protestations of affection, familiarly phrased, were clearly encouraged in their poetic clients by noble patrons.<sup>1</sup> Nashe, a typical Elizabethan, who was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit and temper of the times, bore (in 1595) unqualified witness to the poetic practice when he wrote of Gabriel Harvey, who religiously observed all current conventions in his relations with patrons:—

Harvey's  
love-poems  
to Sir Philip  
Sidney.

'I haue perused veareses of his, written vnder his owne hand to *Sir Philip Sidney*, wherein he courted him as he were another Cyparissus or Ganimede; the last *Gordian* true loues knot or knitting up of them is this:—

<sup>1</sup> The two sonnets which accompanied Nashe's gift to the young Earl of Southampton of an obscene poem called *The choosing of Valentines*, sufficiently indicate the tone of intimacy which often infected 'the dedicated words which writers used' when they were seeking or acknowledging patrons' favours.

Sum iecur, ex quo te primum, Sydneie, vidi;  
Os oculosque regit, cogit amare iecur.

*All liver am I*, Sidney, since I saw thee;  
My mouth, eyes, rule it and to loue doth draw mee.<sup>1</sup>

All the verse, which Elizabethan poets conventionally affirmed to be fired by an amorous infatuation with patrons, was liable to the like biting sarcasm from the scoffer.<sup>2</sup> But no satiric censure seemed capable of stemming the tide of passionate adulation, in what Shakespeare himself called 'the liver vein', which in his lifetime flowed about the patrons of Elizabethan poetry. Until comparatively late in the seventeenth century there was ample justification for Sir Philip Sidney's warning of the flattery that awaited those who patronized poets and poetry: 'Thus doing you shall be [hailed as] most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; thus doing, you shall dwell upon superlatives; thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice.' There can be little doubt that Shakespeare, always prone to follow the contemporary fashion, yielded to the prevailing tendency and penned many sonnets in that 'liver vein' which was especially calculated to fascinate the ear of his literature-loving and self-indulgent patron, the Earl of Southampton. The illusion of passion which colours his verse was beyond the scope of other contemporary 'idolaters' of patrons, because it was a manifestation of his superlative and ever-active dramatic power.

<sup>1</sup> 'Have with you to Saffron-Walden' (O 3 verso), in Nashe's *Works*, ed. McKerrow, vol. iii, p. 92.

<sup>2</sup> On the conventional sonnet of adoration Shakespeare himself passed derisively the same sort of reflection as Nashe when, in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3. 74 seq.), he bestows on a love-sonnet the comment:—

*This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity,  
A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry.  
God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.*



## II

Date of the  
sonnets.

It is not known for certain when Shakespeare's sonnets were written. They were probably produced at various dates, but such external evidence as is accessible assigns the majority of them to a comparatively early period of Shakespeare's career, to a period antecedent to 1598. Internal evidence is on this point very strongly corroborative of the external testimony. The language and imagery of the sonnets closely connects them with the work which is positively known to have occupied Shakespeare before 1595 or 1596. The passages and expressions which are nearly matched in plays of a later period are not unimportant, but they are inferior in number to those which find a parallel in the narrative poems of 1593 and 1594, or in the plays of similar date. Again, only a few of the parallels in the later work are so close in phrase or sentiment as those in the earlier work.<sup>1</sup>

The plea for  
marriage.

Two leading themes of the sonnets are very closely associated with Shakespeare's poem of *Venus and Adonis* and the plays that were composed about the same date. The first seventeen poems, in which the poet urges a beautiful youth to marry, and to bequeath his beauty to posterity, repeat with somewhat greater exuberance, but with no variation of sentiment, the plea that Venus thrice fervently

<sup>1</sup> Almost every play of Shakespeare offers some parallels to expressions in the sonnets. Canon Beeching (pp. xxv-xxvii) has collected several (which are of great interest) from *Henry IV* and *Hamlet*, but they are not numerous enough to justify any very large conclusion. It does not seem to have been noticed that the words 'Quietus' (*Hamlet*, iii. 1. 75, and *Sonnet* CXXVI. 12) and 'My prophetic soul' (*Hamlet*, i. 5. 40, and *Sonnet* CVII. 1) come in *Hamlet* and the sonnets, and nowhere else. The sonnets in which they occur may be of comparatively late date, but the evidence is not conclusive in itself.

urges on Adonis in Shakespeare's poem (cf. ll. 129-32, 162-74, 1751-68). The plea is again developed by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. i. 218-28. Elsewhere he only makes slight and passing allusion to it—viz. in *All's Well*, i. i. 136, and in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 273-5. The bare treatment, which the subject receives in these comparatively late plays, notably contrasts with the fullness of exposition in the earlier passages.<sup>1</sup>

An almost equally prominent theme of Shakespeare's sonnets—the power of verse to 'eternize' the person whom it commemorated—likewise suggests early composition. The conceit is of classical origin, and is of constant recurrence in Renaissance poetry throughout Western Europe. The French poet, Ronsard, never tired of repeating it in the odes and sonnets which he addressed to his patrons, and Spenser, Daniel, and Drayton, among Elizabethan poets, emulated his example with energy. Shakespeare presents the theme in much the same fashion as his English contemporaries, and borrows an occasional phrase from poems by them, which were in print before 1594. But the first impulse to adopt the proud boast seems to have come from his youthful study of Ovid. Of all Latin poets, Ovid gave the pretension most frequent and most frank expression. *Sonnet* LV, where Shakespeare handles the conceit with

The  
eternizing  
faculty of  
verse.

<sup>1</sup> Nothing was commoner in Renaissance literature than for a literary client to urge on a patron the duty of transmitting to future ages his charms and attainments. The plea is versified in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (bk. iii) in the addresses of the old dependant Geron to his master Prince Histor, and in Guarini's *Pastor Fido* (1585) in the addresses of the old dependant Linco to his master the hero Silvio. Chapman dwells on the theme in an address to his patron the Duke of Lennox, in his translation of Homer's *Iliad* (of which the publication began in 1598):—

None ever lived by self-love; others' good  
Is th' object of our own. They living die  
That bury in themselves their fortunes' brood.

gorgeous effect, assimilates several lines from the exultant outburst at the close of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. To that book, which Shakespeare often consulted, he had especial recourse when writing *Venus and Adonis*. Moreover, a second work of Ovid was also at Shakespeare's hand, when his first narrative poem was in process of composition. The Latin couplet, which Shakespeare quoted on the title-page of *Venus and Adonis*, comes from that one of Ovid's *Amores* (or 'Elegies of Love') in which the Latin poet with fiery vehemence expatiates on the eternizing faculty of verse.<sup>1</sup> Ovid's vaunt in his 'Elegies' had clearly caught Shakespeare's eye when he was engaged on *Venus and Adonis*, and the impression seems to be freshly reflected in Shakespeare's treatment of the topic through the sonnets.<sup>2</sup>

The sonnets  
and *Love's  
Labour's  
Lost*.

No internal evidence as to the chronological relations of two compositions from the same poet's pen is open to less dispute than that which is drawn from the tone and texture of the imagery and phraseology. The imagery and

<sup>1</sup> To the many instances I have adduced of the handling of this topic by Spenser and other Elizabethan poets, may be added this stanza from Roydon's *Elegie* on Sir Philip Sidney, where he refers to the sonnets which Sidney, in the name of Astrophel, addressed to Lady Rich, in the name of Stella:—

Then Astrophill hath honour'd thee [i.e. Stella];  
For when thy body is extinct,  
Thy graces shall eternall be,  
And live by vertue of his inke;  
For by his verses he doth give  
To short-livde beautie aye to live.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Mortale est, quod quaeris, opus; mihi fama perennis  
Quaeritur, in toto semper ut orbe canar.*

(Ovid's 'Amores', i. xv. 7-8.)

The *Venus and Adonis* motto is immediately preceded in Ovid's 'Amores' (i. xv. 35-6) by these lines:—

Ergo cum silices, cum dens patientis aratri,  
Depereant aevo, carmina morte carent.  
Cedant carminibus reges regumque triumphi,  
Cedat et auriferi ripa benigna Tagi. (31-4)

phraseology of great poets suffer constant flow. Their stores are continually replenished in the course of their careers. Whenever, therefore, any really substantial part of the imagery and phraseology in two or more works is of identical tone and texture, no doubt seems permissible that they belong to the same epoch in the poet's career. Application of these principles to Shakespeare's sonnets can lead to no other result than that the bulk of them are of the same date as the earliest plays.

Probably Shakespeare's earliest comedy, *Love's Labour's Lost*, offers a longer list of parallels to the phraseology and imagery of the sonnets than any other of his works.<sup>1</sup> The details in the resemblance—the drift of style and thought—confirm the conclusion that most of the sonnets belong to the same period of the poet's life as the comedy. Longaville's regular sonnet in the play (iv. 3. 60-73) closely catches the tone that is familiar to readers of Shakespeare's great collection. Like thirty-four of Shakespeare's collected quatorzains, it begins with the rhetorical question:—

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

But apart from syntactical or metrical forms, the imagery in *Love's Labour's Lost* is often almost identical with that of the sonnets.

The lyric image of sun-worship in *Sonnet VII.* 1-4:—

Lo, in *the Orient* when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Mr. C. F. McClumpha's papers on the relation of the sonnets (1) with *Love's Labour's Lost*, and (2) with *Romeo and Juliet*, respectively, in *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xv, No. 6, June, 1900, pp. 337-46, and in *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch*, xl. pp. 187 seq. (Weimar, 1904).

*Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,*

reappears in heightened colour in Biron's speech in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3. 221-8):—

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of *the gorgeous East*,  
Bows not *his vassal head*, and stricken blind  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye  
*Dares look upon the heaven* of her brow,  
That is not *blinded by her majesty*?

Only here and in another early play—*Romeo and Juliet*—is the imagery of sun-worship brought by Shakespeare into the same relief.<sup>1</sup>

Another conceit which Shakespeare develops persistently, in almost identical language, in both the sonnets and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is that the eye is the sole source of love, the exclusive home of beauty, the creator, too, of strange delusions in the minds of lovers.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 124-5:

*the worshipp'd sun*  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Sonnet* xiv. 9:

*But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive.*

*L. L. L.* iv. 3. 350:

*From women's eyes this doctrine I derive, &c.*

*Sonnet* xvii. 5-6:

If I could write the *beauty* of your eyes  
And in *fresh numbers* number all your graces.

*L. L. L.* iv. 3. 322-3:

Such *fiery numbers* as the prompting eyes  
Of *beauty's* tutors have enriched you with.

Cf. again *Sonnet* cxiv. 2-7 with *L. L. L.* v. 2. 770-5. For a curious parallel use of the law terms 'several' and 'common' see *Sonnet* cxxxvii. 9, 10, and *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 223.

Furthermore, the taunts which Biron's friends address to him on the black or dark complexion of his lady love, Rosaline, are in phrase and temper at one with Shakespeare's addresses to his 'dark lady' in the sonnets. In the comedy and in the poems Shakespeare plays precisely the same fantastic variations on the conventional controversy of Renaissance lyrists, whether a black complexion be a sign of virtue or of vice.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hardly briefer is the list of similarities of phrase and image offered by Shakespeare's earliest romantic tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*. The following four examples are representative of many more:—

*Son.* XXV. 5-6: *their fair leaves spread*  
But as the marigold *at the sun's eye*.

*Rom. and Jul.* i. 1. 157-8:  
[bud] can *spread his sweet leaves* to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty *to the sun*.

*Son.* XCVIII. 2-3:  
When *proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim*,  
Hath put a *spirit of youth* in everything.

*Rom. and Jul.* i. 2. 26-7:  
Such comfort as do *lusty young men feel*  
When well-apparell'd *April . . .*

*Son.* CXXXVI. 8-9:  
*Among a number one is reckon'd none:*  
*Then in the number let me pass untold.*

*Rom. and Jul.* i. 2. 32-3:  
*Which on more view of many, mine being one*  
*May stand in number, though in reckoning none.*

*Son.* LXXXIV. 5-6:  
Lean penury within *that pen* doth dwell  
That to his subject lends not some small *glory*.

*Rom. and Jul.* i. 3. 70-1:  
*That book* in many eyes doth share the *glory*  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden *story*.

One of the most perfect utterances of the sonnets (XXXIII. 4), the description of the glorious morning sun,

*Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,*

Words  
peculiar to  
sonnets and  
early plays.

At many points, characteristic features of Shakespeare's vocabulary in the sonnets are as intimately associated with the early plays as the imagery. Several uncommon yet significant words in the sonnets figure in early plays and nowhere else. Such are the epithet 'dateless', which is twice used in the sonnets—XXX. 6 and CLIII. 6, and is only used twice elsewhere, in two early plays, *Richard II*, i. 3. 151, and *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 115<sup>1</sup>; the two words 'compile' (LXXVIII. 9), or 'compil'd' (LXXXV. 2), and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished'), which only appear in the sonnets and in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 3. 134; v. 2. 52 and 896; v. i. 12); the participial 'Out-worn' in sonnets LXIV. 2 'Out-worn buried age', and LXVIII. 1 'days out-worn', which is only met with in *Lucrece*, 1350, 'the worn-out age', and 1761, 'time out-worn'; the epithet 'world-without-end', *Sonnet* LVII. 5, which is only found elsewhere in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 799; 'wires' for 'hair' (CXXX, 4), a favourite word with Elizabethan sonneteers between 1590 and 1597, which is only found elsewhere in the epithet 'wiry' for 'hairy' in *King John*, iii. 4. 64; and 'idolatry' ('Let not my love be called idolatry') in CV. 1, which is used elsewhere in five plays<sup>2</sup>—one alone, *Troilus and Cressida* (ii. 2. 56), being of later period.

is closely akin to the lines in yet another early play, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 391-3, where we read how

the Eastern gate, all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Son.* xxx. 6:

For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.

*Rom. and Jul.* v. 3. 115:

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

<sup>2</sup> Viz. *Two Gentlemen*, iv. 4. 207; *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 75; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 109; *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2. 114; and *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 56.

Three rare words which testify to Shakespeare's French reading—'rondure' (XXI. 8), 'couplement' (XXI. 5), and 'carcanet', i.e. necklace (LII. 8)—are only found elsewhere respectively in *King John*, ii. 1. 259, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 535, and in *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 4.

One or two quotations or adaptations of lines of the sonnets in work by other pens, bring further testimony to the comparatively early date of composition. In these instances the likelihood that Shakespeare was the borrower is very small. The whole line (XCIV. 14)—

Early  
borrowing  
from the  
sonnets.

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds  
appeared before 1595 in the play of 'Edward III' (ii. 1. 451), together with several distinctive phrases.<sup>1</sup> The poet Barnfield, who, in poems published in that and the previous year, borrowed with great freedom from *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, levied loans on the sonnets at the same time.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two are especially noteworthy, viz. 'scarlet ornaments', of the lips or cheeks (*Son.* CXLIII. 6 and *Edw. III.* ii. 1. 10), and 'flatter', applied to the effect of sunlight (*Son.* XXXIII. 2 and *Edw. III.* i. 2. 142).

<sup>2</sup> In *Sonnet* LXXXV Shakespeare uses together the rare words 'compiled' and 'filed' (in the sense of 'polished') when he writes of

comments of your *praise*, richly *compiled*, . . .

And precious phrase by all the Muses *filed*.

Barnfield, in his *Cassandra*, which was ready for publication in January, 1595, writes on the same page of his heroine's lover that 'his tongue *compiles her praise*', and subsequently of 'her *filed* tongue'. The collocation of the expressions is curious. Barnfield's descriptions in his *Affectionate Shepheard* (1594) of his youth's 'amber locks trust up in golden trammels', 'which dangle adowne his louely cheekes', with the poet's warning of 'th' indecencie of mens long haire', and the appeal to the boy, 'Cut off thy Locke, and sell it for gold wier' (*Affectionate Shepheard*, I. ii; II. xix, xxiii), may comment on Shakespeare's sonnet LXVIII, where the youth is extravagantly complimented on the beauty of his 'golden tresses', which 'show false art what beauty was of yore'. In Shakespeare's sonnet XCVIII, lines 8-12—

Nor did I wonder at the lily's *white*,  
Nor praise *the deep vermilion* in the rose;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those,



In two sonnets (published in Jan. 1595) Barnfield depreciated the beauty of heroes of antiquity compared with his own fair friend. *Sonnet XII* begins:—

Some talke of Ganymede th' Idalian Boy  
And some of faire *Adonis* make their boast,  
Some talk of him [i.e. Castor], whom louely *Laeda*  
[i.e. mother of Helen] lost . . .

*Sonnet XVII* opens:—

Cherry-lipt *Adonis* in his snowie shape,  
Might not compare with his pure luorie white.

Both seem crude echoes of Shakespeare's sonnet *LIII*:—

Describe *Adonis*, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you.

### III

The  
sonnets  
in private  
circulation.

ALL occasional poetry, and especially poetry for patrons 'in the liver vein', was usually 'kept in private' in the

possibly reflect Barnfield's lines in the *Affectionate Shepheard* (I. iii):—

His *Iuory-white* and *Alabaster* skin  
Is staind throughout with *rare Vermillion red*.  
But as the *Lillie* and the blushing *Rose*,  
So white and red on him in order grows.

It is curious to note that this is the only place in all his works where Shakespeare uses the word 'vermilion'. It is not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; cf. Sidney's *Astrophel*, cii. 5, 'vermillion dyes'; Daniel's *Rosamond* (1592), l. 678, 'vermillion red' (of roses); J. C.'s *Alcilia* (1596), 'vermillion hue' (in Elizabethan Longer Poems, p. 361). But it is far more frequent in sixteenth-century French and Italian poetry (*vermeil* and *vermiglio*). It is used in all the early Italian poems concerning Venus and *Adonis* which were accessible to Shakespeare. Cf. Dolce's *La Favola d'Adone*, iv. 7:—

Quivi tra Gigli le *vermiglie* Rose  
Si dimostrano ogn' hor liete e vezzose.

In both Dolce's *La Favola d'Adone* (83. 8) and Tarchagnota's *L'Adone* (72. 6 and 74. 2) *Adonis*' dead body is metamorphosed into 'uno *vermiglio* fiore' or 'quel fior *vermiglio*', the flower assuming 'vermiglio color del sangue'.

Elizabethan era. It was 'held back from publishing'. It circulated only among the author's or the patron's friends. The earliest known reference to the existence of any collection of sonnets by Shakespeare indicates that he followed the fashion in writing them exclusively for private audiences.<sup>1</sup>

In 1598 the critic, Francis Meres, by way of confirming the statement that 'the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare', called to '*witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends etc.*' There can be little question that Meres refers to sonnets by Shakespeare which were in circulation among his private friends, and were, in the critic's mind, chiefly distinguished from Shakespeare's two narrative poems by being unpublished and in private hands.<sup>2</sup> Meres' language is too vague to press very closely. The use of the common and conventional epithet 'sugared' suggests that Shakespeare's sonnets were credited by the writer with the ordinary characteristics of the artificial sonneteering of the day.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Of the specimens of adulatory verse to which reference has been made above, neither the work of Raleigh, nor of Nashe, nor of Harvey was printed in the authors' lifetime. Harvey's confession of love for Sir Philip Sidney is not known to be extant. The manuscript copies in which Raleigh's and Nashe's verse declared their passion for their patrons were printed for the first time in our own day.

<sup>2</sup> Manuscript poems written for and circulating among an Elizabethan poet's friends rarely reached his own hand again. In 1593 the veteran poet, Thomas Churchyard, when enumerating in his *Challenge* unpublished pieces by himself which had been 'gotten from me of some such noble friends as I am loath to offend', includes in his list '*an infinite number of other Songes and Sonnets, giuen where they cannot be recovered, nor purchase any fauour when they are craued*'.

<sup>3</sup> The conventional epithet 'sugared' was often applied to poetry for patrons. In the *Returne from Parnassus* (1600?), a poverty-stricken scholar, who seeks the favour of a rich patron, is counselled to give the patron 'some *sugar candy* tearms' (ll. 1377-8), while to the patron's son 'shall thy piping poetry and *sugar* endes of verses be directed' (l. 1404). In the same piece (l. 243) Daniel was congratulated on his '*sugared sonnetting*'. Cf. '*sugred*

Meres' evidence as to the 'private' circulation of a number of Shakespeare's sonnets in 1598 received the best possible corroboration a year later, when two sonnets, which were undoubtedly by Shakespeare, were printed for the first time in the poetic miscellany, *The Passionate Pilgrim*. That volume was compiled piratically by the publisher, William Jaggard, from 'private' manuscripts, and although its contents were from various pens, all were ascribed collectively to Shakespeare on the title-page.

There are indications that separate sonnets by Shakespeare continued to be copied and to circulate in MS. in the years that immediately followed. But ten years elapsed before Shakespeare's sonnets were distinctly heard of in public again. Then as many as 154 were brought together and were given to the world in a quarto volume.<sup>1</sup>

The publication of the sonnets.

On May 20, 1609, the grant of a licence for the publication of Shakespeare's sonnets was thus entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company: 'Entred [to Thomas Thorpe] for his copie vnder th' andes of master Wilson and master Lownes Warden, a Booke called Shakespeares *sonnettes* vj<sup>4</sup>.'

A knowledge of the career and character of Thomas Thorpe, who was owner of the copyright and caused the sonnets to be published, is needful to a correct apprehension

talk', Fletcher's *Licia*, 1593, Sonnet 52, l. 1; 'sugred terms', R. L.'s *Diella*, 1596, Sonnet 4; 'Master Thomas Watson's *sugred* Amintas' in Nashe's preface to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589. 'Sucré' is similarly used in French literature of the same date.

<sup>1</sup> Elcazar Edgar, a small publisher, who took up his freedom on June 26, 1597, obtained from the Stationers' Company on January 3, 1600, a licence for the publication of '*Amours*, by J. D., with Certen Oy<sup>e</sup> (i.e. other) sonnetes by W. S.' No book corresponding to this title seems to have been published. There is small ground for identifying the W. S. of this licence with Shakespeare. There was another sonneteer of the day, William Smith, who had published a collection of sonnets under the title of *Chloris*, in 1596. Edgar may have designed the publication of another collection by Smith.

of the manner in which they reached the printing-press or to a right apprehension of the order in which they were presented to the reading public. The story has many points of resemblance with that of William Jaggard's publication of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599.

Thorpe, a native of Barnet in Middlesex, where his father kept an inn, was at Midsummer, 1584, apprenticed for nine years to an old-established London printer and stationer, Richard Watkins, whose business premises were at the sign of Love and Death in St. Paul's Churchyard. Nearly ten years later he took up the freedom of the Stationers' Company. He seems to have become a stationer's assistant. Fortune rarely favoured him, and he held his own with difficulty for some thirty years in the lowest ranks of the London publishing trade.

Thorpe's  
early life.

In 1600 there fell into his hands a 'private' written copy of Marlowe's unprinted translation of the first book of *Lucan*. Thorpe, who was not destitute of a taste for literature—he knew scraps of Latin and recognized a good MS. when he saw one—interested in his find Edward Blount<sup>1</sup>, then a stationer's assistant like himself, but with better prospects. Through Blount's good offices, Peter Short printed Thorpe's MS. of Marlowe's *Lucan*, and Walter Burre sold it at his shop in St. Paul's Churchyard.

His ownership  
of the  
manuscript  
of Marlowe's  
*Lucan*.

As owner of the MS., Thorpe chose his patron and supplied the dedicatory epistle. The patron of his choice was his friend Blount. The style of the dedication was somewhat flamboyant, but Thorpe showed a literary sense

His  
dedicatory  
address to  
Edward  
Blount in  
1600.

<sup>1</sup> Blount had already achieved a modest success in the same capacity of procurer or picker-up of neglected 'copy'. In 1598 he became proprietor of Marlowe's unfinished and unpublished *Hero and Leander*, and found among better-equipped friends in the trade both a printer and a publisher for his treasure-trove.

when he designated Marlowe 'that pure elemental wit', and a good deal of dry humour in offering to 'his kind and true friend', Blount, 'some few instructions' whereby he might accommodate himself to the unaccustomed rôle of patron. Thorpe gives a sarcastic description of a typical patron. 'When I bring you the book,' he advises Blount, 'take physic and keep state. Assign me a time by your man to come again. . . . Censure scornfully enough and somewhat like a traveller. Commend nothing lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. . . . One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is to give nothing.' Finally Thorpe, adopting the conventional tone, challenges his patron's *love* 'both in this and, I hope, many more succeeding offices'.

Three years later he was able to place his own name on the title-page of two humbler literary prizes—each an insignificant pamphlet on current events. Thenceforth for a dozen years his name reappeared annually on one, two, or three volumes. After 1614 his operations were few and far between, and they ceased altogether in 1624. He seems to have ended his days in poverty, and has been identified with the Thomas Thorpe who was granted an alms-room in the hospital of Ewelme, Oxfordshire, on December 3, 1635.

Character of  
his business.

Thorpe was associated with the publication of twenty-nine volumes in all, including Marlowe's *Lucan*; but in almost all his operations his personal energies were confined, as in his initial enterprise, to procuring the manuscript. For a short period in 1608 he occupied a shop, the Tiger's Head, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the fact was duly announced on the title-pages of three publications which he issued in that year. But his other undertakings were described on their

title-pages as printed for him by one stationer and sold for him by another, and when any address found mention at all, it was the shopkeeper's address, and not his own. He merely traded in the 'copy', which he procured how he could—in a few cases by purchase from the author, but in more cases through the irregular acquisition of a 'private' transcript of a work that was circulating at large and was not under the author's 'protection'.<sup>1</sup> He never enjoyed in permanence the profits or dignity of printing his 'copy' at a press of his own, or selling books on premises of his own. In this homeless fashion he pursued the well-understood profession of procurer of 'dispersed transcripts' for a longer period than any other known member of the Stationers' Company.

Besides Thorpe, there were actively engaged in the publication of the first edition of Shakespeare's sonnets the printer George Eld and two booksellers, John Wright and William Aspley, who undertook the sale of the impression. The booksellers arranged that one-half of the copies should bear one of their names in the imprint, and the other half should bear the other's name. The even distribution of the two names on the extant copies suggests that the edition was precisely halved between the two. The practice was not uncommon. In 1606 the bookseller Blount acquired the MS. of the long unpublished *A Discourse of Civill Life*, by Lodowick

The printer  
George Eld.

<sup>1</sup> Very few of his wares does Thorpe appear to have procured direct from the authors. It is true that between 1605 and 1611 there were issued under his auspices some eight volumes of genuinely literary value, including, besides Shakespeare's sonnets, three plays by Chapman (of which the text is very bad), four works of Ben Jonson (which his old friend Blount seems to have procured for him), and Coryat's *Odecombian Banquet*, a piratical excerpt from Coryat's *Crudities*. Blount acquired the copyright of Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* on November 2, 1604, and assigned it to Thorpe on August 6, 1605. Thorpe did not retain the property long. He transferred his right in *Sejanus*, as well as in Jonson's *Volpone*, to Walter Burre on October 3, 1610.

Bryskett, the friend of Spenser and Sidney. One-half of the edition bore the imprint, 'London for Edward Blount,' and the other half, 'London for W. Aspley.'<sup>1</sup>

Thorpe's printer, Eld, and his bookseller, Aspley, were in well-established positions in the trade. George Eld, who had taken up his freedom of the Stationers' Company on January 13, 1600, married in 1604 a widow who had already lost in rapid succession two husbands—both master-printers. The printing-press, with the office at the White Horse, in Fleet Lane, Old Bailey, which she inherited from her first husband Gabriel Simson (d. 1600), she had handed over next year to her second husband Richard Read (d. 1604). On Read's death in 1604, she straightway married Eld and her press passed to Eld. In 1607 and subsequent years Eld was very busy both as printer and publisher. Among seven copyrights which he acquired in 1607 was that of the play called *The Puritaine*, which he published with a title-page fraudulently assigning it to W. S.—initials which were clearly intended to suggest Shakespeare's name to the unwary.

William  
Aspley the  
bookseller.

Aspley, the most interesting of the three men engaged in producing Thorpe's venture, was the son of a clergyman of Royston, Cambridgeshire. After serving an apprenticeship with George Bishop, he was admitted a freeman on April 11, 1597. He never owned a press, but held in course of time the highest offices in the Company's gift, finally dying during the year of his mastership in 1640. His first shop was at the sign of the Tiger's Head in St. Paul's Churchyard, where Thorpe carried on business temporarily a few years later, but in 1603 he succeeded Felix Norton in the more important premises at the sign of the Parrot in the same locality. It was

<sup>1</sup> There are two copies in the British Museum with the two different imprints.

there that half of Thorpe's edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* was offered for sale in 1609. Aspley had already speculated in Shakespeare's work. He and a partner, Andrew Wise, acquired in 1600 copyrights of both the *Second Part of Henry IV* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, and published jointly quarto editions of the two. In the grant to Aspley and his friend of the licence for publication of these two plays, the titles of the books are followed by the words 'Wrytten by master Shakespere'. There is no earlier entry of the dramatist's name in the Stationers' Company Registers. In 1623 Aspley joined the syndicate which William Jaggard inaugurated for printing the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, and he lived long enough to be a member of the new syndicate which was formed in 1632 to publish the Second Folio. Aspley had business relations with Thorpe, and with Thorpe's friend Blount, long before the issue of the *Sonnets*, and probably supplied Thorpe with capital.<sup>1</sup>

John Wright, the youngest of the associates in the enterprise of the *Sonnets*, had been admitted a freeman *per patrimonium* on June 28, 1602. His business was largely concerned with chap-books and ballads, but he was fortunate enough to acquire a few plays of interest. The most interesting publication in which he took part before the *Sonnets*, was the pre-Shakesperean play on the subject of *King Lear*, the copyright of which he took over from a printer (Simon Stafford) on May 8, 1605, on condition that he employed

John  
Wright,  
bookseller.

<sup>1</sup> On June 23, 1600, Thorpe and Aspley were granted jointly a provisional licence for the publication of 'A leter written to ye governors and assistantes of ye E[a]st Indian Merchantes in London Concerning the estat[e] of ye e[a]st Indian ilete etc.' The licence was endorsed: 'This is to be their copy gettinge aucthority for [it].' The book was ultimately published by Thorpe, and was the earliest publication on the title-page of which his name figured. A similar provisional licence, granted to the two men on the same day, came to nothing, being afterwards cancelled owing to the official recognition of another publisher's claim to the copy concerned (cf. Arber's *Registers*, iii. 37).



Stafford to print it, which he did. In 1611 he published a new edition of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which came from Eld's press, and bore the same imprint as his impression of Shakespeare's sonnets. At a later period—on May 7, 1626—he joined the printer, John Haviland, in purchasing the copyright of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. His residence, described as 'at Christ Church Gate', was near Newgate. After 1612 he removed to the sign of 'the Bible without Newgate'.

The  
absence of  
Shake-  
speare's  
authority.

There are many signs, apart from the state of the text, which awaits our inquiry, that Shakespeare had no more direct concern in Thorpe's issue of his 154 sonnets in 1609, than in Jaggard's issue of his two sonnets, with the other miscellaneous contents of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, ten years before. The exceptionally brusque and commercial description of the poems, both in the entry of the licence in the Stationers' Company Register, and on the title-page, as 'Shakespeares Sonnets' (instead of 'Sonnets by William Shakespeare'), is good evidence that the author was no party to the transaction.<sup>1</sup> The testimony afforded by the dedication to 'Mr. W. H.', which Thorpe signed with his initials on the leaf following the title-page, is even more conclusive.<sup>2</sup> Only when the stationer owned the copyright and controlled the publication, did he choose the patron and sign the dedication. Francis Newman, the stationer who printed 'dispersed transcripts' of Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets for the first time in 1591, exercised the customary privilege. Thorpe had already done so himself when issuing Marlowe's *Lucan* in 1600.

<sup>1</sup> The nearest parallel is in the title of *Brittons Bowre of Delights* (1591), a poetic miscellany piratically assigned to the poet Nicholas Breton by the publisher Richard Jones. See *Passionate Pilgrim*, Introduction, p. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Initials, instead of full names, were commonly employed when the dedicatee was a private and undistinguished friend of the dedicator.

There is no ground for the common assumption that 'T. T.' in addressing the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets to 'Mr. W. H.', was transgressing the ordinary law affecting publishers' dedications, and was covertly identifying the 'lovely' youth whom Shakespeare had eulogized in his sonnets. A study of Elizabethan and Jacobean bibliography can alone interpret the situation aright. In all probability Thorpe in the dedication of the *Sonnets* followed the analogy of his dedication of Marlowe's *Lucan* in 1600. There he selected for patron Blount, his friend-in-trade, who had aided him in the publication. His chosen patron of the edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* in 1609 was doubtless one who stood to him in a similar business relation.

The dedica-  
tion to  
Mr. W. H.

Although Thorpe's buoyant and self-complacent personality slightly coloured his style, his dedicatory address to 'Mr. W. H.' followed, with slight variations, the best recognized and most conventional of the dedicatory formulae of the day. He framed his salutation of 'Mr. W. H.' into a wish for his patron's 'all happiness' and 'eternity'. 'All

\* The formula was of great antiquity. Dante employed it in the dedication of his *Divina Commedia*, which ran: 'Domino Kani Grandi de Scala devotissimus suus Dante Aligherius . . . vitam optat per tempora diuturna felicem, et gloriosi nominis in perpetuum incrementum.' The Elizabethan dedicatory commonly 'wisheth' his patron 'all happiness' and 'eternity' (or periphrases to that effect) by way of prelude or heading to a succeeding dedicatory epistle, but numerous examples could be adduced where the dedicatory, as in Thorpe's case, left the 'wish' to stand alone, and where no epistle followed it. Thorpe's dedicatory procedure and choice of type was obviously influenced by Ben Jonson's form of dedication before the first edition of his *Volspace*, which Thorpe published for Jonson in 1607 and which Eld printed. On the first leaf, following the title, appears in short lines (in the same fount of large capitals as that used in Thorpe's dedication to 'Mr. W. H.') these words: 'To the Most Noble | and Most Acquall | Sisters | The Two Famous Unversities | For their Love | And | Acceptance | Shewn | To his Poeme | in the Presentation | Ben: Ionson | The Gratefvll Acknowledger | Dedicates | Both It and Himselfe |.' In very small type, at the right-hand corner of the

*happiness*', 'health and *eternall happinesse*', 'all perseverance with soules *happiness*', 'health on earth temporall and higher *happiness eternall*', 'the *prosperity* of times successe in this life, with the reward of *eternitie* in the world to come' are variants of the common form, drawn from books that were produced at almost the same moment as Shakespeare's sonnets. The substantives are invariably governed by the identical inflexion of the verb—'wisheth'—which Thorpe employed.

The promise  
of eternity.

By attaching to the conventional complimentary mention of 'eternity' the ornamental phrase 'promised by our ever-living poet' (i.e. Shakespeare), Thorpe momentarily indulged in that vein of grandiloquence of which other dedications from his pen furnish examples. 'Promises' of eternity were showered by poets on their patrons with prodigal hands. Shakespeare in his sonnets had repeated the current convention with much fervour when addressing a fair youth. Thorpe's interweaving of the conventional 'wish' of the ordinary bookmaker, with an allusion to the conventional 'promise' of the panegyricizing poet, gave fresh zest and emphasis to the well-worn phrases of complimentary courtesy. There is no implication in Thorpe's dedicatory greeting of an ellipse, after the word 'promised', of the word 'him', i.e. 'Mr. W. H.' Thorpe 'wisheth' 'Mr. W. H.' 'eternity', no less grudgingly than 'our ever-living poet' offered his own friend the 'promise' of it in his sonnets.

Thorpe's  
technical  
language.

Almost every phrase in his dedicatory greeting of 'Mr. W. H.' has a technical significance, which has no bearing on Shakespeare's intention as sonneteer, but exclusively concerns Thorpe's action and position as the publisher. In accordance with professional custom, Thorpe dubbed himself

page, below this dedication, are the words: 'There follows an *Epistle* if | you dare venture on | the length.' The *Epistle* begins overleaf.

'the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth', and thereby claimed sole and exclusive responsibility for the undertaking. His fellow-publisher, William Barley, called himself his patron's 'faithful *well-willer*' when, in 1595, he dedicated a book, the manuscript of which he had picked up without communication with the author, to Richard Stapar, a Turkey merchant of his acquaintance.<sup>1</sup> Similarly, when the dramatist John Marston in 1606 undertook to issue for himself his play named 'Parasitaster or the Fawne', he pointed out in a prose preface that he (the author) was the sole controller of the publication, and was on this occasion his own 'setter out': 'Let it therefore stand with good excuse that I have been my own *setter out*.'

To the title which Thorpe bestows on Mr. W. H., 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets,' a like professional significance attaches. In this phrase Thorpe acknowledges the services of 'Mr. W. H.' in 'procuring' and collecting in his behalf the 'private' transcripts, from which the volume was printed. To 'Mr. W. H.'s' sole exertions the birth of the publication may be attributed. 'Mr. W. H.' filled a part which is familiarly known in the history of Elizabethan publishing as 'procurer of the copy'. In Elizabethan English there was no irregularity in the use of 'begetter' in its primary sense of 'getter' or 'procurer', without any implica-

'The onlie  
begetter.'

<sup>1</sup> Barley saluted his patron (before Richard Hakluyt's report of his 'Ten years' Travels in foreign countries') thus: 'Your worship's faithful well-willer, W[illiam] Barley, wisheth all fortunate and happy success in all your enterprises, with increase of worldly worship; and, after death, the joys unspeakable.' A rare copy of the tract is at Britwell. It is reprinted in Arber's *Garner*. The stationer Thomas Walkley in 1622, in his preface to the Second Quarto of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, wrote that 'he had *adventured* to issue a revised edition knowing how many *well-wishers* it had abroad'. Another 'stationer', Richard Hawkins, who published on his own account the third edition of the same play in 1628, described himself in the preliminary page as 'acting the *merchant adventurer's* part'.

tion of that common secondary meaning of 'breed' or 'generate', which in modern speech has altogether displaced the earlier signification.'

'Beget' came into being as an intensive form of 'get', and was mainly employed in Anglo-Saxon and Mediaeval English in the sense of 'obtain'. It acquired the specialized signification of 'breed' at a slightly later stage of development, and until the end of the seventeenth century it bore concurrently the alternative meanings of 'procure' (or 'obtain') and 'breed' (or 'produce'). Seventeenth-century literature and lexicography recognized these two senses of the word and no other. 'Begetter' might mean 'father' (or 'author') or it might mean 'procurer' (or 'acquirer'). There is no suggestion that Thorpe meant that Mr. W. H. was 'author' of the sonnets. Consequently doubt that he meant 'procurer' or 'acquirer' is barely justifiable. The following are six examples of the Elizabethan use of the word in its primary significance of 'procure':—

(1) The mightier [sc. the] man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour'd, or *begets* [i.e. procures] him hate.  
(*Lucrece*, 1004-5.)

(2) We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
Such friends as Time in Padua shall *beget* [i.e. procure].  
(*Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 43-5.)

(3) 'In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion . . . acquire and *beget* a temperance.' (*Hamlet*, iii. 2. 6.) Hamlet in this sentence colloquially seeks emphasis by repetition, and the distinction of meaning to be drawn between 'acquire' and 'beget' is no more than that to be drawn between the preceding 'torrent' and 'tempest.'

(4) 'I have some cousins german at Court [that] shall *beget* you (i.e. procure for you) the reversion of the Master of the King's Revels.' (Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602; cf. Hawkins' *Origin of English Drama*, iii. 156.)

(5) '[This play] hath *begot itself* (i.e. procured for itself or obtained) a greater favour than he (i.e. *Sejanus*) lost, the love of good men.' (Ben Jonson's dedication before *Sejanus*, 1605, which was published by Thorpe.)

(6) [A spectator wishes to see a hero on the stage] 'kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters; *begets* him (i.e. get him) a reputation, and marry an Emperor's daughter for his mistress'. (Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* (1632), Act i, Epilogue.)

It should be borne in mind that in the Variorum edition of 1821 James Boswell the younger, who there incorporated Malone's unpublished collections, appended to T. T.'s dedication the note: 'The word *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing, with the common prefix *be* added to it.' After quoting Dekker's use of the word as above (No. 4), Boswell adds that W. H. probably 'furnished the printer with his copy'. Neither Steevens nor Malone, who were singularly well versed in Elizabethan bibliography,

A very few years earlier a cognomen almost identical with 'begetter' (in the sense of procurer) was conferred in a popular anthology, entitled *Belvedere or the Garden of the Muses*, on one who rendered its publisher the like service that Mr. W. H. seems to have rendered Thorpe, the publisher of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. One John Bodenham, filling much the same rôle as that assigned to Mr. W. H., brought together in 1600 a number of brief extracts ransacked from the unpublished, as well as from the published, writings of contemporary poets. Bodenham's collections fell into the hands of an enterprising 'stationer', one Hugh Astley, who published them under the title *Belvedere or The Garden of the Muses*. After an unsigned address from the publisher 'To the Reader' in explanation of the undertaking, there follows immediately a dedicatory sonnet inscribed to John Bodenham, who had brought the material for the volume together, and had committed it to the publisher's charge. The lines are signed in the publisher's behalf, by A. M. (probably the well-known writer, Anthony Munday). Bodenham was there apostrophized as

'First  
causer and  
collectour  
of these  
floures.'

First causer and collectour of these floures.

In another address to the reader at the end of the book, which is headed 'The Conclusion', the publisher again refers more prosaically to Bodenham, as 'The Gentleman who

recognized that 'begetter' could be interpreted as 'inspirer'—an interpretation of which no example has been adduced. Daniel used the word 'begotten', in the common sense of 'produced', in the dedicatory Sonnet to the Countess of Pembroke, before his collection of sonnets called *Delia* (1592). He bids his patroness regard his poems as her own, as '*begotten by thy hand and my desire*'; she is asked to treat them as if they were literally *produced* by, or born of, her hand or pen, at the writer's request. The countess was herself a writer of poetry, a circumstance which gives point to Daniel's compliment. The passage is deprived of sense if 'begotten by thy hand' be accorded any other meaning.

was *the cause* of this Collection' (p. 235). When Thorpe called 'Mr. W. H.' 'the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets', he probably meant no more than the organizers of the publication of the book called *Belvedere*, in 1600, meant when they conferred the appellations 'first causer' and 'the cause' on John Bodenham, who was procurer for them of the copy for that enterprise.<sup>1</sup>

## IV

State of the  
text.

THE corrupt state of the text of Thorpe's edition of 1609 fully confirms the conclusion that the enterprise lacked authority, and was pursued throughout in that reckless spirit which infected publishing speculations of the day. The character of the numerous misreadings leaves little doubt that Thorpe had no means of access to the author's MS. The procurer of the 'copy' had obviously brought together 'dispersed transcripts' of varying accuracy. Many had accumulated incoherences in their progress from pen to pen.<sup>2</sup> The 'copy' was constructed out of the papers circulating in private, and often gave only a hazy indication of the poet's

<sup>1</sup> What was the name of which W. H. were the initials cannot be stated positively. I have given reasons for believing them to belong to one William Hall, a freeman of the Stationers' Company, who seems to have dealt in unpublished poems or 'dispersed transcripts' in the early years of the seventeenth century and to have procured their publication; cf. *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 418 seq.

<sup>2</sup> Like Sidney's sonnets, which long circulated in 'private' MSS., Shakespeare's collection 'being spread abroad in written copies, had gathered much corruption by ill writers (i.e. scribes)'. Cf. the publisher Thomas Newman's dedicatory epistle before the first (unauthorized) edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (1591). Thorpe's bookselling friend, Edward Blount, when he gathered together, without the author's aid, the scattered essays by John Earle, which Blount published in 1628 under the title of *Micro-cosmographie*, described them as 'many sundry dispersed transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious'.

meaning. The compiler had arranged the poems roughly in order of subject. The printer followed the manuscript with ignorant fidelity. Signs of inefficient correction of the press abound, and suggest haste in composition and press-work. The book is a comparatively short one, consisting of forty leaves and 2,156 lines of verse. Yet there are probably on an average five defects per page or one in every ten lines.

Of the following thirty-eight misprints, at least thirty Misprints. play havoc with the sense:—

- XII. 4. And sable curls *or* siluer'd ore with white:  
(for *all*).
- XXIII. 14. To heare *wit* eies belongs to loues fine *wibt*:  
(for *with* and *wit*).
- XXVI. 11. And puts apparrell on my *tottered* louing: (for  
*tattered*).
- XXVIII. 14. And night doth nightly make greefes *length*  
seeme stronger: (for *strength*).
- XXXIX. 12. Which time and thoughts so sweetly *dost*  
deceiue: (for *doth*).
- XL. 7. But yet be blam'd, if thou *this* selfe deceauest:  
(for *thy*).
- XLIV. 13. Receiuing naughts by elements so sloe.
- XLVII. 11. For thou *nor* farther then my thoughts canst  
moue: (for *not* or *no*).
- LI. 10. Therefore desire (of perfects love being  
made).
- LIV. 14. When that shall vade, *by* verse distils your  
truth: (for *my*).
- LVI. 13. *As* cal it Winter, which being ful of care:  
(for *or*).
- LXIII. 2. With times iniurious hand *chrusht* and ore-  
worne: (for *crush'd*).



## Misprints.

- LXV. 12. Or who his spoile *or* beautie can forbid  
(for *of*).
- LXIX. 3. All tounge (the voice of soules) giue thee that  
*end*: (for *due*).
- LXXIII. 4. Bare *rn'rod* quiers, where late the sweet birds  
sang: (for *ruin'd*).
- LXXVI. 7. That euery word doth almost *fel* my name:  
(for *tell*).
- LXXVII. 10. Commit to these waste *blacke*, and thou shalt  
finde: (for *blanks*).
- LXXXVIII. 1. When thou shalt be *dispode* to set me light:  
(for *disposed*).
- XC. 11. But in the onset come, so *stall* I taste: (for  
*shall*).
- XC1. 9. Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me:  
(for *better*).
- XCIV. 4. Vnmooued, *could*, and to temptation slow:  
(for *cold*).
- XCVI. 11. How many gazers *mighst* thou lead away:  
(for *mightest*).
- XCIX. 9. *Our* blushing shame, an other white dispaire:  
(for *One*).
- CII. 7-8. As Philomell in summers front doth singe,  
And stops *his* pipe in growth of riper daies:  
(for *her*).
- CVI. 12. They had not *still* enough your worth to  
sing: (for *skill*).
- CVIII. 3. What's new to speake, what *now* to register:  
(for *new*).
- CXII. 14. That all the world besides *me* *thinks* y<sup>e</sup>are  
*dead*: (for *methinks are dead*).
- CXIII. 6. Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth  
*lack*: (for *latch*).

- CXXVII. 9. Therefore my *Mistersse eyes* are Rauen blacke: Misprints.  
(for *Mistress's brows*).
- CXXIX. 9. *Made In* pursut and in possession so: (for  
*mad in pursuit*).
- 10-11. Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame  
A blisse in prooffe and *proud and* very wo:  
(for *prov'd a*).
- CXXXII. 2. Knowing thy heart *torment* me with disdaine:  
(for *torments*).
9. As those two *morning* eyes become thy face:  
(for *mourning*).
- CXL. 13. That I may not be so, nor thou *be lyde*: (for  
*belied*).
- CXLIV. 2. Which like two spirits do *sugiest* me still:  
(for *suggest*).
6. Tempteth my better angel from my *sight*: (for  
*side*).
- CLII. 13. For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde  
*eye*: (for *I*).
- CLIII. 14. Where Cupid got new fire; my mistres *eye*:  
(for *eyes* rhyming with *lies*).

The discrepancies in spelling may not exceed ordinary limits, but they confirm the impression that the compositors followed an unintelligent transcript. 'Scythe' appears as 'sieth' (XII. 13 and C. 14), and as 'syeth' (CXXIII. 14); 'Minutes' appears as 'mynuits' (XIV. 5 and LXXVII. 2), as 'mynuit' (CXXVI. 8), and as 'minuites' (LX. 2); 'False' appears as 'false' (XX. 4, 5), as 'faulse' (LXVIII. 14), and as 'falce' (LXXII. 9, XCII. 14, XCIII. 7). More than forty other orthographical peculiarities of like significance, few of which are distinguishable from misprints, are:—'accumilate' for 'accumulate' (CXVII. 10); 'a floate' for 'afloat'

Confusion  
in spelling.

(LXXX. 9); 'alaied' for 'allayed' (LVI. 3); 'are' (in 'thou are') for 'art' (LXX. 1); 'Asconce' for 'Askance' (CX. 6); 'Alcumie' for 'alchemy' (CXIV. 4); 'bale' for 'bail' (CXXXIII. 10); 'beare' for 'bier' (XII. 8); 'binne' for 'been' (CXVII. 5); 'boure' for 'bower' (CXXVII. 7); 'coopelment' for 'couplement' (XXI. 5); 'Croe' for 'crow' (CXIII. 12); 'cryttick' for 'critic' (CXII. 11); 'culler' for 'colour' (XCIX. 14); 'Currall' for 'Coral' (CXXX. 2); 'deceaued' for 'deceived' (CIV. 12); 'denide' for 'denied' (CXLII. 14); 'dome' for 'doom' (CXLV. 7); 'Eaues' for 'Eves', i.e. 'Eve's' (XCIII. 13); 'ethers' for 'eithers', i.e. 'either's' (XXVIII. 5); 'fild' for 'filled' (LXIII. 3 and LXXXVI. 13); 'foles' for 'fools' (CXXIV. 13); 'grin'de' for 'grind' (CX. 10); 'grose' for 'gross' (CLI. 6); 'high' for 'height' (CXVI. 8); 'Himne' for 'hymn' (LXXXV. 7); 'hower' for 'hour' (CXXVI. 2); 'hunny' for 'honey' (LXV. 5); 'I' for 'Ay' (CXXXVI. 6); 'iealious' for 'jealous' (LVII. 9); 'inhearse' for 'inhearse' (LXXXVI. 3); 'marierom' for 'marjoram' (XCIX. 7); 'naigh' for 'neigh' (LI. 11); 'nere' for 'ne'er', i.e. 'never' (CXVIII. 5); 'of' for 'off' (LXI. 14); 'pertake' for 'partake' (CXLIX. 2); 'pibled' for 'pebbled' (LX. 1); 'pray' for 'prey' (LXXIV. 10); 'randon' for 'random' (CXLVII. 12); 'renu'de' for 'renewed' (CXI. 8); 'sawsie' for 'saucy' (LXXX. 7); 'shall' for 'shalt' (LXXXVIII. 8); 'thether' for 'thither' (CLIII. 12); 'vnstayined' for 'unstained' (LXX. 8); 'woes' for 'woos' (XLI. 7); 'yawes' for 'jaws' (XIX. 3); 'y'haue' for 'you have' (CXX. 6); 'Yf' for 'If' (CXXIV. 1).

'Their' for  
'thy'.

The substitution, fifteen times, of *their* for *thy* or *thine*, and once of *there* for *thee*, even more forcibly illustrates the want of intelligent apprehension of the subject-matter of the

poems on the part of those who saw the volume through the press. Few works are more dependent for their due comprehension on the correct reproduction of the possessive pronouns, and the frequent recurrence of this form of error is very damaging to the reputation of the text.

The following is a list of these puzzling confusions :—

xxvi. 12. To show me worthy of *their* sweet respect :  
(for *thy*).

xxvii. 10. Presents *their* shaddoe to my sightles view :  
(for *thy*).

xxxi. 8. But things remou'd that hidden in *there* lie :  
(for *thee*).

xxxv. 8. Excusing *their* sins more then *their* sins are :  
(for *thy* and *thy*).

xxxvii. 7. Intitled in *their* parts, do crowned sit : (for  
*thy*).

xlili. 11. When in dead night *their* faire imperfect  
shade : (for *thy*).

xlvi. 12. Of *their* faire health, recounting it to me :  
(for *thy*).

xlvi. 3. Mine eye, my heart *their* pictures sight would  
barre : (for *thy*).

8. And sayes in him *their* faire appearance lyes :  
(for *thy*).

13. As thus, mine eyes due is *their* outward part :  
(for *thine*).

14. And my hearts right, *their* inward loue of  
heart : (for *thine*).

lxix. 5. *Their* outward thus with outward praise is  
crownd : (for *Thy*).

lxx. 6. *Their* worth the greater beeing woo'd of  
time : (for *Thy*).

CXXVIII. 11. Ore whome *their* fingers walke with gentle gate: (for *thy*).

14. Giue them *their* fingers, me thy lips to kisse: (for *thy*).

'To' for  
'too'.

The like want of care, although of smaller moment, is apparent in the frequent substitution of the preposition *to* for the adverbial *too* :—

XXXVIII. 3. Thine owne sweet argument, *to* excellent.

LXI. 14. From me farre of, with others all *to* neere.

LXXIV. 12. *To* base of thee to be remembred.

LXXXIII. 7. How farre a moderne quill doth come *to* short.

LXXXVI. 2. Bound for the prize of (all *to* precious) you.

The reverse mistake appears in—

CXXXV. 2. And Will *too* boote: (for *to* boot).

'Were' and  
'wear'.

At least thrice *were* is confused with *wear* :—

LXXVII. 1. Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties *were*: (for *wear*).

XCVIII. 11. They *weare* but sweet, but figures of delight: (for *were*).

CXL. 5. If I might teach thee witte better it *weare*: (for *were*).

Miscellaneous errors.

The following proofs of carelessness admit of no classification, but give additional proof of the want of discrimination on the part of those who have credited the volume with exceptional typographical accuracy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There are some trifling discrepancies between various copies of the edition which illustrate the common practice among Elizabethan printers of binding up an uncorrected sheet, after the sheet has been corrected, and after other copies have been made up with the corrected version. The 'Ellesmere' copy has, in LXXVIII. 6, the unique misreading—*flee* (for *flie*)—which is corrected in other copies. As in the British Museum copy, it has, too, at F<sub>3</sub> (recto) the wrong catchword *Tbe* for *Speake*, which is set right in the Bodleian copy.

There was an obvious error in the 'copy' of the first two lines of *Sonnet CXLVI*. 1, 2 :—

Poore soule the center of *my sinfull earth*,  
*My sinfull earth* these rebbell powres that thee array.

The repetition of the three last words of line 1 at the beginning of line 2 makes the sense and metre hopeless.

*Sonnet CXVI* is wrongly headed 119.

The first word of *Sonnet CXXII*, *Thy*, appears as *TThy*. The initial 'W' of *Sonnet LXXIX* is from a wrong fount. The catchwords are given more correctly in some copies than in others, but nine errors are found in all. At C<sub>3</sub> (recto) *To* appears instead of *Thou*; at C<sub>4</sub> (verso) *Eternall* for *Eternal*; at E (recto) *Crawls* for *Crawles*; at D<sub>2</sub> (recto), E<sub>3</sub> (recto), F (verso), G<sub>2</sub> (verso), H<sub>3</sub> (verso), and I<sub>2</sub> (recto), *Mine*, *That*, *I grant*, *When*, *My*, and *Loue* appear instead of the numerals 46, 70, 82, 106, 130, and 142, which are the headings respectively of the next pages (the numeral is given correctly in like circumstances in seven other places).

The appearance of two pairs of brackets, one above the other, enclosing blank spaces, at the end of *Sonnet CXXVI* is a curious irregularity, due probably for once to the printer's scruples, albeit mistaken. The poem is not a regular sonnet: it consists of six riming couplets—twelve lines in all. But it is complete in itself, and it is not uncommon to find poems of the same kind and length inserted in sonnet-sequences of the day. The printer, however, imagined that it was a sonnet with the thirteenth and fourteenth lines missing, and for these he clumsily left a vacant space which he vaguely expected to fill in subsequently.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The suggestion that the printer intended the empty brackets to denote the close of the first section of the sonnets, most of which were addressed to a man, and the opening of a second section, most of which were addressed

Irregularities of punctuation.

Punctuation shows, on the whole, no more systematic care than other features of composition. Commas are frequent, both in and out of place. At times they stand for a full stop. At times they are puzzlingly replaced by a colon or semicolon, or again they are omitted altogether. Brackets are occasionally used as a substitute for commas, but not regularly enough to justify a belief that they were introduced on a systematic plan.<sup>1</sup>

Capitals and italics.

Considerable irregularity characterizes the use of capital letters within the line or of italic type. Both appear rarely and at the compositor's whim. It was the natural tendency to italicize unfamiliar or foreign words and names and to give them an initial capital in addition. But the printer of the sonnets usually went his own way without heed of law or custom.<sup>2</sup>

to a woman, is unsupported by authority or by the precise position of the brackets. They are directly attached to the single sonnet (CXXVI), and point to some imagined hiatus within its limits.

<sup>1</sup> Brackets, in the absence of commas, are helpful in such lines as these:

Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you	LVII. 6.
Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)	LVIII. 5.
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse	LXXI. 9.
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay	10.
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote	LXXX. 11.

Brackets are wrongly introduced in lines like:—

But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)	LXXX. 5.
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,	LXXXVI. 2.

The absence of all punctuation within the line in such lines as these is very perplexing:—

Which vsed liues th' executor to be.	IV. 14.
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.	VIII. 14.

In several places a mark of interrogation takes the place of one of exclamation with most awkward effect.

<sup>2</sup> 'Rose' is used twelve times: it is italicized once (I. 2); the names of other flowers are not italicized at all (cf. XXV. 6, XCIV. 14, XCVIII. 9, XCIX. 6). 'Alchemy' (alcumie) is used twice: it is once italicized (CXIV. 4) and once not (XXXIII. 4). 'Audite' is used thrice, and is twice italicized. 'Autumn' appears twice, and is once italicized: 'spring', 'summer', and 'winter' are never thus distinguished. The following are the other italicized words in the sonnets: *Abisme* (CXII. 9); *Adonis* (LIII. 5); *Alien* (LXXXVIII. 3);

To Thorpe's 'copy' of the sonnets was appended a poem which had no concern with them. It consisted of 329 lines in the seven-line stanza of *Lucrece*, and was entitled '*A Lovers Complaint*. By William Shake-speare.' The piece is a poetic lament by a maiden for her betrayal by a deceitful lover. The title constantly recurs in Elizabethan poetry.<sup>1</sup> The tone throughout is conventional. The language is strained, and the far-fetched imagery exaggerates the worst defects of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*. Such metaphors as the following are frequent:—

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend. (ll. 22-3.)

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face. (ll. 281-2.)

A very large number of words which are employed in the poem are found nowhere else in Shakespeare's work. Some of these seem invented for the occasion to cover incapacity of expression.<sup>2</sup> The attribution of the poem to Shakespeare may

*Cupid* (CLIII. 1 and 14); *Dyans* (CLIII. 2); *Eanes* (XCIII. 13); *Grecian* (LIII. 8); *Hellens* (LIII. 7); *Heritike* (CXXIV. 9); *Hews* (XX. 7); *Informers* (CXXV. 13); *Intrim* (LVI. 9); *Mars* (LV. 7); *Philomell* (CII. 7); *Quietus* (CXXVI. 12); *Satire* (C. 11); *Saturne* (XCVIII. 4); *Statues* (LV. 5); *Syren* (CXIX. 1); *Will* (CXXXV. 1, 2, 11, 12, 14; CXXXVI. 2, 5, 14; CXLIII. 13). In *A Lover's Complaint* only a single word throughout is italicized—*Alloes*, in l. 273. The following words of like class to those italicized in the sonnets lack that mark of distinction: *Orient* (VII. 1); *Phœnix* (XIX. 4); *Muse* (XXXII. 10 et al. loc.); *Ocean* (LXIV. 5); *Epitaph* (LXXXI. 1); *Rhetorick* (LXXXII. 10); *Charter* (LXXXVII. 3); *cryttick* (CXII. 11); *cherubines* (CXIV. 6); *Phisitions* (CXL. 8).

<sup>1</sup> Two poems called '*A Lovers Complaint*' figure in Breton's *Arber of Amorous Devises* (1597).

<sup>2</sup> The following are some of the once-used words in *A Lover's Complaint*: 'Acture' (l. 185); 'annexions' (208); 'bat' [i.e. stick] (64); 'credent' (279); 'encrimson'd' (201); 'ender' (222); 'enpatron' (224); 'enswathed' (49); 'extincture' (294); 'fluxive' (50); 'impleach'd' (205); 'inundation' (290); 'invised' (212); 'laundering' (17); 'lover'd' (320); 'maund' (36); 'pensived' (219); 'phraseless' (225); 'plenitude' (302); 'sawn' [= seen] (91); 'sheaved' bat (31); 'termless' (94).



well be disputed. It was probably a literary exercise on a very common theme by some second-rate poet, which was circulating like the sonnets in written copies, and was assigned to Shakespeare by an enterprising transcriber. The reference to—

Deep-brained sonnets, that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality,

(ll. 209-10.)

combines with the far-fetched conceits to suggest that the writer drew much of his inspiration from that vast sonnet literature, which both in France and England abounded in affected allusions to precious gems.<sup>1</sup> The typography of the poem has much the same defects as the sonnets. Among the confusing misprints are the following:—‘a sacred *Sunne*’ for ‘nun’ (260); ‘*Or* cleft effect’ for ‘O’ (293); ‘all *straining* formes’ for ‘strange’ (303); ‘*sounding* palenesse’ for ‘swounding’ or ‘swooning’ (305); ‘*sound*’ for ‘swound’ or ‘swoon’ (308).

<sup>1</sup> Ronsard, and all the poets of the Pléiade, were very generous in their comparison of their mistress’ charms to precious stones. The practice, which was freely imitated by Elizabethan sonneteers, received its most conspicuous illustration in the work of Remy Belleau, in his *Les Amours et nouveaux échanges des pierres précieuses, vertus et propriétés d’icelles*, which was first published at Paris in 1576, and figuratively describes, with amorous application, the amethyst, the diamond, the loadstone, the ruby, onyx, opal, emerald, turquoise, and many other precious stones. Shakespeare proves his acquaintance with poems of the kind, when he refers in his sonnets to the sonneteers’ habit of

Making a complement of proud compare,  
With sun and moon, with earth and sea’s *rich gems*.

(Sonnet XXI.)

In *Sonnet CXXX* he again derides the common convention:—

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;  
*Coral* is far more red than her lips’ red.

## V

THORPE's edition of the *Sonnets* does not seem to have been received by the public with enthusiasm. Edward Alleyn, the actor, purchased a copy of the book for fivepence, in June, 1609, within a month of its publication.<sup>1</sup> Another copy, in the John Rylands Library (No. VI, below), was clearly purchased at the same price for a gift-book, near the same date. Yet a third extant copy (No. VII, below) bears indication that it was acquired in very early days by Milton's patron, the Earl of Bridgewater. But there is no sign that Shakespeare's sonnets were widely read. A single edition answered the demand. The copyright proved of no marketable value. Thorpe retained it till he disappeared in 1625, and then no one was found to take it off his hands.

Reception of  
Thorpe's  
volume.

Contemporary references to Shakespeare's sonnets in the printed literature of the day are rare. The poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, seems to have studied them, though he failed to note the purchase of Thorpe's volume in the list which he prepared of the English books bought by him up to the year 1614. Many reminiscences of Shakespeare's sonnets figure in Drummond's early sonnets and poems, which were first collected in 1616. He borrowed, too, some lines from *A Lover's Complaint*, which was appended to Thorpe's edition of the *Sonnets*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Warner's *Dulwich Manuscripts*, p. 92.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Drummond's *Poems*, pt. ii, Sonnet xi, 2nd impression, Edinb. 1616 :

deare *Napkin* doe not grieve  
That I this Tribute pay thee from mine *Eine*,  
And that (these posting Houres I am to live)  
*I laundre thy faire Figures in this Brine.*

*A Lover's Complaint* (15-18):

Oft did she heave her *Napkin* to her *eyne*,  
Which on it had conceited characters,  
*Laundring the silken figures in the brine*  
That season'd woe had pelleted in teares.

Some twenty years later, Shakespeare's earnest admirer and imitator, Sir John Suckling, literally reproduced many expressions from Shakespeare's sonnets, in his *Tragedy of Brennoralt*.<sup>1</sup>

Continued  
circulation  
of the  
sonnets in  
manuscript.

There seems little doubt that Shakespeare's sonnets continued to circulate in manuscript as separate poems, with distinct headings, after, no less than before, Thorpe's publication of the collection. Many copies of detached sonnets appear in extant manuscript albums, or in commonplace books of the early years of the seventeenth century. The textual variations from Thorpe's edition indicate that these transcripts were derived from a version still circulating in manuscript, which was distinct from that which Thorpe procured. In a manuscript commonplace book in the British Museum, which was apparently begun about the year 1610, there is a copy of *Sonnet VIII*<sup>2</sup>, with the heading not found anywhere else: 'In laudem

The eighth  
sonnet in  
manuscript.

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's *Sonnet XLVII* :—

    Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,  
    And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,  
    *When that mine eye is famisht for a look,*  
    Or heart in love with sighes himselfe doth smother;  
    With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,  
    *And to the painted banquet bids my heart.*

clearly suggested such a passage in Suckling's play (v. 18-22) (cf. *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646, p. 44), as :—

    Ipb[igene]. Will you not send me neither,  
    Your picture when y' are gone?  
    *That when my eye is famisht for a looke,*  
    It may have where to feed,  
    *And to the painted Feast invite my heart.*

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Add. MS. 15,226, f. 4 b. This volume contains many different handwritings belonging to various periods of the seventeenth century. It opens with a poem which does not seem to have been printed, entitled *Rawleighs Caueat to Secure Courtiers*, beginning, 'I speak to such if anie such there be.' Towards the end of the volume is a copy of a tract on the Plague of London of 1665, and, in a far earlier hand, copies of Heywood's translation of the two Epistles of Ovid, which appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612.

musice et opprobrium contemptorij (*sic*) eiusdem.' There is no sign that the poem was recognized as forming part of any long sequence of sonnets. The variant readings are not important, but they are numerous enough, combined with differences in spelling, punctuation, and the use of capital letters, to prove that the copyist did not depend on Thorpe's text. In the manuscript the two quatrains and the concluding sixain are numbered '1', '2', and '3' respectively. The last six lines appear in the manuscript thus:—

3.

Marke howe one stringe, sweet husband to another  
Strikes each on each, by mutuall orderinge  
Resemblinge *Childe, and Syer*, and happy Mother  
w.<sup>ch</sup> all in one, *this single note* dothe singe  
whose speechles songe beeinge many seeming one  
*Sings this to thee, Thou single, shalt proue none.*

W: Shakspeare

In Thorpe's edition these lines run thus:—

Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,  
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;  
Resembling *sier, and child*, and happy mother,  
Who all in one, *one pleasing note* do sing:  
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,  
*Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.*

The superior punctuation of the last line of the manuscript is noticeable.

In like manner, *Sonnets* LXXI and XXXII, which, closely connected in subject, meditate on the likelihood that the poet will die before his friend, appear as independent poems in a manuscript commonplace book of poetry apparently kept by an Oxford student about 1633.<sup>1</sup>

*Sonnets*  
LXXI and  
XXXII.

<sup>1</sup> This MS., formerly belonging to Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, is now in the library of Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, U.S.A. Mr. Winship,

The edition  
of 1640.

No less than thirty-one years elapsed before a second publisher repeated Thorpe's experiment. In 1640, John Benson, a publisher of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, where Jaggard's memory still lingered, brought out a volume called 'Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare Gent.' It is a miscellaneous collection of verse by several hands,

of Providence, has kindly sent me a transcript. The text of the two sonnets only differs from Thorpe's edition in points of spelling and in the substitution of 'me' for 'you' in LXXI. 8, and of 'loue' for 'birth' in XXXII. 11. Thorpe's readings are the better. In a volume of MS. poetry now belonging to Mr. Bertram, of London, the well-known critic and bookseller, and dating about 1630, *Sonnet II* appears as a separate poem with a distinct title, which is not met with elsewhere. The textual variations from Thorpe's text induce Mr. Dobell to regard it as a transcript of a copy which was not accessible to Thorpe. Most of the poems in Mr. Dobell's manuscript volume bear their writers' names. But this sonnet is unsigned, and the copyist was in apparent ignorance that it was Shakespeare's work. In another similar MS. collection of poetry, which belonged to Mr. Dobell, and is now the property of an American collector, there figured several fragmentary excerpts from Shakespeare's sonnets in an order which is found nowhere else. The handwriting is of the early part of the seventeenth century, and shows slight variations in point of words, spelling, and punctuation from the printed text. In two instances distinct titles are given to the poems. One of these transcripts, headed 'Cruel', runs thus:—

Thou, Contracted to thine owne bright eys,  
Feedst thy light flame with selfe substantial fewell,  
Makeing a famine, where abundance lies,  
Thy selfe thy foe to thy sweet selfe too cruell.  
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,  
And onely herauld to ye Gaudy spring,  
Within thine owne Bud Buriest thy Contend,  
And tender Churle makes wast in niggarding.  
Pitty ye world or Els this Glutton bee  
To Eat ye worlds due by ye world & thee.  
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow  
And Dig deep tranches in thy beautyes field,  
Thy youths Proud liuery so gazd on now  
Will be A totterd weed of small worth held.  
The Canker bloomes haue ful as deepe a dy  
As ye Perfumed tincture of ye roses.

The first ten lines correspond with *Sonnet I.* 5-14, the next four with *Sonnet II.* 1-4, and the last two with *Sonnet LIV.* 5-6.

but its main contents are 146 of Shakespeare's sonnets interspersed with all the poems of Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* in the third edition of 1612, and further pieces by Heywood and others. A short appendix presents 'an addition of some excellent poems . . . by other gentlemen' which are all avowedly the composition of other pens.

There is no notice in the Stationers' Register of the formal assignment of the copyright of either Shakespeare's *Sonnets* or Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* to Benson. But Benson duly obtained a licence on November 4, 1639, for the publication of the appendix to his volume. The following entry appears in the Stationers' Company's Register under that date :—

Entred [to John Benson] for his Copie under the hands of doctor Wykes and Master ffetherston warden *An Addition of some excellent Poems to Shakespeares Poems* by other gentlemen. *vix.* His *mistris drawne.* and *her mind* by Benjamin Johnson. *An Epistle to Benjamin Johnson* by Ffrancis Beaumont. | His *Mistris shade* by R. Herrick. etc. *vjd.*<sup>1</sup>

The volume came from the press of Thomas Cotes, the printer who was at the moment the most experienced of any in the trade in the production of Shakespearean literature. Cotes had bought in 1627 and 1630 the large interests in Shakespeare's plays which had belonged respectively to Isaac Jaggard and Thomas Pavier. He printed the Second Folio of 1632 and a new edition of *Pericles* in 1635. The device which figured on the title-page of his edition of *Pericles*, as well as on that of Pavier's edition of that play in 1619, reappeared on Benson's edition of the *Poems* in 1640.

But, closely associated as the *Poems* of 1640 were, through the printer Cotes, with the current reissues of

The source  
of Benson's  
text.

<sup>1</sup> Arber, iv. 461.

Shakespeare's works, it may be doubted whether Benson depended on Thorpe's printed volume in his confused impression of the sonnets.<sup>1</sup> The word 'sonnets', which loomed so large in Thorpe's edition, finds no place in Benson's. In the title-pages, in the head-lines, and in the publisher's 'Advertisement', Benson calls the contents 'poems' or 'lines'. He avows no knowledge of 'Shakespeares Sonnets'. Thorpe's dedication to Mr. W. H. is ignored. The order in which Thorpe printed the sonnets is disregarded. Benson presents his 'poems' in a wholly different sequence, and denies them unity of meaning. He offers them to his readers as a series of detached compositions. At times he runs more than one together, without break. But on each detachment he bestows an independent descriptive heading. The variations from Thorpe's text, though not for the most part of great importance, are numerous.

The separate titles given by Benson to the detached sonnets represent all the poems save three or four to be addressed to a woman. For example, that which Thorpe numbered CXXII is entitled by Benson, 'Vpon the receipt of a Table Booke from *his Mistris*,' and that which Thorpe numbered CXXV is headed, 'An intreatie for *her* acceptance.' A word of the text is occasionally changed in order to bring it into accord with the difference of sex. In *Sonnet* CIV. 1, Benson reads 'faire love' instead of Thorpe's 'faire friend', and in CVIII. 5, 'sweet love' for Thorpe's 'sweet boy'.

<sup>1</sup> Benson's preface 'To the Reader' is not very clearly phrased, but he gives no indication that the poems, which he now offers his public, were reprinted from any existing publication. His opening words run :—

'I here presume (under favour) to present to your view, some excellent and sweetely composed Poems, of Master William Shakespeare, Which in themselves appeare of the same purity, [as those which] the Authour himselfe then living avouched ; they had not the fortune by reason of their Infancie in his death, to have the due accomodatiō of proportionable glory, with the rest

But it is surprising how rare is any alteration of this kind necessary in order to adapt the sonnets to a woman's fascinations. *Sonnet XX*, which is unmistakably addressed to a man, is headed 'The Exchange', and *Sonnet XXVI*, which begins 'Lord of my love', is headed 'A dutiful message'. But such other headings as, 'In Prayse of his Love,' 'An address to his scornefull Loue,' 'Complaint for his Loues absence,' 'Self-flattery of her beauty,' &c., which are all attached to sonnets in what is known as the first section of Thorpe's volume, present no inherent difficulty to the reader's mind. The superscriptions make it clear that Benson did not distinguish the sonnets from amatory poems of a normal type.

Benson's text seems based on some amateur collection of pieces of manuscript poetry, which had been in private circulation. His preface implies that the sonnets and poems in his collection were not among those which he knew Shakespeare to have 'avouched' (i. e. publicly acknowledged) in his lifetime. By way of explaining their long submergence, he hazards a guess that they were penned very late in the dramatist's life. John Warren, who contributes new commendatory lines ('Of Mr. William Shakespear') for Benson's edition, writes of the sonnets as if the reader was about to make their acquaintance for the first time.<sup>1</sup> He says of them that they

*Will* make the learned *still* admire to see  
The Muses' gifts so fully infused on thee.

of his everliving Workes.' 'Everliving'—the epithet which Thorpe applied to Shakespeare—was in too common use as a synonym for 'immortal' to make it needful to assume that Benson borrowed it from Thorpe (cf. Shakespeare, *I Henry VI*, iv. 3. 51, 'That *ever-living* man of memorie Henry the Fifth').

<sup>1</sup> The other piece of commendatory verse by Leonard Digges confines itself to an enthusiastic account of Shakespeare's continued hold on the stage, and to the playgoer's preference of his work over that of Ben Jonson.



The theory that the publisher Benson sought his copy elsewhere than in Thorpe's treasury is supported by other considerations. *Sonnets* CXXXVIII and CXLIV, which take the thirty-first and thirty-second places respectively in Benson's volume, ignore Thorpe's text, and follow that of Jaggard's *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599 or 1612). The omission of eight sonnets tells the same tale. Among these are one of the most beautiful, 'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?' No. XVIII, and the twelve-lined lyric numbered CXXVI, which some critics have interpreted as intended by Shakespeare to form the envoy to the sonnets addressed to the man. It is difficult to account for the exclusion of these two poems, and six others (Nos. XIX, XLIII, LVI, LXXV, LXXVI, and XCVI), except on the assumption that Benson's compiler had not discovered them.

Eighteenth-century editions of the sonnets.

Whatever may have been the source of Benson's text, his edition of them, although it was not reprinted till 1710, practically superseded Thorpe's effort for more than a hundred years.<sup>1</sup> The sonnets were ignored altogether in the great editions of Shakespeare which appeared in the early years of the eighteenth century. Neither Nicholas Rowe, nor Pope, nor Theobald, nor Hanmer, nor Warburton, nor Capell, nor Dr. Johnson, included them in their respective collections of Shakespeare's plays. None of these editors, save Capell, showed any sign of acquaintance with them. In collections of 'Shakespeare's Poems' forming supplementary volumes to Rowe's and Pope's edition of the plays,

<sup>1</sup> In 1654 there was issued a catalogue of books '*printed for Humphrey Moseley and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince's Armes in St. Paule's Churchyard*'. Among the books noticed is 'Poems written by Mr. William Shakespeare Gent.' The entry suggests that Moseley caused to be printed and published a new issue of Shakespeare's poems, but there is no trace of any such edition.

which came out under independent editorship in the years 1710 and 1725 respectively, and were undertaken by independent publishers, the whole of Benson's volume of 1640 was reprinted; the sonnets were not separated from the chaff that lay about them there.<sup>1</sup> The volumes which were issued in the middle of the century under such titles as 'Poems on several occasions, by Shakespeare' (1750?) or 'Poems. Written by Mr. William Shakespeare' (1775), again merely reproduce Benson's work.

Only one publisher in the early years of the century showed any acquaintance with Thorpe's version. In 1710 Bernard Lintott included an exact reprint of it in the second volume of his 'A Collection of Poems (by Shakespeare)'. But no special authority attached to Lintott's reprint in the critical opinion of the day, and even Lintott betrayed the influence of Benson's venture by announcing on his title-page that 'Shakespeare's one hundred and fifty-four Sonnets' were '*all in praise of his mistress*'.

It was not until 1766 that the critical study of Shakespeare's sonnets can be said to have begun. In that year Steevens included an exact reprint, of his copy of Thorpe's edition of 1609 (with the Wright imprint), in the fourth volume of his 'Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration, Collated where there were different Copies and Publish'd from the Originals'. The only comment that Steevens there made on the

<sup>1</sup> Charles Gildon, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1710, whose work was freely appropriated by Dr. Sewall, the editor of the supplementary volume of 1725, denied that any of Shakespeare's poems were sent to press before 1640, and refuted doubts of their authenticity on internal evidence only. Of the sonnets or 'Epigrams', as he calls them, he remarks: 'There is a wonderful smoothness in many of them that makes the Blood dance to its numbers' (p. 463).

sonnets was that 'the consideration' that they made their appearance with Shakespeare's name, and in his lifetime, 'seemed to be no slender proof of their authenticity'. Of their literary value, Steevens announced shortly afterwards a very low opinion. He excluded them from his revision of Johnson's edition of the plays which came out in 1778.

Malone's  
first critical  
edition,  
1780.

Malone produced the first critical edition of the sonnets in 1780, in his 'Supplement to the Edition of Shakespeare's Plays published in 1778', vol. i. This revision of Thorpe's text proved of the highest value. Steevens supplied some notes and criticisms, and in the annotations on *Sonnet CXXVII*, Malone and he engaged in a warm controversy, which occupied nearly six pages of small type, regarding the general value of Shakespeare's sonnets. A year before Steevens borrowed of Malone a volume containing first editions of the *Sonnets* and *Lucrece*. On returning it to its owner, he pasted on a blank leaf a rough sketch in which Shakespeare is seen to be addressing William Atkinson, Malone's medical attendant, in these words:—

If thou couldst, Doctor, cast  
The water of my sonnets, find their disease,  
Or purge my editor, till he understood them,  
I would applaud thee, &c.<sup>1</sup>

Steevens now insisted that 'quaintness obscurity and tautology' were inherent 'in this exotik species of com-

<sup>1</sup> The volume containing this drawing is in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library (Mal. 34). It contains the following note in Malone's handwriting:—'Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779 to peruse *The Rape of Lucrece* in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it, he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and was attended by Mr. Atkinson, the Apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakespeare addresses, is a caricature.—E. M.'

position'. Malone, in reply, confessed no enthusiasm for Shakespeare's sonnets, but claimed for their 'beautiful lines' a rare capacity for illustrating the language of the plays. He agreed that their ardent expressions of esteem could alone, with propriety, be addressed to a woman.

About the same date, Capell, who gave Malone some assistance, carefully revised in manuscript Thorpe's text, as it appeared in Lintott's edition of 1710. But his revised text remains unpublished in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Steevens was to the end irreconcilable, and in an Advertisement prefixed to his last edition of Shakespeare, 1793, he justified his continued exclusion of the sonnets from Shakespeare's works on the ground that the 'strongest Act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service'.<sup>\*</sup> The sonnets figured in Thorpe's text, revised by Malone, in the latter's edition of Shakespeare's works of 1790, in the Variorum of 1803, and in all the leading editions of Shakespeare's works that have been published since.

The reasoned and erudite appreciation, which distinguished eighteenth-century criticism of Shakespearean drama, gives historic interest to its perverse depreciations or grudging commendations of the Sonnets. Not till the nineteenth century was reached, did the tones of apology or denunciation cease. Nineteenth-century critics of eminence with a single exception soon reached a common understanding in regard to the transcendent merit of the poetry. Hazlitt, alone of

Nineteenth-century criticism.

<sup>\*</sup> Steevens added: 'These miscellaneous poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgement of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture. Had Shakespeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonneteer.'

the great Shakespearean critics of the past century, declined to commit himself without damaging reserves to the strain of eulogy. At the same time differences have continued to prevail as to the precise significance of the poems, even amongst those whose poetic insight entitle their opinion to the most respectful hearing. Coleridge and Robert Browning refused to accept the autobiographic interpretation which commended itself to Wordsworth and Shelley. Great weight was attached to Hallam's censure of the literal theory: 'There is a weakness and folly in all excessive and misplaced affection, which is not redeemed by the touches of nobler sentiments that abound in this long series of sonnets.' The controversy is not yet ended. But the problem, in the present writer's opinion, involves in only a secondary degree vexed questions of psychology or aesthetics. The discussion must primarily resolve itself into an historical inquiry respecting the conditions and conventions which moulded the literary expression of sentiment and passion in Elizabethan England.

## VI

Census of  
copies.

COPIES of the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets* are now very scarce. A somewhat wide study of sale catalogues of the past 150 years reveals the presence in the book market of barely a dozen during that period. Many years have passed since a copy was sold at public auction, and the only recent evidence of the selling value of the book is the fact that the copy No. IX, *infra*, which was sold by public auction in 1864 for £225 15s. 0d., was acquired privately, a quarter of a century later, by a collector of New York for a thousand pounds. Of the eleven traceable copies which are enumerated below, one lacks the title-page,

—

and two have facsimile title-pages; of the remaining eight, three have the Aspley imprint and five the Wright imprint. Of the eleven copies, eight are in England, and three in private libraries in America. Of the British copies six are in public collections. The Earl of Ellesmere and Mr. Huth seem to be the only private English owners.<sup>1</sup>

THE EDITION  
OF 1609.  
Description.

The original edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* appeared with two title-pages varying in the name of the bookseller in the imprint. One issue ran :—

SHAKE-SPEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Im-  
printed. | AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be  
solde by *William Aspley*. | 1609.

The title-page of the other issue ran :—

SHAKES-PEARES | SONNETS | Neuer before Im-  
printed. | AT LONDON | By G. Eld for T. T. and are | to be  
solde by *Iohn Wright*, dwelling | at Christ Church gate. | 1609.

The volume is printed in quarto, containing in all forty leaves. Signature A, consisting of two leaves only, contains the title-page and dedication. The text of the *Sonnets* begins on signature B and ends on K recto. On K verso begins 'A Louers complaint. | By | William Shake-speare', and it ends with the close of the volume on L 2 verso. Thus the signatures run :—A (two leaves), B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K in fours, and L (two leaves). There is no pagination; the leaves A<sub>1</sub>, A<sub>2</sub>, C<sub>4</sub>, D<sub>4</sub>, E<sub>4</sub>, F<sub>4</sub>, G<sub>4</sub>, H<sub>4</sub>, I<sub>4</sub>, are unsigned.

Of the copies in the British Museum, that in the Grenville

No. I.  
British  
Museum.

<sup>1</sup> It is impossible to determine whether the three copies mentioned in the following sale catalogues can be rightly identified with any of the eleven enumerated copies, or whether they had, and have, a separate existence :—

1. A copy in the library of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, which was sold by the bookseller Osborn, of Gray's Inn, in 1742.

2. A copy in the Duke of Marlborough's library at White Knights, sold in 1819 for £37.

3. A copy in the collection of James Boswell the younger, which was sold in 1825 for £38 17s. od.

collection (G. 11181), measuring  $6\frac{5}{8}'' \times 4\frac{5}{8}''$  and bound in red morocco, is in fine condition. This has the Aspley imprint. A few pages are stained. This is possibly the copy with Aspley imprint, priced at £30 in Messrs. Longman's sale list, *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, 1815, p. 301, which fetched £40 19s. 0d. at the sale of a portion of John Bellingham Inglis' library in June, 1826.

THE EDITION  
OF 1609.

British  
Museum  
(Grenville)  
copy.

The second Museum copy (C. 21. c. 44), which measures  $7\frac{1}{6}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$ , has the title-page and last leaf in a dirty condition, but otherwise it is a good copy. Some pages are mended. It is bound in yellow morocco. It was apparently sold with the library of B. H. Bright in 1845 for £34 10s. 0d. It has the Wright imprint. It was reproduced in Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 30, by Charles Praetorius in 1886.

No. II.  
British  
Museum  
(Bright)  
copy.

Of the two copies in the Bodleian Library, the one which is reproduced here belongs to the Malone collection and is bound up with the first edition of *Lucrece*. It has the Aspley imprint, and measures  $7\frac{5}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$ , being inlaid on paper measuring  $9\frac{1}{8}'' \times 7\frac{1}{8}''$ . Malone acquired the volume in April, 1779, paying twenty guineas for the two quartos.<sup>1</sup> He lent the volume to Steevens in the same year. Malone subsequently inlaid and bound up the two tracts with quarto editions of *Hamlet* (1607), of *Love's Labour's Lost* (1598), of *Pericles* (1609 and 1619), and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608). The whole volume was labelled 'Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.' It is now numbered Malone 34.

No. III.  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy.

The second Bodleian copy was presented by Thomas Caldecott, and is now numbered Malone 886. The volume is bound up with 1594 editions of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, which it follows. It has several manuscript notes in Caldecott's handwriting, chiefly dealing with misprints and illustrations from the plays. The copy has been cut down by the binder. It measures  $6\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{5}{8}''$ , and the date of the title-page, which bears Wright's name, has been cut off.

No. IV.  
Bodleian  
(Caldecott)  
copy.

A copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, No. v.

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Charlemont's MSS., i. 343 (in *Hist. Comm. MSS. Report*).



THE EDITION  
OF 1609.

Trinity  
College,  
Cambridge,  
copy.

No. VI.  
The John  
Rylands  
Library  
copy.

Cambridge, is defective, wanting eight leaves (A<sub>1</sub>-2, B<sub>1</sub>, K<sub>2</sub>-L<sub>2</sub>) including the title. The missing pages are supplied in manuscript by Capell, who transcribed a Wright title-page. The volume measures 7" x 5".

The John Rylands Library, in Manchester, contains a very fine copy which was acquired with Lord Spencer's Althorp collection, in 1892. It measures 7½" x 5", and has the Wright imprint. Earl Spencer purchased it in 1798, at the sale of Dr. Richard Farmer's library, for £8. It is in excellent condition, and is bound by Roger Payne in green morocco. Two peculiarities give the copy exceptional interest. On the last page of the volume, below the ornament, is the following manuscript note, in a somewhat ornamental handwriting of the early seventeenth century:—'Comendacons to my very kind & approued ffreind 23 : M :'. The numeral and capital at the end of the inscription may be the autograph of the donor in cipher, or may indicate the date of gift, March or May 23. Nothing is known of the history of this inscription, and there is no internal or external evidence to associate it in any way with Shakespeare. The copy was clearly presented by one friend to another about the date of publication. Another manuscript note in the volume is of more normal character. At the top of the title-page—to the left above the ornament—is the symbol 's<sup>d</sup>' written in the same hand as the inscription at the end. There is no doubt that this represents the cost of the volume, and it is curious to note that Edward Alleyn records in his account-book for June, 1609, that he paid fivepence for a copy of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. The suggestion based on this fact that the Spencer copy originally belonged to Alleyn seems hazardous.<sup>1</sup>

No. VII.  
The Bridge-  
water House  
copy.

An interesting history attaches to the copy in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House. Originally acquired by the second Earl of Bridgewater, it was sold by

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Dibdin's *Aedes Althorpianae*, i. 194. Mr. Guppy, the librarian of the John Rylands library, has kindly given me a very full description of this volume and careful tracings of the manuscript inscriptions.

the last Duke of Bridgewater in 1802, apparently on the erroneous assumption that he owned another copy. It was then bought by George Chalmers for £1. At the sale of Chalmers' library, in 1842, it was repurchased for the library at Bridgewater House by the first Earl of Ellesmere, grandfather of the third Earl, the present owner, for £105. This copy was reproduced in photo-zincography, under the direction of Sir Henry James, in 1862. It has the Aspley title-page. It is in eighteenth-century binding. The measurements are  $7\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ .

THE EDITION  
OF 1609.

The copy belonging to A. H. Huth has the Wright imprint. It was for many years in the Bentinck library at Varel, near Oldenburg, and formed part of a volume of tracts which had been bound together in 1728. The volume was first noticed by Professor Tycho Mommsen in 1857, when the Bentinck library was dispersed by sale. It was purchased by Halliwell[-Phillipps], but was sold at a sale of his books in 1858, when it was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, (through the bookseller Lilly) for £154 7s. od. The copy is somewhat dirty, the top margins are cut close, and some of the print in the headlines is shaved.<sup>1</sup>

No. VIII  
The Huth  
copy.

Of the copies in America, the most interesting belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York. It has the Wright imprint, is bound in brown morocco by Charles Lewis, and measures  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5''$ . At the end of the seventeenth century it was purchased by Narcissus Luttrell for one shilling. It subsequently belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears, and it was sold in 1800 at the sale of Steevens' library for £3 19s. od. It was then acquired by the Duke of Roxburghe, at the sale of whose library in 1812 it fetched

No. IX.  
The Dwight  
Church  
copy

<sup>1</sup> A copy of Shakespeare's 'Poems and Sonnets' dated 1609 is mentioned in the manuscript catalogue of the library of Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire. The library was bequeathed, with the Gopsall property, to Lord Howe's ancestor, William Penn Asheton Curzon, by Charles Jennens, the virtuoso, and friend of Handel, in 1773. But the earliest edition of the *Sonnets* in Lord Howe's library at Gopsall proves on examination (which Lord Howe invited me there to make) to be Lintott's edition of 1710—in which the title-page of the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets* is reproduced.

THE EDITION  
OF 1609.

£21 10s. od. It was again sold at Evans' sale rooms in a valuable collection of 'Books of a Gentleman gone abroad', on Jan. 25, 1830, for £29 10s. 6d., and was afterwards acquired by George Daniel, whose monogram G. D. is stamped on the cover. It fetched at the Daniel sale of 1864 £225 15s. od., and afterwards passed into the collection of Almon W. Griswold of New York. Mr. Church purchased it of Mr. Griswold through Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in 1889 for £1,000 (5,000 dollars). The title-page is reproduced in facsimile in the Grolier Club's 'Catalogue of original and early editions', 1895, p. 185.

No. X.  
The Halsey  
copy, for-  
merly at  
Rowfant.

Mr. F. R. Halsey, of New York, is the owner of the copy formerly belonging to Frederick Locker Lampson, of Rowfant, which was sold to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York in Jan. 1905. This copy has the Aspley imprint. It seems to be the 'imperfect' copy sold at the Jolley sale in London in 1844 for £33;<sup>1</sup> and successively in the libraries of Edward Vernon Utterson, at whose sale in 1852 it fetched £30 5s. od.; of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who sold it for £41 in 1856, when it was acquired by Sir William Tite. At the Tite sale in 1874 it seems to have been bought by Messrs. Ellis & White for the late Frederick Locker Lampson for £15 10s. od. The title and dedication are supplied in admirable facsimile by Harris. The volume is bound in extra-morocco by J. Clarke.

No. XI.  
The White  
copy.

A third copy in America, which belongs to Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, also has the title-page and dedication in facsimile. It measures 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 5". The volume was bound by Charles Lewis and acquired by the present owner in New York in 1887.

POEMS OF  
1640.  
Description.

The edition of 1640 is an octavo of ninety-seven leaves without pagination, and is made up in two distinct parts—

<sup>1</sup> Dibdin writes somewhat mysteriously of Jolley's copy, despite its imperfections, thus: 'The history of the acquisition of the Jolley copy is one of singular interest, almost sufficient to add another day to a bibliographical decameron. The copy is in pristine condition, and looks as if snatched from the press.' Bound up with the *Venus and Adonis* of 1594 (see *Venus and Adonis*, Census No. II, British Museum copy), it was acquired by Jolley for a few pence in a Lancashire ramble.

the first of five leaves and the second of ninety-two. The first part, of five leaves, is supplementary to the rest of the work. On the third and fourth leaves are respectively the signatures \*2, \*3, a form of signature which indicates that the sheet to which it is attached was prepared and printed after the rest of the volume was ready for the press. These supplementary pages contain a frontispiece facing the title, presenting a carefully-elaborated cut of the Droeshout engraving of the First Folio signed 'W. M. Sculpsit'. The engraver was William Marshall, an artist of repute. The lower half of the plate is occupied by eight lines of verse, of which the first six consist of three couplets drawn at haphazard from Ben Jonson's eulogy in the First Folio. The concluding couplet—

POEMS OF  
1640.

The supplementary  
opening  
pages.

For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,  
Thy like no age shall ever parallel.

alone seems original.' The title-page of the supplementary leaves runs:—

*Poems:* | Written | by Wil. Shake-speare | Gent. | [Printer's device with motto 'Heb. Ddim. Heb. Ddiev.'] Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, and are | to be sold by *Iohn Benson*, dwelling in | *St. Dunstan's Church-yard*. 1640.

On leaf \*2 begins 'Address to the Reader', signed I. B., i. e. John Benson, the publisher and bookseller. On leaf \*3 begins a piece of commendatory verse 'Vpon Master William Shakespeare, the Deceased Authour, and his Poems' occupying three pages and signed 'Leon. Digges'. On the back of leaf \*4 are seven commendatory couplets headed 'Of Mr. William Shakespeare' and signed John Warren. There the first part of the volume ends.

The second and substantive portion of the volume follows immediately. It begins with a second title-page, identical at all points with the first, save for the omission of the date, 1640, in the last line. This title is printed on

The substantive  
portion of  
the book.

' The first three couplets are respectively Jonson's lines 17, 18, 47, 48, and 3, 4.

POEMS OF  
1640.

the first leaf of a sheet bearing the signature A. The text begins on a leaf which is signed A<sub>2</sub>, and headed 'Poems by Wil. Shake-speare, Gent.' Thenceforth the signatures are regularly marked, viz. A<sub>2</sub>, A<sub>3</sub>-M<sub>4</sub> in eights. The contents become very miscellaneous and are by many hands after leaf G (recto), on which appears Shakespeare's last sonnet, CLIV. After an interval of four leaves, on G<sub>5</sub> (verso) begins *A Lovers Complaint*, which finishes on H<sub>2</sub> (verso), and is succeeded by Heywood's two 'Epistles' from *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612 (H<sub>3</sub> recto-K<sub>4</sub> recto). The following leaves down to L<sub>1</sub> (verso) are successively occupied by Marlowe's poem, 'Liue with me and be my loue', with Raleigh's reply (in the text, not of *The Passionate Pilgrim* but of *England's Helicon*); another [reply] of the same nature (from *England's Helicon*); 'Take oh take those lippes away' (from Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* in two stanzas, of which the first only appeared in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1. 1-6); 'Let the bird of lowest lay' with the 'Threnes' (from Chester's *Loves Martyr*, 1601, where it is assigned to Shakespeare); 'Why should this a Desart be' (from *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 133-62); Milton's Epitaph from the Second Folio; Basse's sonnet from the First Folio; and a previously unprinted 'Elegie on the death of that famous Writer and Actor, Mr. William Shakespeare'. On signature L<sub>2</sub> (recto) is introduced a new section headed: 'An addition of some excellent poems, to those precedent, of renowned Shakespeare, by other gentlemen.' Sixteen separate poems follow with the following titles: 'His Mistresse Drawne', signed B. L.; 'Her minde', signed B[en] I[onson]; 'To Ben. Iohnson', signed F[rancis] B[eaumont]; 'His Mistris Shade' (from Herrick's *Hesperides*); 'Lavinia walking in a frosty morning'; 'A Sigh sent to his Mistresse'; 'An Allegorical allusion of melancholy thoughts to Bees', signed I. G.; 'The Primrose' (from Herrick's *Hesperides*); 'A Sigh' (by Thomas Carew); 'A Blush'; 'Orpheus Lute'; 'Am I dispis'd because you say' (from Herrick's *Hesperides*); 'Vpon a Gentlewoman walking on the Grasse'; 'On his Love going to Sea' (assigned to Carew); and 'Aske me no more where *loue*

bestovves' (by Carew). A typed facsimile of the 1640 volume was issued by Alfred Russell Smith in 1885. POEMS OF  
1640.

The volume is comparatively common. The earliest mention of its sale by auction was in 1683, but the price it fetched is unknown. It sold for a shilling at Dr. Francis Bernard's sale in 1688. Just a century later a copy fetched 9s. at Thomas Pearson's sale. The highest price it has yet reached at public auction is £106, which was realized at the Turner sale in June, 1888. Since that date a dozen copies, in very varying condition, have been publicly sold at lower prices. Copies are in the following public libraries in England: The British Museum, two copies (one in Grenville collection, measuring  $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{9}{16}''$ , and one, C. 39. a. 40, without portrait); Bodleian Library, Oxford, Malone collection; Trinity College, Cambridge, Capell collection, measuring  $5\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{3}{8}''$ ; the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Birmingham; and the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Stratford-on-Avon. The copies  
in public  
libraries.

In America the public libraries possessing copies include: New York Public Library (Lenox collection), Boston Public Library (Barton collection).

Among private owners in America Mr. Robert Hoe of New York owns the very fine copy, bound by Charles Lewis, measuring  $5\frac{9}{16}'' \times 3\frac{3}{4}''$ , which fetched £106 at the sale in London at Sotheby's on June 18, 1888, of the library of Robert Samuel Turner. Heber's (imperfect) copy is now the property of Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia.



# SHAKE-SPEARES

## S O N N E T S.

Neuer before Imprinted.



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AT LONDON  
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are  
to be sold by *William Aspley.*  
1609. 24





TO.THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.  
THESE.INSVING.SONNETS.  
M'.W.H. ALL.HAPPINESSE.  
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.  
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER-LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.  
ADVENTVRER.IN.  
SETTING.  
FORTH.

T. T.



**SHAKESPEARE,**  
**SONNETS.**

**F**rom fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die,  
But as the ripen should by time de cease,  
His tender heire might beare his memory:  
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall seuell,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweet selfe too cruell:  
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,  
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,  
And tender chorde mak'st wast in niggarding:  
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

2

**W**hen fortie Winters shall be seige thy brow,  
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,  
Thy youthes proud linery so gaz'd on now,  
Wil be a totter'd weed of smal worth held:  
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;  
To say within thine owne deepe sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.  
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,  
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse  
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.

B

*This*

### SHAKE-SPEARES

This were to be new made when thou art ould,  
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

<sup>3</sup>  
**L**ooke in thy glasse and tell the face thou rewest,  
Now is the time that face should forme an other,  
Whose fresh repaire if now thou not renewest,  
Thou do'st beguile the world, vnlesse some mother.  
For where is she so faire whose vn-card wombe  
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,  
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee  
Calls backe the iouely Aprill of her prime,  
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,  
Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.  
But if thou liue remembered not to be,  
Die single and thine Image dies with thee.

<sup>4</sup>  
**V**Nthrifty louelineffe why dost thou spend.  
Vpon thy selfe thy beauties legacy?  
Natures bequest giues nothing but doth lend,  
And being franck she lends to those are free:  
Then beauntious nigard why doost thou abuse,  
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?  
Profities vsurer why doost thou vse  
So great a summe of summes yet can'st not liue?  
For hauing traffike with thy selfe alone,  
Thou of thy selfe thy sweet selfe dost deceaue.  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable *Audit* can'st thou leaue?  
Thy vnus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which vsed liues th'executor to be.

<sup>5</sup>  
**T**Hose howers that with gentle worke did frame,  
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell  
Will play the tyrants to the very same.

And

# SONNETS.

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:  
 For neuer resting time leads Summer on,  
 To hidious winter and confounds him there,  
 Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon,  
 Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes euery where,  
 Then were not summers distillation left  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,  
 Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.  
 But flowers distil'd though they with winter meeete,  
 Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweete.

6

**T**hen let not winters wragged hand deface,  
 In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:  
 Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,  
 With beautits treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:  
 That vs is not forbidden vsery,  
 Which happies those that pay the willing lones;  
 That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,  
 Or ten times happier be it ten for one,  
 Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,  
 Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,  
 Leauing thee liuing in posterity?  
 Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,  
 To be deachs conquest and make wormes thine heire,

7

**L**oe in the Orient when the gracious light,  
 Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye  
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,  
 Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty,  
 And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:  
 But when from high-moost pitch with wery car,

B 2

Lik

# SHAKE-SPEARES

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes (fore dutious) now conuerted are  
From his low tract and looke an other way:  
So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon:  
Vnlok'd on diest vnlesse thou get a sonne.

8

**M**Vfick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,  
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:  
Why lou'st thou that which thou receau'st not gladly,  
Or else reſeau'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,  
By vnions married do offend thine care,  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singlenesse the parts that thou should'st beare:  
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,  
Strikes each in each by mutuall ordering;  
Reſembling ſier, and child, and happy mother,  
Who all in one, one pleasing note do ſing:  
Whoſe ſpeechleſſe ſong being many, ſeeming one,  
Sings this to thee thou ſingle wilt proue none.

9.

**I**S it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,  
That thou conſum'st thy ſelfe in ſingle life?  
Ah, if thou iſſuleſſe ſhalt hap to die,  
The world will waile thee like a makeleſſe wife.  
The world wilbe thy widdow and ſtill weepe,  
That thou no forme of thee haſt left behind,  
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,  
By childrens eyes, her husbands ſhape in mind:  
Looke what an vnthrif in the world doth ſpend!  
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world inioyes it  
But beauties waſte hath in the world an end,  
And kept vnviſe the uſer ſo deſtroyes it:  
No loue toward others in that boſome ſits  
That on himſelfe ſuch murderous ſhame commits.

10

# SONNETS.

10

**F**Or shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any  
 Who for thy selfe art so vnprouident  
 Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,  
 But that thou none lou'st is most euident:  
 For thou art so possest with murderous hate,  
 That gainst thy selfe thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beautilous roose to ruinate  
 Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire :  
 O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,  
 Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?  
 Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,  
 Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,  
 Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,  
 That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

11

**A**S fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'st,  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest,  
 And that fresh bloud which yongly thou bestow'st,  
 Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuertest,  
 Herein liues wisdom, beauty, and increase,  
 Without this follie, age, and could decay,  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore yeare would make the world away:  
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featurelesse, and rude, barrenly perrish,  
 Look on whom she best indow'd, she gaue the more;  
 Which bountious gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish,  
 She caru'd thee for her seale, and ment therby,  
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12

**W**hen I doe count the clock that tels the time,  
 And see the braue day sunck in hidious night,  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls or silver'd ore with white:  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaues,  
 Which erst from heat did canopie the herd

B 3

And



SHAKE-SPEARE

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues  
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beards:  
Then of thy beauty do I question: make  
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,  
Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow,  
And nothing gainst Times sieth can make defence  
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

13

**Q** That you were your selfe, but loue you are  
No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue,  
Against this cumming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other giue.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination, then you were  
You selfe again after your selves decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.  
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,  
Against the stormy gusts of winters day  
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?  
O none but vnthrifts, deare my loue you know,  
You had a Father, let your Son say so.

14

**N** Or from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,  
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,  
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,  
Nor can I fortune to breese mynuits tell;  
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,  
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel  
By oft predict that I in heauen finde.  
But from thine eies my knowledge I deriue,  
And constant stars in them I read such art  
As truth and beautie shal together thrue  
If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert:

SONNETS.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is Truthes and Beauties doome and date.

15

**W**hen I consider euery thing that growes  
Holds in perfection but a little moment.  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shewes  
Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.  
When I perceiue that men as plants increase,  
Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skies  
Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,  
And were their braue state out of memory.  
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,  
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
Where wastfull time debateth with decay  
To change your day of youth to sullied night,  
And all is war with Time for loue of you  
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

16

**B**ut wherefore do not you a mightier waie  
Make warre vpon this bloudie tirant time?  
And fortifie your selfe in your decay  
With meanes more blessed then my barren time?  
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,  
And many maiden gardens yet vnset,  
With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,  
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:  
So should the lines of life that life repaire  
Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)  
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire  
Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,  
To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,  
And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill.

17

**V**Ho will beleeue my verse in time to come  
If it were filld with your most high deserts?  
B. 4. Though,

SHAKESPEARE

Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe  
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts:  
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
The age to come would say this Poet lies,  
Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.  
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)  
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,  
And your true rights be term'd a Poets rage,  
And stretched miter of an Antique song.  
But were some childe of yours aliue that time,  
You should liue twise in it, and in my rime,

18.

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?  
Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,  
And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:  
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,  
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'st in his shade,  
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'st,  
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,  
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

19

Deuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,  
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,  
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,  
And burne the long liu'd Phœnix in her blood,  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,  
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:  
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,

0

# SONNETS.

O carue not with thy howers my loues faire brow,  
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,  
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,  
For beauties patterne to succeeding men.  
Yet doe thy worst ould Time dispight thy wrong,  
My loue shall in my verse euer liue young.

20

**A** Womans face with natures owne hand painted,  
Haste thou the Master Mistris of my passion,  
A womans gentle hart but not acquainted  
With shifting change as is false womens fashion,  
An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in rowling:  
Gilding the obiekt where-vpon it gazeth,  
A man in hew all *Hens* in his controwling,  
Which steales mens eyes and womens soules amaseth,  
And for a woman wert thou first created,  
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a dotinge,  
And by addition me of thee defeated,  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.  
But since she prickt thee out for womens pleasure,  
Mine bethy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

21

**S**O is it not with me as with that Muse,  
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,  
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,  
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,  
Making a coopelment of proud compare  
With Sunne and Moone, with earth and seas rich gems:  
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,  
That heauens syre in this huge rondure hems,  
O let me true in loue but truly write,  
And then beleue me, my loue is as faire,  
As any mothers childe, though not so bright  
As those gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:  
Let them say more that like of heare-say well,  
I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

C

22

SHAKESPEARE

22

**M**Y glasse shall not perswade me I amould,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date,  
 But when in thee times forwes I behould,  
 Then look I death my daies should expiate.  
 For all that beauty that doth couer thee,  
 Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,  
 Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,  
 How can I then be elder then thou art?  
 O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,  
 As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,  
 Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,  
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is laine,  
 Thou gau'st me thine not to giue backe againe.

23

**A**S an vnperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his feare is put besides his part;  
 Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,  
 Whose strengths abundance weakens his owne heart;  
 So I for feare of trust, forget to say,  
 The perfect ceremony of loues right,  
 And in mine owne loues strength sceme to decay,  
 Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:  
 O let my books be then the eloquence,  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,  
 Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,  
 More then that tongue that more hath more expect.  
 O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,  
 To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wit.

24

**M**INE eye hath play'd the painter and hath steeld,  
 Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,  
 My body is the frame wherein it's held,  
 And perspective it is bett Painters art.  
 For through the Painter must you see his skill,

# SONNETS.

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,  
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,  
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:  
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,  
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me  
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun  
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee  
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art  
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

25

Let those who are in fauor with their stars,  
Of publike honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I whome fortune of such tryumph bars,  
Vnlookt for in that I honour n ost;  
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues spread,  
But as the Marygold at the suns eye,  
And in them-selues their pride lies buried,  
For at a frowne they in their glory die.  
The painefull warrior famosed for worth,  
After a thousand victories once foild,  
Is from the booke of honour rased quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toild:  
Then happy I that loue and am beloued  
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

26

Lord of my loue, to whome in vassalage  
Thy meritt hath my outie strongly knit;  
To thee I send this written ambassage  
To witnesse duty, not to shew my wit.  
Duty so great, which wit so poore as mine  
May make seeme bare, in wanting words to shew it;  
But that I hope some good conceipt of thine  
In thy soules thought (all naked) will bestow it:  
Til whatsoeuer star that guides my mouing,  
Points on me graciously with faire aspect,  
And puts apparrell on my tottered louing,

C 2

To

SHAKE-SPEARE,

To show me worthy of their sweet respect,  
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,  
Til then, not show my head where thou maist proue me

27

**W**Eary with toyle, I haue me to my bed,  
The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired,  
But then begins a iourney in my head  
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,  
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.  
Sae that my soules imaginary sight  
Presents their shaddoe to my sightles view,  
Which like a iewell (hunge in gaffly night)  
Makes blacke night beaurious, and her old face new.  
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

**H**OW can I then returne in happy plight  
That am debarred the benifit of rest?  
When daies oppression is not eazd by night,  
But day by night and night by day oppress.  
And each (though enimies to ethers raigne)  
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,  
The one by toyle, the other to complaine.  
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,  
And wo't him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:  
So flatter I the swart complexiond night,  
When sparkling stars twire not thou guil't th' eauen.  
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer, (stronger  
And night doth nightly make griefes length seeme

29

**W**hen in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,

And

# SONNETS.

An I trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,  
 And looke vpon my selfe and curſe my fate.  
 Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſt,  
 Deſiring this mans art, and that mans ſkope,  
 With what I moſt inioy contented leaſt,  
 Yet in theſe thoughts my ſelfe almoſt deſpiſing,  
 Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my ſtate,  
 (Like to the Larke at breake of daye ariſing)  
 From ſullen earth ſings himns at Heauens gate,  
 For thy ſweet loue remembred ſuch welth brings,  
 That then I ſkorne to change my ſtate with Kings.

30

**V**Hen to the Scſſions of ſweet ſilent thought,  
 I ſommon vp remembrance of things paſt,  
 I ſigh the lacke of many a thing I ſought,  
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waſte:  
 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-uf'd to flow)  
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
 And weepe a freſh loues long ſince canceld woe,  
 And mone th'expenſe of many a vanniſht ſight.  
 Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,  
 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore  
 The ſad account of fore-bemoned mone,  
 Which I new pay as if not payd before.  
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
 All loſſes are reſtord, and ſorrowes end.

31

**T**hy boſome is indeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking haue ſuppoſed dead,  
 And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,  
 And a'l thoſe friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obſequious teare  
 Hath deare religious loue ſtolne from mine eye,  
 As intereſt of the dead, which now appeare,  
 But things remou'd that hudden in there lie,

C 3

To



# SHAKE-SPEARE:

Thou art the graue where buried loue doth lye,  
Hung with the tropheis of my louers gon,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,  
That due of many, now is thine alone.  
Their images I lou'd, I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32

**I**F thou surtaine .ny well contented daie,  
When that churle death my bones with dust shall couer  
And shalt by fortune once more re-suruaie:  
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:  
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,  
And though they be out-stript by euery pen,  
Reserue them for my loue, not for their time,  
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.  
Oh then voutsafe me but this louing thought,  
Had my friends Muse growne with this growing age,  
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought:  
To march in rankes of better equipage:  
But since he died and Poets better proue,  
Theirs for their stile ile read, his for his loue.

33

**E**VIll many a glorious morning haue I scene,  
Flatter the mountaine tops with soueraine cie,  
Kissing with golden face the meadowes greene;  
Guiliding pale streames with heauenly alcumy:  
Anon permit the basest cloud's to ride,  
With ougly rack on his celestiall face,  
And from the forlorne world his visage hide  
Stealing vn'ceene to west with this d'sgrace:  
Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow,  
But out alas! he was but one houre mine,  
The region cloudes hath mask'd him from me now,  
Yet him for this, my loue no whit disdaineth,  
Suns of the world may staine, whē heauens sun stainteth.

34

SONNETS.

34

**W**Hy didst thou promise such a beauntious day,  
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,  
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,  
Hiding thy brau'ry in their rotten smoke.  
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,  
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salue can speake,  
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame giue phisicke to my griefe,  
Though thou repent, yet I haue still the losse,  
Th' offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe  
To him that beares the strong offenses losse.  
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy loue sheeds,  
And they are rich, and rancome all ill deeds.

35

**N**O more bee greeu'd at that which thou hast done,  
Roses haue thornes, and silver fountaines mud,  
Cloudes and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,  
And loathsome canker liues in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and euen I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare;  
My selfe corrupting saluing thy amisse,  
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:  
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,  
Thy aduerse party is thy Aduocate,  
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,  
Such ciuill war is in my loue and hate,  
That I an accellary needs must be,  
To that sweet theefe which souerely robs from me.

36

**L**et me confesse that we two must be twaine,  
Although our vnderiued loues are one:  
So shall those bloes that do with me remaine,  
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.  
In our two loues there is but one respect,

Though

SHAKE-SPEARE

Though in our liues a seperable spight,  
Which though it alter not loues sole effect,  
Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight,  
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,  
Least my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,  
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:  
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,  
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

**A**s a decrepit father takes delight,  
To see his active childe do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more  
Intituled in their parts, do crowned sit,  
I make my loue ingrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispir'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance giue,  
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
And by a part of all thy glory liue:  
Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,  
This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

38

**H**ow can my Muse want subject to inuent  
While thou dost breath that poor't into my verse,  
Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,  
For euery vulgar paper to rehearse:  
Oh giue thy selfe the thanks if ought in me,  
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,  
For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,  
When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light?  
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth  
Then those old nine which rimers inuocate,  
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternall

# SONNETS.

Eternal numbers to out-live long date.  
If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,  
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

39

**O**H how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
When thou art all the better part of me?  
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;  
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,  
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,  
And our deare loue loose name of single one,  
That by this seperation I may giue:  
That due to thee which thou deseru'it alone:  
Oh absence what a torment wouldst thou proue,  
Were it not thy soure leisure gaue sweet leaue,  
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,  
VVhich time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue.  
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,  
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

40

**T**Ake all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,  
What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?  
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,  
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:  
Then is for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,  
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vsest,  
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest  
By wilfull taste of what thy ielse refuseth.  
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe  
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty:  
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe  
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.  
Lasciuious grace, in whom all il wel shoves,  
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

41

**T**Hose pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,

D

Thy

SHAKE-SPEARE.

Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well befits,  
 For still temptation followes where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,  
 Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.  
 And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,  
 Will soe cly leaue her till he haue preuailed:  
 Aye me but yet thou mightst my seate forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their ryot euen there  
 Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truth:  
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine by thy beautie becing false to me.

42  
**T**hat thou hast her it is not all my griefe,  
 And yet it may be said I lou'd her deere,  
 That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,  
 A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.  
 Louing offenders thus I will excuse yee,  
 Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,  
 And for my sake euen so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,  
 If I loose thee, my losse is my loues gaine,  
 And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,  
 Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,  
 But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,  
 Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

43  
**W**hen most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things vnrespected,  
 But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,  
 And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.  
 Then thou whose shadow shadowes doth make bright,  
 How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,  
 To the cleere day with thy much cleerer light,  
 When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How

# SONNETS.

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,  
By looking on thee in the living day?  
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,  
Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?  
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,  
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me,

44

**I**F the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Iniurious distance should not stop my way,  
For then dispight of space I would be brought,  
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,  
No matter then although my foote did stand  
Vpon the farthest earth remoou'd from thee,  
For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land,  
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.  
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought  
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend, times leasure with my mone.  
Receiuing naughts by elements so floe,  
But heauie teares, badges of cithers woe.

45

**T**He other two, slight ayre, and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,  
The first my thought, the other my desire,  
These present absent with swift motion slide.  
For when these quicker Elements are gone  
In tender Embassie of loue to thee,  
My life being made of soure, with two alone,  
Sinks downe to death, opprest with melancholie,  
Vntill liues composition be recured,  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who euen but now come back againe assured,  
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.  
This told, I ioy, but then no longer glad,  
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

D 2

Mine

SHAKESPEARE.

46

**M**ine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,  
How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,  
Mine eye, my heart their pictures fight would barre,  
My heart, mine eye the freedome of that right,  
My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,  
(A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes)  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.  
To side this title is impannelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,  
And by their verdict is determined  
The cleere eyes moyitie, and the deare hearts part.  
As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,  
And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

47

**B**etwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,  
And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,  
When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,  
Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;  
With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my hearts  
An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,  
And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.  
So either by thy picture or my loue,  
Thy selfe away, are present still with me,  
For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee.  
Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

48

**H**ow carefull was I when I tooke my way,  
Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,  
That to my vse it might vn-vsed stay  
From hands of falschood, in sure wards of trust?  
But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,

Most

# SONNETS.

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,  
 Thou best of deereſt, and mine onely care,  
 Art left the prey of enery vulgar theefe.  
 I hee haue I not lockt vp in any cheſt,  
 Saue where thou art not though I feele thou art,  
 Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt,  
 From whence at pleaſure thou maiſt come and part,  
 And euen thence thou wilt be ſtolne I feare,  
 For truth prooues theeuiſh for a prize ſo deare.

49

**A**gainſt that time (if euer that time come)  
 When I ſhall ſee thee frowne on my defects,  
 When as thy loue hath caſt his viſmoſt ſumme,  
 Cauld to that audite by aduſ'd reſpects,  
 Againſt that time when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſſe,  
 And ſcarcely greete me with that ſunne thine eye,  
 When loue conuerted from the thing it was  
 Shall reaſons finde of ſetled grauitie.  
 Againſt that time do I inſconce me here  
 Within the knowledge of mine owne defart,  
 And this my hand, againſt my ſelfe vpreare,  
 To guard the lawfull reaſons on thy part,  
 To leaue poore me, thou haſt the ſtrength of lawes,  
 Since why to loue, I can alledge no cauſe.

50

**H**ow heauie doe I iourney on the way,  
 When what I ſeeke (my wearie trauels end)  
 Doth teach that eaſe and that reſpoſe to ſay  
 Thus farre the miles are meaſurde from thy friend.  
 The beaſt that beares me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,  
 As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lou'd not ſpeed being made from thee:  
 The bloody ſpurre cannot prouoke him on,  
 That ſome-times anger thruſts into his hide,  
 Which beauiſly he answers with a grone,

D 3

More



SHAKESPEARES.

More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,  
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,  
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

51

**T**Hus can my loue excuse the slow offence,  
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,  
From where thou art, why should I halt me thence,  
Till I returne of posting is noe need.  
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seeme but slow,  
Then should I spurre though mounted on the wind,  
In winged speed no motion sha'l I know,  
Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,  
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)  
Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,  
But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,  
Since from thee going, he went wilfull slow,  
Towards thee ile run, and giue him leaue to goe.

52

**S**O am I as the rich whose blessed key,  
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,  
The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay,  
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure,  
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,  
Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,  
Or captaire lewells in the carconet.  
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some speciall instant speciall blest,  
By new vnfouling his inprison'd pride.  
Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,  
Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

53

**V**Hat is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?  
Since

SONNETS.

Since euery one, hath euery one, one shade,  
 And you but one, can euery shaddow lend:  
 Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,  
 Is poorly immitated after you,  
 On *Hellens* cheeke all art of beautie set,  
 And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:  
 Speake of the spring, and soyzon of the yeare,  
 The one doth shaddow of your beautie show,  
 The other as your bountie doth appeare,  
 And you in euery blessed shape we know.  
 In all externall grace you haue some part,  
 But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54

O H how much more doth beautie beautious seeme,  
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,  
 The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme  
 For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:  
 The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,  
 As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,  
 Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,  
 When sommers breath their masked buds disclofes:  
 But for their virtue only is their show,  
 They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,  
 Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so,  
 Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:  
 And so of you, beautious and louely youth;  
 When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

N Or marble, nor the gilded monument,  
 Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than vnswep stone, besmeared with sluttish time.  
 When wastefull warre shall *Starnes* ouer-turne,  
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,  
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne:  
 The liuing record of your memory.

Gainst

SHAKESPEARES.

Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
 You liue in this, and dwell in louers cies.

56

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said  
 Thy edge should blunter be then appetite,  
 Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,  
 To morrow sharpned in his former might,  
 So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill  
 Thy hungrie cies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,  
 Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill  
 The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:  
 Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new,  
 Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:  
 Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.  
 As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,  
 Makes Sômers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare:

57

Being your slaue what should I doe but tend,  
 Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?  
 I haue no precious time at al to spend;  
 Nor seruices to doe til you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,  
 Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,  
 Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence sowre,  
 VWhen you haue bid your seruant once adieue,  
 Nor dare I question with my iealous thought,  
 VWhere you may be, or your affaires suppose,  
 But like a sad slaue stay and thinke of nought  
 Saue where you are, how happy you make those.  
 So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,  
 (Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

58

# SONNETS.

58

**T**Hat God forbid, that made me first your slaue,  
 I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,  
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.  
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)  
 Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,  
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,  
 Without accusing you of iniury.  
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,  
 That you your selfe may priuiledge your time  
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,  
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.  
 I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,  
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

**I**F their bee nothing new, but that which is,  
 Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,  
 Which laboring for inuention beare amisse  
 The second burthen of a former child?  
 Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,  
 Euen of fife hundred courses of the Sunne,  
 Show me your image in some antique booke,  
 Since minde at first in carrecter was done.  
 That I might see what the old world could say,  
 To this composed wonder of your frame,  
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,  
 Or whether reuolution be the same.  
 Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,  
 To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60

**L**Ike as the waues make towards the pibled shore,  
 So do our minuities hasten to their end,  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend.  
 Natiuity once in the maine of light,

E

Crawl

SHAKE-SPEARES

Crawles to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gaue, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfixe the flourish set on youth,  
And delues the paralels in beauties brow,  
Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.  
And yet to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
Praising thy worth, dispright his cruell hand.

61

**I**S it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open  
My heauy eies to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So farre from home into my deeds to pry,  
To find out shames and idle houres in me,  
The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie?  
O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,  
It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,  
Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,  
To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me farre of, with others all to neere.

62

**S**inne of selfe-loue possesseth al mine eie,  
And all my soule, and al my euery part;  
And for this sinne there is no remedie,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account,  
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed  
Beated and chopt with tane antiquitie,  
Mine owne selfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

# SONNETS.

Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity,  
Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

**A**gainst my loue shall be as I am now  
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,  
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow  
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthfull moone  
Hath trauid on to Ages sleepeie night,  
And all those beauties whereof now he's King  
Are vanishing, or vanish out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.  
For such a time do I now fortifie  
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,  
That he shall neuer cut from memory  
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.  
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be scene, &  
And they shall line, and he in them still greene.

64

**V**hen I haue scene by times fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age,  
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,  
And braske eternall slave to mortall rage,  
When I haue scene the hungry Ocean gaine  
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,  
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,  
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store,  
When I haue scene such interchange of state,  
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,  
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminare  
That Time will come and take my loue away.  
This thought is as a death which cannot choose  
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

**S**ince braske, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundlesse sea,  
But sad mortallity ore-swaiers their power,

E 2

How

SHAKESPEARE

How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,  
 Whose action is no stronger then a flower?  
 O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,  
 Against the wrackfull sledge of battring dayes,  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
 Nor gates of Steele so strong but time decayes?  
 O fearefull meditation, where alack,  
 Shall times best Iewell from times chest lie hid?  
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,  
 Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?  
 O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,  
 That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

66

**T**Yr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,  
 As to behold desert a begger borne,  
 And needie Nothing trimd in iollitie,  
 And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,  
 And gilded honor shamefully misplast,  
 And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,  
 And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,  
 And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,  
 And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.  
 Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone.  
 Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

**A**H wherefore with infection should he liue,  
 And with his presence grace impietie,  
 That sinne by him aduantage should atchieue,  
 And lace it selfe with his societie?  
 Why should false painting immitate his cheeks,  
 And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?  
 Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke,  
 Roses of shadow, since his Rose is true?

Why

# SONNETS

Why should he liue, now nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?  
 O him she stores, to show what welth she had,  
 In daies long since, before these last so bad.

68

**T**Hus is his checke the map of daies out-worne,  
 When beauty liu'd and dy'd as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,  
 Or durst inhabit on a liuing brow;  
 Before the goulden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,  
 To liue a scond life on second head,  
 Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:  
 In him those holy antique howers are scene,  
 Without all ornament, it selfe and true,  
 Making no summer of an others greene,  
 Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,  
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
 To shew faultie Art what beauty was of yore.

69

**T**Hose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:  
 All touns (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,  
 Vttring bare truth, euen so as foes Commend.  
 Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,  
 But those same touns that giue thee so thine owne,  
 In other accents doe this praise confound  
 By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.  
 They looke into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that in guesse they measure by thy deeds,  
 Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)  
 To thy faire flower ad the rancke smell of weeds,  
 But why thy odor matcheth not thy snow,  
 The folye is this, that thou doest common grow.

E 3

That



# Snake-Speares

70

That thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slanders marke was euer yet the faire,  
The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre,  
So thou be good, slander doth but approue,  
Their worth the greater beeing woo d of time,  
For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,  
And thou present'st a pure vnstained prime.  
Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,  
Either not assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,  
Yet this thy praise cannot be foe thy praise,  
To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,  
If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,  
Then thou alone kingdomes of hearts shouldst owe.'

71

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,  
Then you shall heare the surly sullen bell  
Giue warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:  
Nay if you read this line, remember not,  
The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,  
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poore name reherse;  
But let your loue euen with my life decay.  
Least the wise world should looke into your mone,  
And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O Least the world should taske you to recite,  
What merit liu'd in me that you should loue  
After my death (deare loue) for get me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy proue.  
Valeise you would deuide some vertuous lye,

To

### SONNETS.

To doe more for me then mine owne desert,  
 And hang more praise vpon deceased I,  
 Then nigard truth would willingly impart,  
 O least your true loue may seeme false in this,  
 That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And liue no more to shame nor me, nor you.  
 For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to loue things nothing worth.

73

**T**hat time of yeere thou maist in me behold,  
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange  
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the cold,  
 Bare r'n'd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang,  
 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
 Which by and by blacke night doeth take away.  
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,  
 As the death bed, whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.  
 This thou perceu'st, which makes thy loue more strong,  
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

74

**B**ut be contented when that fell areft,  
 With out all bayle shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memoriall still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reuewest this, thou doest reuiew,  
 The very part was consecrate to thee,  
 The earth can haue but earth, which is his due,  
 My spirit is thine the better part of me,  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The pray of wormes, my body being dead,  
 The coward conquest of a wretches knife,

To

SHAKE-SPEARE

To base of thee to be remembred,  
The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

75

**S**O are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground:  
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,  
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.  
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon  
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,  
Now counting best to be with you alone,  
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,  
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,  
And by and by cleane starued for a looke,  
Possessing or pursuing no delight  
Sauc what is had, or must from you be tooke.  
Thus do I pine and surfet day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

**W**Hy is my verse so barren of new pride?  
So far from variation or quicke change?  
Why with the time do I not glance aside  
To new found methods, and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, cuer the same,  
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,  
That euery word doth almost sel my name,  
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,  
And you and loue are still my argument:  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending againe what is already spent:  
For as the Sun is daily new and old,  
So is my loue still telling what is told,

77

**T**Hy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,  
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waste,

The

## SONNETS.

The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,  
 And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.  
 The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,  
 Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,  
 Times thee with progresse to eternitie.  
 Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,  
 Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde  
 Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy booke.

78

So oft haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse,  
 And found such faire assistance in my verse,  
 As euery *Alien* pen hath got my vse,  
 And vnder thee their poesie disperse.  
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,  
 And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,  
 Haue added tethers to the learneds wing,  
 And giuen grace a double Maiestie.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,  
 In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,  
 And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.  
 But thou art all my art, and doost aduance  
 As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,  
 But now my gracious numbers are decayde,  
 And my sick Muse doth giue an other place.  
 I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument  
 Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,  
 Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,  
 He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,

F

He

SHAKESPEARE

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,  
From thy behauiour, beautie doth he giue,  
And found it in thy cheeke: he can afford  
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.  
Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

80

O How I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tounge-tide speaking of your fame.  
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest saile doth beare,  
My sawie barke (inferior farre to his)  
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.  
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,  
Whilst he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,  
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.  
Then If he thriue and I be cast away,  
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

81

O R I shall liue your Epitaph to make,  
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,  
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,  
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,  
When you intombd in mens eyes shall lye,  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,  
And tongs to be, your beeing shall rehearse.  
When all the breachers of this world are dead,  
You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)  
Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men.  
I grant

# SONNETS.

81

**I** Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,  
And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke  
The dedicated words which writers vse  
Of their faire subiect, blessing euery booke.  
Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,  
Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,  
And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,  
Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.  
And do so loue, yet when they haue deuise,  
What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,  
Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathize,  
In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.  
And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,  
Where checkes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

82

**I** Neuer saw that you did painting need,  
And therefore to your faire no painting set,  
I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,  
The barren tender of a Poets debt:  
And therefore haue I slept in your report,  
That you your selfe being extant well might show,  
How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,  
This silence for my sinne you did impute,  
Which shall be most my glory being dombe,  
For I impaire not beautie being mute,  
When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.  
There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,  
Then both your Poets can in praise deuise.

83

**W**ho is it that sayes most, which can say more,  
Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,  
In whose confine immured is the store,  
Which should example where your equall grew,  
Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

F 2

That

SHAKE-SPEARE

That to his subiect lends not some small glory,  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell,  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story.  
 Let him but coppy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so cleere,  
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,  
 Making his stile admired euery where.  
 You to your beautilous blessings adde a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

**M**Y tounge-tide Muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise richly compil'd,  
 Reserue their Character with goulden quill,  
 And precious phraie by all the Muses fil'd.  
 I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,  
 And like vnlettered clarke still crie Amen,  
 To euery Himne that able spirit affords,  
 In polish't forme of well refined pen.  
 Hearing you prais'd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,  
 And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,  
 But that is in my thought, whose loue to you  
 (Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,  
 Then others, for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

**V**VAs it the proud full saile of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of (all so precious) you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearse,  
 Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,  
 Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compiers by night  
 Giuing him ayde, my verse astonish'd.  
 He nor that affable familiar ghost  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
 As victors of my silence cannot boast,

I was

# SONNETS.

I was not sick of any feare from thence,  
But when your countenance fild vp his line,  
Then lackt I matter, that infeeble mine.

87

**F**arewell thou art too deare for my possessing,  
And like enough thou knowst thy estimate,  
The Chaster of thy worth grues thee releasing:  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,  
And for that riches where is my deseruing?  
The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,  
And so my pattent back againe is sweruing.  
Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,  
Or mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,  
So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,  
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.  
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,  
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

**V**hen thou shalt be dispode to set me light,  
And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,  
Vpon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,  
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:  
With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,  
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story  
Of faults conceald, wherein I am attainted:  
That thou in loosing me, shall win much glory:  
And I by this will be a gainer too,  
For bending all my louing thoughts on thee,  
The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,  
Doing thee vantage, duple vantage me.  
Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

89

**S**ay that thou didst forsake mee for some fault,  
And I will comment vpon that offence,

F 3

Speake



# SHAKESPEARE

Speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt:  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not (loue) disgrace me halfe so ill,  
 To set a forme vpon desired change,  
 As ile my selfe disgrace, knowing thy wil,  
 I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:  
 Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,  
 Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,  
 Least I (too much prophane) should do it wronge:  
 And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee, against my selfe ile vow debate,  
 For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

90

**T**hen hate me when thou wilt, if euer, now,  
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,  
 Ioyne with the spight of fortune, make me bow,  
 And doe not drop in for an after losse:  
 Ah doe not, when my heart hath scape this sorrow,  
 Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,  
 Giue not a windy night a rainie morrow,  
 To linger out a purposed ouer-throw.  
 If thou wilt leaue me, do not leaue me last,  
 When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,  
 But in the onset come, so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortunes might,  
 And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,  
 Compar'd with losse of thee, will not seeme so.

91

**S**ome glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,  
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:  
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds, some in their Horse.  
 And euery humor hath his adiunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it findes a ioy about the rest,  
 But these perticulers are not my measure,  
 All these I better in one generall best.

Thy

# SONNETS.

Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,  
 Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,  
 Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses beer-  
 And hauing thee, of all mens pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou maist take,  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

92

**B**Ut doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,  
 For tearme of life thou art assured mine,  
 And life no longer then thy loue will stay,  
 For it depends vpon that loue of thine.  
 Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end,  
 I see, a better state to me belongs  
 Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,  
 Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,  
 Oh what a happy title do I finde,  
 Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!

But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,  
 Thou maist be false, and yet I know it not.

93

**S**O shall I line, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a decciued husband so loues face,  
 May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:  
 Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.  
 For their can liue no harred in thine eye,  
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,  
 In manies lookes, the false hearts history.  
 Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinkles strange.  
 But heauen in thy creation did decree,  
 That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,  
 What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,  
 Thy lookes should nothing thence; but sweetnesse tell.  
 How like *Eauers* apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet vertue answere not thy show.

# SHAKE-SPEARE:

94

**T**hey that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,  
That doe not do the thing, they most do shoue,  
Who mouing others, are themselues as stone,  
Vnmoued, could, and to temptation slow  
They right'y do inheritt heauens graces,  
And husband natures ritches from expence,  
They are the Lords and owners of their faces,  
Others, but stewards of their excellence:  
The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,  
Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,  
But if that flowre with base infection meete,  
The basest weed out-braues his dignity:  
For sweetest things turne sowrest by their deedes,  
Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

**H**ow sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,  
Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,  
Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?  
Oh in what sweets dost thou thy sinnes inclose!  
That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,  
(Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)  
Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,  
Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.  
Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,  
Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
Where beauties vaile doth couer euery blot,  
And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!  
Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuledge,  
The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

96

**S**ome say thy fault is youth, some wantoness,  
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,  
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse:  
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:  
As on the finger of a throned Queene,

The

# SONNETS.

The basest Iewell wil be well esteem'ds  
 So are those errors that in thee are seene,  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,  
 If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate,  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?  
 But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,  
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

**H**OW like a Winter hath my absence beene  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?  
 What freezings haue I felt, what darke daies seene?  
 What old Decembers barenesse euer where?  
 And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,  
 The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
 Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,  
 But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,  
 For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,  
 And thou away, the very birds are mute,  
 Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,  
 That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters noere.

98

**F**ROM you haue I beene absent in the spring,  
 When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:  
 That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him,  
 Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odor and in hew,  
 Could make me any summers story tell:  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
 Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,  
 Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose,  
 They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:

G

Drawne

SHAKE-SPEARES.

Drawn after you, you patterne of all those.  
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

99

**T**He forward violet thus did I chide,  
Sweet theefe whence didst thou steale thy sweet that  
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride, (smels  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells?  
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,  
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire;  
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,  
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:  
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,  
And to his robbry had annex thy breath,  
But for his theft in pride of all his growth.  
A vengfull canker eate him vp to death,  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

**V**Here art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,  
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?  
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse song,  
Darkning thy powre to lend base subiects light.  
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,  
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,  
Sing to the care that doth thy laies esteeme,  
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face suruay,  
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,  
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,  
And make times spoiles dispised euery where.  
Giue my loue fame faster then time wafts life,  
So thou preuentst his fieth, and crooked knife.

101

**O**H truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,

For

# SONNETS.

For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?  
 Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:  
 Make answer Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,  
 Truth needs no collour with his collour fixt,  
 Beautie no pensell; beauties truth to lay:  
 But best is best, if neuer intermixt.  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
 Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,  
 To make him much out-liue a gilded tombe:  
 And to be praisd of ages yet to be.  
 Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,  
 To make him seeme long hence, as he shoves now.

102

**M**Y loue is strengthned though more weake in see-  
 I loue not lesse, though lesse the show appeare, (ming  
 That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,  
 The owners tongue doth publish euery where.  
 Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my laies,  
 As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,  
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:  
 Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now  
 Then when her mournefull himns did hush the night,  
 But that wild musick burthens euery bow,  
 And sweets growne common loose their deare delight.  
 Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:  
 Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

**A**Lack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,  
 That hauing such a skope to show her pride,  
 The argument all bare is of more worth  
 Then when it hath my added praise beside.  
 Oh blame me not if I no more can writel  
 Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,  
 That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

G 2

Were

SHAKESPEARE.

Were it not sinfull then striving to mend;  
To marre the subiect that before was well;  
For to no other passe my verses tend;  
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.  
And more, much more then in my verse can fit,  
Your owne glasse shoves you, when you looke in it.

104

**T**O me faire friend you neuer can be old;  
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,  
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,  
Haue from the Forrests shooke three Summers pride,  
Three beautilous springs to yellow *Autumnus* turn'd,  
In processe of the seasons haue I seene,  
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.  
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,  
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,  
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stam;  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be decreased.  
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,  
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

**L**Et not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie;  
Nor my beloued as an Idoll show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be  
To one, of one, still such, and euer so.  
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde;  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,  
One thing expresseing, leaues out difference.  
Faile, kinde, and true, is all my argument,  
Faile, kinde and true, varrying to other words,  
And in this change is my inuention spent,  
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Faile, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.  
Which three till now, neuer kept scate in one.

When

SONNETS.

106.

**W**Hen in the Chronicle of wasted time,  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beautie making beautifull old rime,  
 In praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,  
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauties best,  
 Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique Pen would haue exprest,  
 Euen such a beauty as you maister now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,  
 And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,  
 They had not still enough your worth to sing:  
 For we which now behold these present dayes,  
 Haue eyes to wonder, but lack tounge to praise.

107

**N**ot mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,  
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,  
 Supposde as forfeit to a confin'd doome.  
 The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,  
 And the sad Augurs mock their owne preiage,  
 Incertenties now crowne them-selues assur'de,  
 And peace proclaimes Oliues of endlesse age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmie time,  
 My loue lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes;  
 Since spight of him Ile liue in this poore rime,  
 While he insults ore dull and speechlesse tribes.  
 And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,  
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

108

**W**hat's in the braine that I lack may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit,  
 What's new to speake, what now to register,  
 That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?  
 Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,

G 3.

I must



SHAKESPEARES.

I must each day say ore the very same,  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name,  
 So that eternall loue in loues fresh case,  
 Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,  
 Nor giues to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquitie for aye his page,  
 Finding the first conceits of loue there bred,  
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead.

109

**O** Neuer say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualifie,  
 As easie might I from my selfe depart,  
 As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye:  
 That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,  
 Like him that trauels I returne againe,  
 Iust to the time, not with the time exchang'd,  
 So that my selfe bring water for my staine,  
 Neuer beleue though in my nature raign'd,  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,  
 To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good:  
 For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call,  
 Saue thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

110

**A** Las 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,  
 And made my selfe a motley to the view,  
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,  
 Made old offences of affections new.  
 Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth  
 Asconce and strangely: But by all aboue,  
 These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,  
 And worse essays prou'd thee my best of loue,  
 Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,  
 Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de  
 On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,  
 A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.

Then

# Sonnets.

Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,  
Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest:

111

**O** For my sake doe you with fortune chide,  
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,  
That did not better for my life prouide,  
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receiues a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,  
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,  
Whilst like a willing patient I will drinke,  
Potions of Eysell gainst my strong infection,  
No bitteresse that I will bitter thinke,  
Nor double pennance to correct correction.  
Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,  
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

112

**Y** Our loue and pittie doth th' impression fill,  
Which vulgar scandall stamp't vpon my brow,  
For what care I who calles me well or ill,  
So you ore-greene my bad, my good allow?  
You are my All the world, and I must strue,  
To know my shames and praises from your tounge,  
None else to me, nor I to none alike,  
That my steel'd sence or changes right or wrong,  
In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care  
Of others voyces, that my Adders sence,  
To cryttick and to flatterer stopped are:  
Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.  
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
That all the world besides me thinkes y' are dead.

113

**S**ince I left you, mine eye is in my minde,  
And that which gouernes me to goe about,  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,

Secmes

SHAKESPEARES.

Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:  
 For it no forme deliuers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,  
 Of his quick objects hath the minde no part,  
 Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet-fauor or deformedst creature,  
 The mountaine, or the sea, the day, or night:  
 The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.  
 Incapable of more repleat, with you,  
 My most true minde thus maketh mine vntrue.

114

**O**R whether doth my minde being crown'd with you  
 Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say mine eie saith true,  
 And that your loue taught it this *Alcunius*?  
 To make of monsters, and things indigest,  
 Such cherubines as your sweet selfe resemble,  
 Creating euery bad a perfect best  
 As fast as objects to his beames assemble:  
 Oh tis the first, tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great minde most kingly drinks it vp,  
 Mine eie well knowes what with his gust is greeting,  
 And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.  
 If it be poison'd, tis the lesler sinne,  
 That mine eye loues it and doth first beginne.

115

**T**Hose lines that I before haue writ doe lie,  
 Euen those that said I could not loue you deerer,  
 Yet then my iudgement knew no reason why,  
 My most full flame should afterwards burne cleerer.  
 But reckening time, whose milliond accidents  
 Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,  
 Tan sacred beautie, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Diuert strong mindes to th' course of altring things:  
 Alas why fearing of times tiranic,

Might

# SONNETS.

Might I not then say now I loue you best,  
When I was certaine ore in-certainy.  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest:  
Loue is a Babe, then might I not say so  
To giue full growth to that which still doth grow.

119

**L**et me not to the marriage of true mindes  
Admit impediments, loue is not loue  
Which alters when it alteration findes,  
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.  
O no, it is an euer fixed marke  
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;  
It is the star to euery wandring barke,  
Whose worths vnknowne, although his high be taken.  
Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickles compasse come,  
Loue alters not with his breese houres and weekes,  
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:  
If this be error and vpon me proued,  
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

117

**A**ccuse me thus, that I haue scanted all,  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,  
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,  
Whereto al bonds do tie me day by day,  
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,  
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,  
That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes  
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.  
Booke both my wilfulnesse and errors downe,  
And on iust prooffe surmise, accumulate,  
Bring me within the leuel of your frowne,  
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:  
Since my appeale saies I did striue to prooue  
The constancy and virtue of your loue

H

118

SHAKE-SPEARES

118

**L**ike as to make our appetites more keene  
With eager compounds we our pallat vrgē,  
As to preuent our malladies vnscene,  
We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.  
Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,  
To bitter sawces did I frame my feedings;  
And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of mettnesse,  
To be diseal'd ere that there was true needing.  
Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate  
The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a healthfull state  
Which rancke of goodnesse would by ill be cured.  
But thence I learne and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poyson him that so fell sicke of you.

119

**W**hat potions haue I drunke of Syrens teares  
Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,  
Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,  
Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?  
How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted  
In the distraction of this madding feuer?  
O benefit of ill, now I find true  
That better is, by euil still made better.  
And ruin'd loue when it is built anew  
Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.  
So I returne rebuk't to my content,  
And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent,

120

**T**hat you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,  
And for that sorrow, which I then didde feele,  
Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,  
Vnlesse my Nerues were brass or hammered Steele.  
For if you were by my vnkindnesse shaken

As

# SONNETS.

As I by yours , y'haue past a hell of Time,  
 And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken  
 To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.  
 O that our night of wo might haue remembred  
 My deepest sence, how hard true sorrow hits,  
 And soone to you, as you to me then tendred  
 The humble salue, which wounded bosomes fits!  
 But that your trespassse now becomes a sec,  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom mee.

121

**T**IS better to be vile then vile esteemed,  
 When not to be, receiues reproach of being,  
 And the iust pleasure lost, which is so deemed,  
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.  
 For why should others false adulterat eyes  
 Giue salutation to my sportiue blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;  
 Which in their wils count bad what I think good?  
 Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell  
 At my abuses, reckon vp their owne,  
 I may be straight though they them-selues be beuel  
 By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown  
 Vlesse this generall euill they maintaine,  
 All men are bad and in their badnesse raigne.

122.

**T**hy guift, thy tables, are within my braine  
 Full characterd with lasting memory,  
 Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine  
 Beyond all date. euen to eternity.  
 Or at the least, so long as braine and heart  
 Haue facultie by nature to subsist,  
 Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part  
 Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist;  
 That poore retention could not so much hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy deare loue to skore,  
 Therefore to giue them from me was I bold,

H 2

To

SHAKESPEARES

To trust those tables that receaue thee more,  
To keepe an adiunct to remember thee,  
Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

123

**N**O! Time, thou shalt not boast that I doe change,  
Thy pyramyds buylt vp with neuer might  
To me are nothing nouell, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight;  
Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,  
What thou dost foyst vpon vs that is ould,  
And rather make them borne to our desire,  
Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:  
Thy registers and thee I both desie,  
Not wondring at the present, nor the past,  
For thy records, and what we see doth lye,  
Made more or les by thy continuall hast:  
This I doe vow and this shall euer be,  
I will be true dispiht thy syeth and thee.

124

**Y**F my deare loue were but the childe of state,  
It might for fortunes basterd be vnfathered,  
As subiect to times loue, or to times hate,  
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd,  
No it was buylded far from accident,  
It suffers not in smilinge pomp, nor falls  
Vnder the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
Whereto th' inuiting time our fashion calls:  
It teares not policy that *Heriticke*,  
Which workes on leases of short numbred howers,  
But all alone stands hugely pollicitick,  
That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with showres.  
To this I witnes call the soles of time,  
Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

125

**V**Er't ought to me I bore the canopy,  
With my extern the outward honoring,

Or

# SONNETS.

Or layd great bases for eternity,  
Which proues more short then wast or ruining?  
Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor  
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent  
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple fauor,  
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.  
Noc, let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,  
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,  
But mutuall render, onely me for thee.

Hence, thou subbornd / *nformer*, a trew soule  
When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,  
Docst hould times fickle glasse, his fickle, howers  
Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'st,  
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'st.  
If Nature (soueraine misteres ouer wrack)  
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,  
She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.  
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.  
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,  
She may detain, but not still keepe her trefure!  
Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,  
And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

( )

127

I N the ould age blacke was not counted faire,  
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:  
But now is blacke beauties succeffiue heire,  
And Beautie slanderd with a bastard shame,  
For since each hand hath put on Natures power,  
Fairing the soule with Arts faulfe borrow'd face,  
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,  
But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.

H 3

Therefore



SHAKE-SPEARE

Therefore my Mistris eyes are Rauen blacke,  
Her eyes so fured, and they mourners seeme,  
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,  
Slandring Creation with a false extreme,  
Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,  
That euery tounge saies beauty should looke so.

128

How oft when thou my musike playst,  
Vpon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,  
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,  
Do I enuie those Iackes that nimble leape,  
To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,  
Whilst my poore lips which should that haruest reape,  
At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.  
To be so tickled they would change their state,  
And fixation with those dancing chips,  
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,  
Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,  
Since faulcie Iackes so happy are in this,  
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

129

The expence of Spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action, and till action, lust  
Is periurd, murtherous, bloudy full of blame,  
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,  
Iniourd no sooner but dispised straight,  
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
Past reason hated as a swallowed bayt,  
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.  
Made In pursut and in possession so,  
Had, hauing, and in quest, to haue extreame,  
A blisse in prooue and proud and very wo,  
Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame,  
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,  
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My

# SONNETS.

130

**M**Y Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,  
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,  
If snow be white why then her breasts are dun:  
If haire be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:  
I haue seene Roses damaskt, red and white,  
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,  
And in some perfumes is there more delight,  
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.  
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,  
That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:  
I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,  
My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground,  
And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,  
As any she belid with false compare.

131

**T**Hou art as tiranous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.  
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;  
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,  
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.  
And to be sure that is not false I sweare  
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,  
Oue on anothers necke do witnesse beare  
Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.  
In nothing art thou blacke saue in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander as I thinke proceeds.

132

**T**Hine eies I loue, and they as pittying me,  
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain,  
Haue put on black, and louing mourners bee,  
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine.

And

SHAKESPEARE

And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen  
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,  
 Nor that full Starre that vsfers in the Eauen  
 Doth halfe that glory to the sober West  
 As those two morning eyes become thy face:  
 O let it then as well beſeeme thy heart  
 To mourne for me ſince mourning doth thee grace,  
 And ſute thy pittie like in euery part.  
 Then will I ſweare beauty her ſelfe is blacke,  
 And all they ſoule that thy complexion lacke.

133

**B** Eſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groane  
 For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;  
 I't not ynough to torture me alone,  
 But ſlaue to ſlauey my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be.  
 Me from my ſelfe thy cruell eye hath taken,  
 And my next ſelfe thou harder haſt ingroſſed,  
 Of him, my ſelfe, and thee I am forſaken,  
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſſed:  
 Priſon my heart in thy ſteele boſomes warde,  
 But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,  
 Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,  
 Thou canſt not then vsf rigor in my laile.  
 And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

**S** O now I haue confeſt that he is thine,  
 And I my ſelfe am morgag'd to thy will,  
 My ſelfe Ile forfeit, ſo that other mine,  
 Thou wilt reſtore to be my comfort ſtill:  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,  
 He learnd but ſuretie-like to write for me,  
 Vnder that bond that him as faſt doth binde.  
 The ſtatute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou vsurer that put'ſt forth all to vsf,

And

# SONNETS.

And sue a friend, came debter for my sake,  
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.  
Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,  
He paies the whole, and yet am I not free.

135  
**W**Ho euer hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,  
And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,  
More then enough am I that vexe thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,  
Shall will in others seeme right gracious,  
And in my will no faire acceptance shine:  
The sea all water, yet receiues raine still,  
And in aboundance addeth to his store,  
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,  
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.  
Let no vnkinde, no faire beseechers kill,  
Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

136  
**I**F thy soule check thee that I come so neere,  
I Swear to thy blind soule that I was thy *Will*,  
And will thy soule knowes is admitted there,  
Thus farre for loue, my loue-sure sweet fullfill.  
*Will*, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,  
I fill it full with wils, and my will one,  
In things of great receit with ease we prooue,  
Among a number one is reckon'd none.  
Then in the number let me passe vntold,  
Though in thy stores account I one must be,  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold,  
That nothing me, a some-thing sweet to thee.  
Make but my name thy loue, and loue that still,  
And then thou louest me for my name is *Will*.

137  
**T**Hou blinde foole loue, what doost thou to mine eyes,  
I  
That

# SHAKESPEARE

That they behold and see not what they see :  
 They know what beantie is, see where it lyes,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,  
 Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hookes,  
 Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide?  
 Why should my heart thinke that a feuerall plot,  
 Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not  
 To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,  
 In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred;  
 And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138.

**W**hen my loue swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do belecue her though I know she lyes,  
 That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,  
 Vnlearned in the worlds false subtilties.  
 Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,  
 Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress:  
 But wherefore sayes she not she is vniust?  
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
 O loues best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeares told:  
 Therefore I lye with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults-by-eyes we flattered be.

139.

**O** Call not me to iustifie the wrong,  
 That thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart.  
 Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue:  
 Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art.  
 Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight,  
 Deare heart forbeare to glance thine eye aside,  
 What needst thou wound with cunning when thy might

140.

SONNETS.

Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?  
 Let me excuse thee, ah my loue well knowes,  
 Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,  
 That they else-where might dart their iniuries :  
 Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,  
 Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

140

**B**E wife as thou art cruell, do not presse  
 My tounge-tide patience with too much disdain :  
 Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,  
 The manner of my pittie wanting paine.  
 If I might teach thee witte better it weare,  
 Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,  
 As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,  
 No newes but health from their Phisitions know.  
 For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,  
 And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,  
 Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,  
 Madde slanderers by madde eares beleecued be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde, (wida,  
 Beare thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goe

141

**I**N faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note,  
 But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,  
 Who in dispight of view is pleas'd to dote.  
 Nor are mine cares with thy tounge tune delighted,  
 Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be inuited  
 To any sensuall feast with thee alone :  
 But my fine wits, nor my fine senses can  
 Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee,  
 Who leaues vnswai'd the likenesse of a man,  
 Thy proud hearts slaue and vassall wretch to be :  
 Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,  
 That she that makes me sinne, awards me paine.

1 2

Loue

SHAKE-SPEARES

142

**L**oue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,  
Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,  
O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,  
And thou shalt finde it meritts not reproouing,  
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,  
Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.  
Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those,  
Whome thine eyes wooe as mine importune thee,  
Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,  
Thy pittie may deserue to pittied bee.  
If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,  
By selfe example mai't thou be denide.

143

**L**oe as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,  
One of her fethered creatures broake away,  
Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch  
In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:  
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,  
Cries to catch her whose busie care is best,  
To follow that which flies before her face:  
Not prizing her poore infants discontent;  
So runst thou after that which flies from thee,  
Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,  
But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:  
And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.  
So will I pray that thou maist haue thy *will*,  
If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

144

**T**wo loues I haue of comfort and dispaire;  
Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,  
The better angell is a man right faire:  
The worser spirit a woman collour'd il.  
To win me soone to hell my small euill,

Tempteth

# SONNETS.

Tempteth my better angel from my fight,  
And would corrupt my faint to be a diuel;  
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,  
But being both from me both to each friend,  
I gesse one angel in an others hel.  
Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145

**T**Hose lips that Loues owne hand did make,  
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,  
To me that languisht for her sake:  
But when she saw my wofull state,  
Straight in her heart did mercie come,  
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,  
Was vsde in giuing gentle dome:  
And taught it thus a new to greete:  
I hate she alterd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day,  
Doth follow night who like a fiend  
From heauen to hell is flowne away.  
I hate, from hate away she threw,  
And sau'd my life saying not you.

146

**P**Oore soule the center of my sinfull earth,  
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearch?  
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?  
Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,  
Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall wormes inheritors of this excesse,  
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?  
Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losse,  
And let that pine to aggrauat thy store;  
Buy teasmes dinine in selling houres of drosse:

13

Within



SHAKE-SPEARES

Within be fed, without be rich no more,  
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

147

**M**Y loue is as a feauer longing still,  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
Th'uncertaine sicklie appetite to please:  
My reason the Phisition to my loue,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,  
Desire is death, which Phisick did except,  
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,  
And frantick madde with euer more vnrest,  
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,  
At random from the truth vainely exprest,  
For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

**O** Me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,  
Which haue no correspondence with true sight,  
Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,  
That censures falsely what they see aright?  
If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,  
Loues eye is not so true as all mens no,  
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,  
That is so vext with watching and with teares?  
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,  
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres,  
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,  
Least eyes well seeing thy foule faults should finde.

149

**C**anst thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,  
When I against my selfe with thee pertake:

Doe

# SONNET 26

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot  
 Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,  
 On whom froun'st thou that I doe saune vpon,  
 Nay if thou lowr'st on me doe I not spend  
 Reuenge vpon my se fe with present monie?  
 What merrit do I in my selfe respect,  
 That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.  
 But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,  
 Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.

150

**O** H from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,  
 VVith insufficiency my heart to sway,  
 To make me giue the lie to my true sight,  
 And sae that brightnesse doth not grace the day?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds,  
 There is such strength and warrantie of skill,  
 That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,  
 The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,  
 Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,  
 VVith others thou shouldst not abhor my state.  
 If thy vnworthinesse raisd loue in me,  
 More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151

**L** Oue is too young to know what conscience is,  
 Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,  
 Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse,  
 Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.  
 For thou betraying me, I doe betray  
 My nobler part to my grosse bodies treason,  
 My soule doth tell my body that he may,  
 Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,

But

SHAKE-SPEARE

But ryfing at thy name doth point out thee,  
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poore drudge to be  
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy fide.  
No want of conscience hold it that I call,  
Her loue, for whose déare loue I rise and fall.

153

**I**N louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,  
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing.  
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torne,  
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:  
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,  
When I breake twenty: I am periur'd most,  
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.  
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:  
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,  
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blindnesse,  
Or made them swere against the thing they see.  
For I haue sworne thee faire: more periurde eye,  
To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

153

**C***upid* laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,  
A maide of *Dyans* this aduantage found,  
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly sleepe  
In a cold vallie-fountainne of that ground:  
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,  
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,  
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,  
Against strang malladies a soueraigne cure:  
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,  
The boy for triall needes would rouch my brest,  
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,  
And thether hied a sad distemperd guest.  
But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,  
Where *Cupid* got new fire; my mistres eye.

SONNETS

154

**T**He little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,  
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,  
Whilst many Nymphes that you'd chaste life to keep,  
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,  
The sayrest votary tooke vp that fire,  
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,  
And so the Generall of hot desire,  
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a coale Well by,  
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,  
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,  
For men diseas'd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,  
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,  
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

FINIS.

K

A



### COMPLAINT.

To euery place at once and no where fixt,  
The mind and sight distractedly commxit.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,  
Proclaind in her a carelesse hand of pride;  
For some vntuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,  
Some in her threedden fillet still did bide,  
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,  
Of amber christall and of bedded Iet,  
Which one by one she in a riuer threw,  
Vpon whose weeping margent she was set,  
Like vsery applying wet to wet,  
Or Monarches hands that lets not bounty fall,  
Where want cries some; but where excessse begs all.

Of folded schedulls had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore and gaue the flud,  
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,  
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,  
With sleided filke, seate and affectedly  
Enswath'd and icald to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxiue teies,  
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,  
Cried O false blood thou register of lies,  
What vnapproued witnes doost thou beare!  
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare!  
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,

So slides he downe vpon his greyned beere;  
 And comely distant sits he by her side,  
 When hee againe desires her, being faste,  
 Her grevance with his hearing to deuide;  
 If that from him there may be ought applied  
 Which may her suffering extasie allwaie  
 Tis prompt in the charitie of age.

Father she saies, though in mee you behold  
 The iniury of many a blasting houre;  
 Let it not tell your Iudgement I am old,  
 N't age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;  
 I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower  
 Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applied  
 Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I succumbed  
 A youthfull suite it was to gaine my grace;  
 O one by natures outwards so commended,  
 That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,  
 Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.  
 And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,  
 Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,  
 And euery light occasion of the wind  
 Vpon his lippes their filken perles hurles,  
 Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,  
 Each eye that saw him did inchant the minder.

### COMPLAINT

For on his visage was in little drawne,  
What largeness thinkes in parradise was faine.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,  
His phenix downe began but to appeare  
Like vnshorne velvet, on that terrible skin  
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were,  
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,  
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautilous as his forme,  
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;  
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a storme  
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,  
When windes breath sweet, vnruely though they bee.  
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,  
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth,

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say  
That horse his mettell from his rider takes  
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, (makes  
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he  
And controuersie hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manna'd g, by th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,  
His reall habitude gaue life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case;  
All ayds them-selues made fairer by their place,  
Can for additions, yet their purpos'd trimme  
Pecc'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue



## A LOVER'S

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,  
Al replication prompt, and reason strong  
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weeper  
He had the dialect and different skil,  
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general besome raigne  
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remaine  
In personal duty, following where he haunted,  
Consent's bewicht, ere he desire haue granted,  
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette  
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,  
Like fooles that in th' imagination set  
The goodly obiects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,  
And labouring in mee pleasures to bestow them,  
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his hearts  
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,  
And was my owne see simple (not in part)  
What with his art in youth and youth in art  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Refer'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did  
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,  
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidde,  
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded

### COMPLAINT.

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the soile  
Of this false lewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,  
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,  
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content  
To put the by-past perills in her way?  
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:  
For when we rage, aduise is often scene  
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,  
That wee must curbe it vpon others proofe,  
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,  
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe,  
O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe!  
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,  
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,  
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,  
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,  
Thought Characters and words meely but art,  
And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my City,  
Till thus hee gan besiege me : Gentle maid  
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pittie  
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,  
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,  
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto  
Till now did nere iunite nor neuer vovv.

All my offences that abroad you see

## A LOVER:

Are errors of the blood none of the minds  
Loue made them not, with assure they may be,  
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,  
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,  
And so much lesse of shame in me remaines,  
By how much of me their reproch contains,

Among the many that mine eyes haue seene,  
Not one whose flame my hart so much as warmed,  
Or my affection put to th, smallest teene,  
Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,  
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,  
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,  
And raignd commanding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
Of greeke and blushes, aptly vnderstood  
In bloodlesse white, and the encrimson'd mood,  
Effects of terror and deare modesty,  
Encamp't in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold these tallents of their heir,  
With twisted mettle amorously empleach  
I haue receau'd from many a feuerall faire,  
Their kind acceptance, wepingly beseech,  
With th' annexions of faire gems inricht,  
And deepe brain'd sonnets that did amplify  
Each stones deare Nature, worth and quality.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,  
Whereto his inuis'd properties did tend,  
The deepe greene Emrald in whose fresh regard,  
Weake sights their sickly radience do amend,  
The heauen hew'd Saphir and the Opall blend

Wish

### COMPLAINT.

With obiects manyfold; each feuerall stone,  
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone.

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,  
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,  
But yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:  
That is to you my origin and ender:  
For these of force must your oblations be,  
Since I their Aulter, you enpatrone me.

Oh then aduance(of yours) that phrascles hand,  
Whose white weiges downe the airy scale of praise,  
Take all these similies to your owne command,  
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:  
What me your minister for you obaies  
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,  
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest hauings made the blossoms dote,  
For she was sought by spirits of ritcheft cote,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,  
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leaue,  
The thing we haue not, mastring what not striues,  
Playing the Place which did no forme receiue,  
Playing patient sports in vnconstraiind giues,  
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues,  
The scarres of battaile scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,

## A LOVERS

The accident which brought me to her eie,  
Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,  
And now she would the caged cloister flie:  
Religious loue put out religions eye:  
Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,  
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,  
The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:  
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:  
I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,  
Must for your victorie vs all congeest,  
As compound loue to phisick your cold brest.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne,  
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,  
Belecu'd her eies, when they t' affaile begun,  
All vowes and consecrations giuing place:  
O most potentiall loue, vowe, bond, nor space  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine  
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressst what are precepts worth  
Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, (shame  
Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst sence, gainst  
And sweetens in the suffering pangues it beares,  
The *Alloes* of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,  
Feeling it breake, with bleeding groanes they pine,  
And supplicant their sighes to you extend  
To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,  
Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,

And

### COMPLAINT.

And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,  
That shall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This said, his watric eies he did dismount,  
Whose sightes till then were leaueld on my face,  
Each cheek a riuer running from a fount,  
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace:  
Oh how the channell to the streame gaue grace!  
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,  
That flame through water which their hew incloses,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,  
In the small orb of one perticular teare?  
Put with the inuadation of the eies:  
What rocky heart to water will not weare?  
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,  
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:  
Both fire from hence, and chill extingture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,  
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,  
There my white stole of chastity I daft,  
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,  
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:  
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to Cautills, all straining formes receiues,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaues,  
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues:  
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes  
Or to turne white and sound at tragick shoves.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,

L a

Could

## THE LOVERS

Could scape the hails of his all hurting'ayme,  
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:  
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maim,  
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime,  
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,  
He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chastitie.

Thus meere with the garment of a grace,  
The naked and conceald feind he couerd,  
That th'vnerperient gaue the tempter place,  
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houer'd,  
Who young and simple would not be so louver'd.  
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,  
What I should doe againe for such a fake.

O that infected moisture of his eye,  
O that false fire which in his cheekes so glow'd:  
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,  
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,  
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,  
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,  
And new peruert a reconcild Maide.

## FINIS.



# PERICLES

1609

FACSIMILE



LONDON  
HENRY FROWDE, M.A.  
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY  
OF OXFORD

SHAKESPEARES  
PERICLES

BEING A REPRODUCTION IN FACSIMILE OF  
THE FIRST EDITION

1609

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IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY

WITH INTRODUCTION AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY

SIDNEY LEE

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# I

THE play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, dramatizes a tale of great antiquity and world-wide popularity. The fiction deals with the adventurous travels of an apocryphal hero, called Apollonius of Tyre, who in the play is re-christened Pericles. The vein is frankly pagan. The story was doubtless first related in a Greek novel of the first or second century A.D. The incidents of a father's incestuous love for his daughter, of adventures arising from storms at sea, of captures by pirates, of the abandonment for dead of living persons, are very common features of Greek novels of the period. But the Greek text has not survived. It is in a Latin translation that the story enjoyed its vogue through the Middle Ages. More than a hundred mediaeval manuscripts of the Latin version are extant, of which one at least dates from the ninth century.<sup>1</sup> The Latin version was printed about 1470 for the first time, but the volume has no indication of place or date of production.<sup>2</sup>

The novel  
of Apollo-  
nius of Tyre.

Meanwhile the Latin tale was rendered into almost all the vernacular languages of Europe—not only into Italian,

Its Euro-  
pean vogue.

<sup>1</sup> There are eleven in the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> A vast amount of energy has been devoted in Germany to a study of the story of Apollonius of Tyre in the Latin version, and of its developments and analogues in modern languages. A useful summary of results, with a good account of the vast German literature on the subject, will be found in Mr. Albert H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre: a study in comparative literature*, Philadelphia, 1898. A valuable paper by N. Delius on the play 'Ueber Shakespeare's Pericles, Prince of Tyre', in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1868 (iii), pp. 175-204, should be read with papers by Mr. F. G. Fleay (in his *Shakespeare Manual*, 1878, pp. 209-23), and by Mr. Robert Boyle on 'Wilkins' share in the play called *Pericles*', 1882.

Spanish, Provençal, French, and English, but also into German, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and mediaeval Greek. It found its way into cyclopaedias of mediaeval learning like Godfrey de Viterbo's *Pantheon* (c. 1186), and into the popular collection of stories, *Gesta Romanorum*, in which it figured from the fourteenth century onwards. A version was included in Belleforest's *Histoires tragiques* (t. vii, Histoire cxviii, pp. 113-206, 1604), a French compendium of popular fiction which had an universal vogue; it was there described as 'une histoire tirée du grec'.

The English  
versions.

In English the earliest version belongs to the eleventh century. A manuscript of that date is in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. At the end of the fourteenth century the poet Gower introduced an original English rendering into his *Confessio Amantis*. An English translation of a French prose version was made by Robert Copland, and was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 the tale was again 'gathered into English [prose] by Laurence Twine, gentleman', under the title: 'The Patterne of painefull Aduentures, Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the *Lady Lucina* his wife and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world, and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described. Gathered into English by Lavrence Twine Gentleman. Imprinted at London by William How. 1576.' This

<sup>1</sup> The book was licensed by the Stationers' Company to the printer and publisher, William How, July 17, 1576, thus: 'Willm Howe. Receyved of him, for his licence to ymprint a booke intituled the most excellent pleasant and variable historie of the strange adventures of prince Apollonius, Lucina his wife, and Tharsa his Daughter. . . . viij<sup>4</sup>.' No copy of How's edition is known. Only a copy of the third edition now seems accessible. This is in the Bodleian Library, and has the imprint, 'Printed at London by Valentine Sims, 1607.' The second undated edition bore the imprint, 'Imprinted at London

volume was twice reissued (about 1595 and in 1607) before the play was attempted. The translator, Laurence Twine, a graduate of All Souls College, Oxford, performed his task without distinction.

The reissue in 1607 of Twine's English rendering of the old Latin story of Apollonius of Tyre may have suggested the dramatization of the theme. But those who were responsible for the effort did not seek their material alone in Twine's verbose narrative. They based their work on the earlier, briefer, and more spirited version in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*. That poem, which was first printed by Caxton in 1483, was twice reprinted in the sixteenth century by Thomas Berthelet in 1532 and 1554, and the latest edition was generally accessible at the beginning of the seventeenth century. A prominent feature of the Shakespearean play is 'the chorus' or 'presenter' who explains the action before or during the acts. The 'chorus' takes the character of the poet Gower. Of his eight speeches (filling in all 305 lines), five (filling 212 lines) are in the short six- or seven-syllable rhyming couplets of Gower's *Confessio*. Abundant internal details corroborate the professed claim of the writers to dramatize Gower's version of the ancient story. Twine's volume only furnished occasional embellishment. Most of the characters bear the names which figure in Gower's story. All differ materially from those in Twine's version.

The play  
and Gower's  
version.

Not that the drama fails to deviate on occasion from the path which Gower followed. At three points the nomenclature of the play differs from all the authorities. In Gower

The nomen-  
clature of  
the play.

by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman'; a copy was formerly in E. V. Utterson's library and sold at his sale in 1854 for £7 7s. 6d.; this was reprinted in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, 1843, i. 182-257 (re-edited by W. C. Hazlitt, pt. i, vol. iv, 247-334).



Pericles' wife has no name, and the daughter is called Thaisë. In Twine the wife is called Lucina and the daughter Tarsia. In the Shakespearean play the wife is called Thaisa, and the daughter is christened Marina—a cognomen for which there is no suggestion in the old narratives. But the most notable change of all is in the name of the hero. Throughout the previous literature on the subject he is known solely as Apollonius of Tyre. The name of Pericles naturally suggests the Athenian statesman, who would be familiar to any reader of Plutarch. The Pericles of the drama seems, by way of justifying his Athenian designation, to emphasize his 'education in arts and arms' (ii. 3. 82). But the name is something more than an echo of Athenian history. It is a reminiscence of Pyrocles, one of the heroes of Sidney's romance of *Arcadia*<sup>1</sup>. In the early scenes of the play, too, many expressions reflect a recent study of Sidney's romance.

Defects of  
the plot.

The play, whatever literary merit attaches to a small portion of it, proves, as a whole, that the old story of Apollonius' travels is ill adapted to drama. The action is far too multifarious to present a homogeneous effect. The scene rambles confusedly by sea from Antioch to Tyre, Tarsus, Mytilene, Ephesus, and Pentapolis. The events cover too long a period of time to render them probable or indeed intelligible in representation. At least nine months separate the last scene of Act ii, where the hero's marriage is celebrated, from the first scene of Act iii, where his first child is born; a year elapses between Scenes 2 and 3 of the latter Act, and as many as fourteen years pass between its close, where the child figures as an infant of one year, and the opening of

<sup>1</sup> Richard Flecknoe, writing of the play in 1650, called the hero Pyrocles. Musidorus, the other hero of Sidney's romance, had already supplied the title of another romantic play, *Mucedorus*, which appeared in 1595.

## PERICLES

11

Act iv, where she is a full-grown woman. The choruses, which are themselves interrupted by dumb-shows, supply essential links in the narrative. They 'stand i' the gaps to teach the stages of the story'. The whole construction gives the impression of clumsy incoherence.<sup>1</sup> Dryden, when defending the construction of his own play, *The Conquest of Granada*, in 1672, instanced *Pericles* and the 'Historical Plays of Shakespeare' as illustrative of the awkward practice of dramatists of the past in working on 'some ridiculous, incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age'. The censure is fully applicable to *Pericles*.

The play was produced in the spring of 1608 at the Globe Theatre by the King's Company of players, of which Shakespeare was a member. On May 20 of that year a licence was secured for its publication. The drama was published, with a title-page bearing the date 1609<sup>2</sup> and assigning the authorship to 'William Shakespeare'. Shakespeare's  
alleged  
authorship.

## II

THE literary quality of the bulk of the play, and some external evidence, refute the assertion of the title-page of 1609 that Shakespeare was sole author of the drama. Such testimony as the title-page offers counts in itself for little. There are several instances of the appearance of Shakespeare's Publisher's  
misuse of  
Shakespeare's  
name.

<sup>1</sup> In 1656 Richard Flecknoe, in his *Diarium*, p. 96, has the epigram:—

'On the play of the life and death of Pyrocles.'

Ars longa, vita brevis, as they say,

But who inverts that saying made this play.

<sup>2</sup> The conjecture that there was an edition of 1608 is uncorroborated. The statement that the Duke of Roxburghe's copy of the First Quarto (now in the Boston Public Library, No. VII *infra*) bore the date 1608 is untrue. Some sentences in the fishermen's talk in *Pericles*, Act ii, Sc. 1, are closely copied in John Day's comedy called *Law Tricks*, which was undoubtedly published in 1608. But the fishermen's talk was generally reproduced in Wilkins' novel of 1608, and Day might have read it there.

name on volumes with which he had no concern. Apart from the poetic anthology called *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), which was described on the title-page as 'by William Shakespeare', the initials 'W. S.' had been fraudulently paraded on the title-page of the play *Lochrine* as early as 1595, and they had reappeared with no greater justification on the title-pages of the plays, *Lord Cromwell* and *The Puritaine*, in 1602 and 1607 respectively. Furthermore, Shakespeare's full surname had adorned the title-pages of no less than three plays for which others were responsible. In 1600 *The first part of the true & honourable history of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, which was printed for T. P. (i. e. Thomas Pavier), bore the words on the title-page, 'Written by William Shakespeare.' Five years later a comedy entitled, *The London Prodigall*, which was printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, bore on its title-page the words, 'By William Shakespeare.' Finally, in 1608, the year in which *Pericles* was licensed for the press, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was 'printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier', and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by W. Shakespeare.' That Shakespeare had any hand in any of these six pieces to which his initials or his full name were attached may be confidently denied. The introduction of his name was a publisher's device, and was intended to deceive the unwary.

Shake-  
speare's  
share in  
*Pericles*.

The assignment of the whole play of *Pericles* to Shakespeare in 1609 was a transaction in the vein of the publisher of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. It was less reprehensible than such ventures as *Lochrine*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritaine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The London Prodigall*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, because there is good evidence that while Shakespeare had no hand in full two-thirds of the piece, he and he alone was responsible for the remaining one-third. The greater part of Acts iii and v and some portions of Act iv may without much hesitation

be assigned to Shakespeare's pen. A scattered line or two here and there at other points of the play have a Shakespearean ring, but nowhere else is there any sustained evidence of Shakespeare's handiwork. Most of the other scenes are penned in a 'clipt jargon' which lacks his literary feeling.

All the Shakespearean scenes deal with the story of Pericles' daughter, Marina. They open with the tempest at sea during which she is born, and they close with her final restoration to her parents and her betrothal. The language is throughout in Shakespeare's latest manner. The ellipses are often puzzling. The condensed thought is intensely vivid, and glows with strength and insight. The blank verse adapts itself, in defiance of strict metrical law, to every phase of sentiment. The themes of Shakespeare's contributions to the play anticipate many of those which occupied him in his latest work. The tone of Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and Boult in the brothel resembles that of Isabella's speeches in *Measure for Measure*. Thaisa, whom her husband Pericles imagines to be dead, shares some of the experiences of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*. The picture of the shipwreck which accompanies Marina's birth adumbrates the opening scene of *The Tempest*; and there are ingenuous touches in the portrayal of Marina herself which suggest the girlhood of Perdita.

The most reasonable explanation of the manner of Shakespeare's association with the piece is suggested by Coleridge's theory. According to Coleridge, *Pericles* illustrated 'the way in which Shakespeare handled a piece he had to refit for representation. At first he proceeded with indifference, only now and then troubling himself to put in a thought or an image, but as he advanced he interested himself in his employment, and [large portions of the last three acts] are almost

entirely by him'. This explanation absolves Shakespeare's responsibility for the choice of the intractable plot and for the piece's clumsy construction. The effect of his own work is impaired by such dominant features as those. The dramatic intensity, which colours the scenes in which Pericles recognizes his long-lost daughter and wife, is weakened by the duplication, which the plot requires, of the motive within very narrow limits of space. Shakespeare's interposition failed to relieve materially the strain of improbability which is inherent in the ancient story. The play as a whole fills a secondary rank in any *catalogue raisonné* of dramatic literature.

George  
Wilkins  
the chief  
author.

There seems good ground for assuming that the play of *Pericles* was originally penned by George Wilkins, and that it was over his draft that Shakespeare worked. Wilkins was a dramatist of humble attainments who had already produced, either alone or in collaboration with others, plays for the King's Company at the Globe Theatre, which included Shakespeare among its members and first produced *Pericles*. In 1607 Wilkins had published under his own name a piece called *The Miseries of Inforst Mariage*—a popular domestic tragi-comedy, of which the plot was treated anew in the following year in *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, one of the pieces fraudulently assigned by publishers to Shakespeare. Both *The Miseries* and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* were performed by Shakespeare's company of actors at the Globe. Although the characters and plot are very different from those of *Pericles*, there is sufficient resemblance between the rhetorical vehemence and syntactical incoherence of passages in the non-Shakespearean part of *Pericles* and in Wilkins' *Miseries* to render it possible that both came from the same pen.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The suggestion that the prose portions of the brothel scenes were from the pen of a third coadjutor rests on more shadowy ground. Some critics

One curious association of Wilkins with the play of *Pericles* is attested under his own hand. He published in his own name a novel in prose which he plainly asserted to be based upon the play. The novel preceded the publication of the drama. The evidence of the filial relation in which the romance stands to the play is precisely stated alike in the title-page of the former and in 'The Argument to the Whole Historie'. The title runs:—THE | Painfull Aduentures | of *Pericles* Prince of | Tyre. | *Being* | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an-|cient Poet Iohn Gower. | AT LONDON | Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter, | 1608.<sup>1</sup> In the Argument the reader is requested 'to receive this Historie in the same maner as it was under the habite of ancient *Gower*, the famous English Poet, by the King's Maiesties Players excellently presented'.

Wilkins' novel of *Pericles*.

Wilkins' novel follows the play closely in its general outline. The preliminary 'Argument' of the whole 'Historie' precisely summarizes the plot. There follows a list of the

The novel's dependence on the play.

would assign those scenes to William Rowley, a professional collaborator who contributed scenes to a large number of plays designed by others. Rowley was undoubtedly capable of the *Pericles* brothel scenes, but they do not seem beyond the scope of Wilkins, who treats them with considerable fullness in the novel which he based on the play of *Pericles*.

<sup>1</sup> In the centre of the title-page is a rough woodcut portrait of the poet Gower. Only two copies of the novel are known, and of these only one is quite perfect. Some fragments of a third copy belonged to John Payne Collier. The copy in the British Museum, which formerly belonged to Nassau and Heber successively, lacks the dedication which is addressed to Master Henry Fermor, one of the Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, and is signed 'George Wilkins'. The other copy, which is quite perfect, is in the public library at Zürich, and was reprinted at Oldenburg by Prof. Tycho Mommsen in 1857, with an introduction by John Payne Collier. The Zürich copy seems to have been purchased in London about 1614 by Johann Rudolph Hess, of Zürich (1588–1655). It subsequently belonged to a Swiss poet, Martin Usteri (1741–1827). The 'T. P.' by whom the novel was printed ('Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter') was the printer Thomas Purfoot, junior. He must not be confused with the bookseller Thomas Pavier, who published under the same initials, 'T. P.', the 1619 edition of the play of *Pericles*.

'dramatis personae' headed 'The names of the Personages mentioned in the Historie', which is not to be found in the play but seems to belong to it. But there are places in which the novel develops incidents which are barely noticed in the play, and elsewhere the play is somewhat fuller than the novel. At times the language of the drama is exactly copied, and, though it is transferred to prose, it preserves the rhythm of blank verse.<sup>1</sup>

The novel is far more carefully printed than the play, and corrects some of the manifold corruptions of the printed text of the latter. One or two phrases which have the Shakespearean ring are indeed found alone in the play. The novel may be credited with embodying some few lines from Shakespeare's pen, which exist nowhere else.<sup>2</sup>

But this point cannot be pressed very far. The discrepancies and resemblances between the two texts alike suggest that Wilkins followed a version of the play, which did not embody the whole of Shakespeare's revision. There is much in Wilkins' prose which appears to present passages

<sup>1</sup> Take, for example, Pericles' account of himself in the novel and the play. The passage runs in the play thus (ii. 3. 81-5):—

A Gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,  
My education beene in Artes and Armes:  
Who looking for aduentures in the world,  
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,  
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

In the novel the passage runs (in the third person) as follows:—'A gentleman of Tyre, his name Pericles, his education been in arts and arms, who, looking for adventures in the world, was by the rough and unconstant seas, most unfortunately bereft both of ships and men, and, after shipwreck, thrown upon that shore.'

<sup>2</sup> When Pericles greets his new-born babe Marina on shipboard (iii. 1. 30 sqq.), he exclaims in the play:—

Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,  
That cuer was Prince's Child.

In the novel his speech opens thus:—'*Poor Inch of nature*, thou art as rudely welcome to the worlde as cuer Princesse Babe was,' &c. '*Poor Inch of nature*' is undoubtedly a Shakespearean touch which the transcriber of the play for the press overlooked.

from the play in a state anterior to Shakespeare's final revision. If we assume Wilkins to be author of the greater part of the play, we must conclude that in the novel he paraphrased his own share more thoroughly than the work of his revising coadjutor, or that he retained in the novel passages which his collaborator cut out or supplanted in the play.<sup>1</sup>

### III

OF the popularity of the piece, both on the stage and among readers, there is very ample evidence. There were at least six editions issued within twenty-six years of its production, two in 1609, and one in each of the years 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. The title-page of the early editions, all of which announced the work to be by Shakespeare, described it as 'the late and much admired play', and noted that it had 'been diuers and sundry times acted'. Not more than six plays of Shakespeare were printed more frequently in quarto within the same period of time. It was, however, excluded from the First Folio of 1623 and from the Second Folio of 1632. Together with the six spurious plays which had been fraudulently assigned to Shakespeare in his lifetime, it was appended to a reissue of

The popularity of  
*Pericles*.

<sup>1</sup> For example, Marina's appeals to Lysimachus and to Boult in the brothel scene, iv. 6, are far longer in the novel than in the play, yet they obviously come from the latter, at an earlier stage of its development than that which is represented by the printed text. One of Marina's speeches in the novel (p. 66) ends thus:—'O my good Lord, kill me, but not deflower me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the Gods haue giuen, and men haue left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your seruant, I will willingly obey you; make mee your bondwoman, I will accompt it freedome; let me be the worst that is called vile, so I may liue honest, I am content: or if you think it is too blessed a happinesse to haue me so, let me euen now, now in this minute die, and Ile accompt my death more happy than my birth.' A very slight transposition of the words, with an occasional omission, would restore this passage to the blank verse from which it was obviously paraphrased.



the Third Folio in 1664 and to the Fourth Folio of 1685. Some doubt clearly lurked in the minds of Shakespeare's earliest editors as to the extent of his responsibility for the piece.

Numerous references to the piece in contemporary literature attest the warm welcome which the public extended to its early representations. As early as 1609 some popular doggerel entitled 'Pimlyco or Runne Red-cap. 'Tis a mad world at Hogsdon' (Sig. C 1, line 6) included the lines:—

Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd  
Of *Civill Throats* stretchd out so lowd;  
(As at a *New-play*) all the Roomes  
Did swarme with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*,  
So that I truly thought all These  
Came to see *Shore*<sup>1</sup> or *Pericles*.

In the prologue to Robert Tailor's comedy, *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle*, 1614, the writer says of his own piece:—

If it prove so happy as to please,  
Weele say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.

On May 24, 1619, the piece was performed at Court on the occasion of a great entertainment in honour of the French ambassador, the Marquis de Trenouille. The play was still popular in 1630 when Ben Jonson, indignant at the failure of his own piece, *The New Inn*, sneered at 'some mouldy tale like *Pericles*' in his sour ode beginning 'Come leave the lothed stage'. On June 10, 1631, the piece was revived before a crowded audience at the Globe Theatre 'upon the cessation of the plague'. At the Restoration

<sup>1</sup> *Shore* may be the play by Thomas Heywood, printed in 1600, entitled *The first and second parts of King Edward the Fourth &c.* It presents the whole story of Jane Shore.

*Pericles* renewed its popularity in the theatre, and Betterton was much applauded in the title rôle.

From an early date critics were divided as to its merits. Early criticism. An admirer, Samuel Sheppard, in 1646, in *The Times Displayed* blindly instanced the piece as that work of 'great Shakespeare' wherein he outran the powers of Aristophanes. Owen Feltham, in 1630, wrote more intelligibly of 'th' unlikely plot' of pieces that 'do displease As deep as *Pericles*'. Another poet, John Tatham, who personally approved the play, quoted in 1652 some current censure which condemned *Pericles* as one of Shakespeare's conspicuous failures:—

But *Shakespeare*, the *Plebean* Driller<sup>1</sup>, was  
Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.

A greater critic, Dryden, took a low view of the piece, although he never doubted Shakespeare's responsibility. He wrongly excused the incompetence that he detected in it on the ground that it was Shakespeare's first experiment in drama (Prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe*, 1684):—

*Shakespeare's* own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,  
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*.

Although the exclusion of the piece from the Folios of 1623 and 1632 may have been due to suspicion of Shakespeare's full responsibility, the belief that Shakespeare was author, not of the whole play, but only of those scenes which are dominated by Marina, was not expressly stated till 1738. On August 1 in that year the dramatist George Lillo produced at Covent Garden Theatre an adaptation of the later portions of the drama in a piece entitled *Marina; a play in three Acts*. In the prologue the author, although no professional critic, The recognition of a divided authorship.

<sup>1</sup> Driller is probably a misprint for 'droller'.

displayed a saner judgement regarding Shakespeare's part in the composition of *Pericles* than any previous writer :—

We dare not charge the whole unequal play  
Of *Pericles* on him; yet let us say,  
As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines,  
So do his bright inimitable lines  
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,  
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

Dr. Farmer was the earliest professed critic to accept Lillo's suggestion. In 1766 he pronounced Shakespeare's hand to be visible in certain scenes and in those only. He as stoutly opposed the attribution of the whole to Shakespeare as the complete withdrawal of the piece from his record. No subsequent Shakespearean commentator of repute has questioned in substance the justice of Dr. Farmer's verdict.

#### IV

Blount's  
licence.

MUCH mystery surrounds the original publication of the play in 1609. The Stationers' Registers show that on May 20, 1608, Edward Blount, the most cultivated publisher of the day, obtained a licence for its publication. The entry runs :—

[1608] 20 Maij

Entred [to Edward Blount] for his copie under thandes of Sir George Buck knight and Master Warden Seton A booke called. *The booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre* vjd.<sup>1</sup>

On the same day Blount also obtained a licence for 'A booke Called Anthony and Cleopatra'. In spite of these grants Blount had no hand in publishing *Pericles*. Nor is *Antony and Cleopatra* known to have been published till seventeen years

<sup>1</sup> Arber, iii. 378.

had passed away, when it appeared in the First Folio of 1623, of which Blount was one of the syndicate of five publishers.

*Pericles* was published in 1609 by Henry Gosson. Gosson was an undistinguished 'stationer', although his family had been for some time closely connected with the trade. He was apprenticed to his father, Thomas Gosson, who was in active business from 1579 to 1600<sup>1</sup>, and died early in 1601. Henry was admitted a freeman of the Company *per patrimonium* on August 3, 1601, his widowed mother, Alice Gosson, standing surety. In 1603 he established himself at the sign of the 'Sun' in Paternoster Row, where *Pericles* was published six years later. He mainly confined himself to chapbooks, pamphlets of news, and ballads, but most of the occasional works of John Taylor, the Water Poet, were issued by him.

Henry  
Gosson's  
position.

Gosson employed many printers, and it is not easy to identify the press to which he entrusted his 'copy' of *Pericles*. But there is some ground for assuming that it came from that of William Jones, in Ship Alley, Red Cross Street. Jones, who served his apprenticeship with a man of position in the trade, John Windet, took up his freedom in 1596, and carried on a small printing business from 1601 to 1626. The form of imprint on the title-page of Gosson's edition of *Pericles* associates it nearly with a quarto pamphlet in prose by George Wilkins, which Jones printed for Gosson (without date) about 1605.<sup>2</sup>

The printer.

<sup>1</sup> The elder Gosson took up his freedom on February 4, 1577, as the apprentice of Thomas Purfoote. Besides Henry, he had two sons, Edward and Richard, both apprenticed to the Stationers; but they never reached the rank of freemen of the Company.

<sup>2</sup> The pamphlet is entitled 'Three Miseries of Barbary', and the imprint runs: 'Printed by W. I. for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold in Pater Noster Rowe at the signe of the Sunne.' There is a copy in the British Museum. All excepting the prefatory page is in black letter. In 1606 Gosson employed the veteran, James Roberts, to print for him in quarto a prose

The corrupt  
state of the  
text.

There is no notice in the Stationers' Register of a transfer of the copyright of *Pericles* from Blount to Gosson. It may be that Gosson issued the work in defiance of Blount's just claim to it, or that Blount tacitly withdrew his pretensions owing to inability to obtain an authentic copy of the piece. The incoherence of the text in the first edition, the carelessness with which it was printed and produced, indicates that the 'copy' followed some hasty and unauthorized transcript, and that the type was not corrected by an intelligent proof-reader. Malone asserted with truth—'There is I believe no play of our author's, perhaps I might say in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakespeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself.'<sup>1</sup>

The confusion of  
verse and  
prose.

That the text was not derived from an authentic manuscript is proved most clearly by the circumstance that a very large portion of the blank verse is printed as prose, or is cut up into lines of unequal length (each beginning with a capital letter), which ignores all metrical characteristics. In the last two acts, in which figure many speeches from Shakespeare's pen, very little of the verse escapes the disguise of prose.<sup>2</sup>

translation from the Italian 'Newes from Rome', and in 1608 he commissioned Robert Raworth to print a new quarto edition in black letter of his father's copyright, 'The Contention betweene three brethren. The Whore-Monger, the Drunkard, and the Dice-Player.' Raworth's press had just reopened, after a temporary suppression on account of his endeavour to infringe Leake's copyright by printing an unauthorized edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But such small evidence as exists suggests that William Jones was responsible for *Pericles*, rather than either Roberts or Raworth.

<sup>1</sup> Malone, *Supplement* (1780), vol. ii, p. 42.

<sup>2</sup> Act iii, Sc. 3 offers a good example of the method of printing blank verse. It is a short scene, consisting, when printed properly, of no more than forty-one lines. Not one line is printed in accordance with the requirements of the metre. A dozen of the blank verse lines are printed as prose. All the others are combined in different lengths, each beginning with a capital, and are robbed of metrical significance. Cf. also iii. 4. 4-11; iv. 1. 1-8, 31-42, 72-81; iv. 6. 101-27 (the scene of Marina with Lysimachus).

All Marina's verse in Act iv is so disguised. In some of the early scenes blank verse is suffered suddenly to masquerade as prose, and then resumes its correct garb. At other times two lines are run into one (cf. ii. 3. 60-1; ii. 5. 4-5, 42-3); or one line is set out in two (cf. ii. 4. 25). Elsewhere prose is printed as irregular verse. The second fisherman's final speech (ii. 1. 174-6) is printed thus:—

Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue  
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;  
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

How Gosson acquired the corrupt 'copy' is not easily determined. The practice of taking down a piece in shorthand from the actor's lips was not uncommon.<sup>1</sup> There is

A shorthand  
transcript.

<sup>1</sup> Plays were often 'copied by the ear'. Thomas Heywood included in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637 (pp. 248-9), a prologue for the revival of an old play of his concerning Queen Elizabeth, called 'If you know not me, you know Nobody', of which he revised the acting version. Nathaniel Butter had published the first and second editions of the piece in 1605 and 1608, and Thomas Pavier the third in 1610. In a prose note preceding the new prologue the author denounced the printed edition as 'the most corrupted copy, which was published without his consent'. In the prologue itself, Heywood declared that the piece had on its original production on the stage pleased the audience:

So much that some by stenography drew  
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true.  
And in that lameness it hath limpt so long  
The Author now to vindicate that wrong  
Hath took the pains, upright upon its feet,  
To teach it walk, so please you sit and see't.

Sermons and lectures were frequently described on their title-page as 'taken by characterie'. (Cf. Stephen Egerton's *Lecture*, 1589, and *Sermons of Henry Smith*, 1590 and 1591.) The popular system of Elizabethan shorthand was that devised by Timothy Bright in his *Characterie: An arte of shorte scripture, and secrete writing by character*, 1588. In 1590 Peter Bales devoted the opening section of his *Writing Schoolmaster* to the 'Arte of Brachygraphy'. In 1612 Sir George Buc, in his *Third Vniversitie of England* (appended to Stow's *Chronicle*), wrote of 'the much-to-be-regarded Art of Brachygraphy' (chap. xxxix), that it 'is an Art newly discovered or newly recovered, and is of very good and necessary use, being well and honestly exercised, for, by the meanes and helpe thereof, they which know it can readily take a Sermon, Oration, *Play*, or any long speech, as they are spoke, dictated, *acted*, and uttered in the instant'.

a likelihood that Gosson commissioned a shorthand writer to report the piece in the theatre, or that at any rate he purchased a shorthand writer's notes. Many incoherences may be attributed to confused hearing, and the failure to respect the just metrical arrangements is hardly explicable in any other way.

Several of the least intelligible passages in the early editions can be with certainty restored to sense by reference to the corresponding passage in Wilkins' novel. A comparison of the shape that many words take respectively in novel and play shows beyond doubt that the play's incoherences are errors of the ear. In i. 4. 39 in the speech, in which Cleon, governor of Tarsus, describes the straits to which his subjects are put by the pending famine, a hopeless line runs:—

Those pallats *who not yet too sauers younger,*  
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast.

The novel shows the correct words are:—

Those palates who *not yet two summers younger,*<sup>1</sup> &c.

In Act ii, Prologue, 22 it is said of Helicanus, Pericles' deputy at Tyre, that he

*Sau'd one* of all that haps in Tyre.

The novel reads in like context that 'Helicanus let no occasion slip wherein hee might *send word* to Tharsus of what occurments soeuer had happened'. *Sau'd one* is an ignorant mishearing of 'sends word'.

In iii. 3. 29 Pericles vows:

All *unsisterd* shall this heyre of mine remayne.

The novel relates how Pericles vows that his 'head should grow *unscisserd*'.

The quotations in foreign languages are hopelessly mis-

<sup>1</sup> In the novel it is said of the famine-stricken city that she '*not yet two summers younger* did excell in pompe'.

printed from the same cause. In the Spanish motto (ii. 2. 27) the words 'Piu' and 'que' appear as 'Pue' and 'kee' respectively, and in the Latin motto (ii. 2. 30) the word 'pompae' is disguised as 'Pompey'.

*Pericles* was printed at least eight times in the course of the seventeenth century. Each edition differs from the other in minute points of typography. But no endeavour was made by the editors or printers to give intelligibility to the corrupted text or to respect the metrical intention of the authors until 1709, when *Pericles* was included in Nicholas Rowe's collection of Shakespeare's plays. Small literary interest attaches to the successive seventeenth-century editions. They present a curious picture of the progressive degradation of a text which was at the outset inexcusably corrupt.

Progressive  
degradation  
of the text.

Two editions were produced by Gosson in 1609, and it is difficult to determine which is the earlier. It is obvious that they are nearly related to one another. They closely resemble each other in their general incompetence. The title-pages are at all points identical. But the variations in spelling and typographic detail, which from the literary point of view are unimportant, are sufficiently numerous to prove that they represent two settings of the type, one of which followed the other with slight arbitrary changes. The ornamental initial letter 'T', at the opening of the text, is of different pattern in each edition. An occasional correction was introduced in the second setting, but it was usually balanced by the insertion elsewhere of a new misprint or misspelling, so that it is not easy to state that the text of one edition of 1609 is better than that of the other. The one is easily distinguished from the other by the first stage-direction, which in the one appears correctly 'En<sup>ter</sup> Gower', and in the other is misprinted 'En<sup>æ</sup>er Gower'. The copy in the Malone collection in the

The two  
editions of  
1609.



Bodleian Library, which is reproduced here in facsimile, has the 'Enter Gower' opening. Although certainty on the point is impossible, the 'Enter Gower' opening seems to be the mark of the first setting of the type.<sup>1</sup>

The differences of reading.

The actual differences of reading are few. But on the whole the compositor of the 'Enter Gower' edition, who may be judged to have worked direct from the corrupt manuscript, seems to have been more careful than the compositor of the 'Enæer Gower' edition, who worked from his colleague's proof.

Some of the misprints of the first compositor were avoided by the second. But the obvious misprints are more numerous in the second setting than in the first. Thus, where the first prints rightly *portion* (i. 2. 68), the other misprints *portion*. Similar examples are:—

In the 'Enter' (first) edition.	In the 'Enæer' (second) edition.
i. 1. 41. thee	hee
i. 2. 55. plants	planets
93. spares	feares
ii. Chor. 14. Statue	Statute
iii. Chor. 53. fell	selfe
iii. 1. 5. gently	dayly
60. give	bring
iii. 2. 91. there	their
iii. 3. 19. still	dayly
iv. 1. 21. keep	weepe

<sup>1</sup> The 'Enæer' copy has throughout on the left-hand page (even on the last left-hand page, which has no right-hand companion) the headline, 'The Play of,' and on the right-hand 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre'; while the 'Enter' copy, which has on the right-hand page throughout the same heading ('Pericles, Prince of Tyre'), repeats those words on nineteen of the thirty-four left-hand pages of the text, and only on the remaining fifteen left-hand pages does 'The Play of' appear.

In the two following places neither text is right. But the 'Enter' (first) text is nearer the right reading than the 'Enæer' (second). In iii. 2. 93-4 the sense requires 'warmth breathes'. The 'Enter' copy gives 'warmth breath', the 'Enæer' copy 'warne breath'. In v. 1. 47 the sense requires 'deafened'. The 'Enter' copy gives 'defend', the 'Enæer' copy 'defended'.

At least three necessary words are omitted in the 'Enæer' copy, viz. ii. 1. 134 'to'; 5. 71 'say'; iii. 1. 9 'as'.

Only one omission, and that a stage direction, is noticeable in the 'Enæer' copy, viz. ii. 5. 13 'Exit'.

The cases where the 'Enæer' (second) goes right and the 'Enter' (first) wrong are fewer. But they are not unimportant. The five most noticeable corrections are:—

iii. 1. 66. Paper	<i>for</i> Taper
iv. Chor. 17. ripe	<i>for</i> right
iv. 6. 12. Caualeres (i. e. Cavaliers)	<i>for</i> Caualerreea
164. women-kinde	<i>for</i> wemen-kinde
v. Chor. 20. fervor	<i>for</i> former

Irregularities in spelling where the two editions differ merely reflect the caprices of the two compositors. A superfluous '-e' following words, e. g. 'booke', 'keepe', 'vnlesse', 'returne', frequently occurs in both copies. But the words that have it in one copy often lack it in the other. Where the one copy reads 'fruite' and 'fellowe', the other copy reads 'fruit' and 'fellow'. But the latter copy has 'mountaine' and 'devoure' though the former has 'mountain' and 'devour'. Fifty words, which have the superfluous '-e' in the 'Enter' (first) edition, are without it in the 'Enæer' (second) edition. Forty words, which have the same ending in the

Spelling  
differences.

'Enæer' (second) edition, are without it in the 'Enter' (first) edition.

Disposition  
of capital  
letters.

Similarly, capitals beginning common nouns within the line are distributed capriciously through both issues. But they do not appear in the same places in both copies. It may be estimated that the superfluous capital appears sixty-five times in the 'Enter' copy in places where it is absent from the other copy, and sixty-nine times in the 'Enæer' copy in places where it is absent from the 'Enter' edition. It is a peculiarity of the 'Enter' copies that a small letter distinguishes the word 'king' at the heading of the King's speeches. In the 'Enæer' copy the ordinary form 'King' is invariable.

Stafford's  
text of 1611.

The edition of 1611 was 'printed by S. S.', i.e. Simon Stafford.<sup>2</sup> No other name or initial appears in the imprint, but Gosson was in all probability the publisher again. It is a hasty badly-worked reprint page by page of the 'Enæer' (second) quarto. Except in one place the catchwords are identical. A few new misprints are introduced (e.g. i. 1. 10 'fit' for 'sit', iv. 1. 87 'chaught' for 'caught'), and there are variations in the spelling (e.g. on title-page 'History' for 'Historie'; 'sayd' for 'said' and 'Maiestyes' for 'Maiesties').

Pavier's  
edition of  
1619.

The edition of 1619 came from different hands. *Pericles* did not then reappear in an independent volume. It was appended to a new edition of *The Whole Contention betweene . . . Lancaster and Torke. With the Tragical Endes of the*

<sup>2</sup> Stafford was originally a member of the Drapers' Company, and became a freeman of the Stationers' Company 'by translation' on May 7, 1599. His press was, before 1602, in Adling Street, on Adling Hill, 'near Carter Lane Inn' (now Addle Street, E.C.), and from 1602 onwards in Hosier Lane, near Smithfield. His more notable undertakings before 1609 were Richard Carew's *Survey of Cornwall* for John Jaggard, in 1602, and the pre-Shakespearean play of *King Lear* for John Wright in 1605.

*good Duke Humfrey, Richard, Duke of Yorke and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two parts.* (These two parts were early drafts of the second and third parts of *Henry VI*, which figured in a finally revised shape in the First Folio.) A new title-page introduces *Pericles*, but the signatures of the volume are continuous throughout. The title-pages of both *The Whole Contention* and *Pericles* bear the imprint 'Printed for T. P.' These initials are those of Thomas Pavier. He had acquired in a formal way the copyright of *the first and second parts of Henry the vjth, ii. bookes* as early as April 19, 1602,<sup>1</sup> but he undertook no edition of any play relating to Henry VI before the volume of 1619. There is no entry of the transfer to Pavier of Gosson's interest in *Pericles*. But Pavier was long engaged in making an unprincipled use of Shakespeare's name, and he would probably be none too scrupulous in employing 'copy' which would serve his purpose. In 1608 he had issued *A Yorkshire Tragedy . . . Written by W. Shakespeare* with his own full name in the imprint, 'Printed by R. B. for Thomas Pauier', and in 1619 he produced a new edition of that spurious production with the same form of imprint as in the volume containing *Pericles*, 'Printed for T. P.'<sup>2</sup> Thomas Pavier had obtained copyright in the

<sup>1</sup> Arber, iii. 304. The reference is probably to the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*, the unrevised drafts of the *second* and *third* parts (not the first and second) of Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. Of both of these pieces Thomas Millington, who assigned the copyright to Pavier in 1602, had before that date issued two editions.

<sup>2</sup> Pavier was originally a draper, and on June 3, 1600, was admitted 'by translation' a freeman of the Stationers' Company. In his will (P. C. C. 19 Hele) he speaks of the publisher William Barley as his master. From almost the date of his admission fines were exacted from him for irregular conduct; e.g. for causing Edward Alde to print a book contrary to order, October, 1602; and for selling an unauthorized edition of the *Basilicon Doron* on June 27, 1603. Nevertheless, he was admitted a liveryman on June 30, 1604. On August 14, 1600, he acquired the copyright in a large number of

ordinary way for *A Yorkshire Tragedy* on May 2, 1608; the work is described in the Stationers' Registers, iii. 377, thus: 'A booke called *A Yorkshire Tragedy* written by WYLLIAM SHAKESPERE.'

Small change was made in Pavier's text of *Pericles*. It followed closely the 'Enter' (first) edition of 1609. But there are one or two rational emendations (cf. i. 2. 86 'thinke' for 'doo't', recte 'doubt'; i. 3. 34 'my' for 'now'; iv. 6. 28 'impunity' for 'iniquity'; v. 1. 89 'weighed' for 'wayde').

Transfer of  
copyright to  
Bird and  
Brewster.

In 1623 a syndicate of publishers produced the First Folio collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. *Pericles* was not included, either owing to Pavier's unreadiness to part with his interest, or to suspicions on the part of the editors of the First Folio as to the authenticity of the piece. Pavier carried on business till his death early in 1626, and apparently retained his claim to *Pericles* till the last. On August 14, 1626, his widow made over to Edward Brewster and Robert Bird all the estate, right, title, interest, of her late husband in some sixty specified volumes as well as 'in *Shakespeare's plaies or any of them*'. The specified books include *The play of Henry Fift, Sir John Oldcastle, A play Tytus and Andronicus, History of Hamblett*, all of which seem to have been treated as Shakespeare's work.<sup>1</sup> *Pericles* was among the unspecified plays placed to Shakespeare's credit, which were included in the property made over by Pavier's widow to Bird and Brewster.

'things formerlye printed', including *The Historye of Henry the Fifth, with the Battell of Agencourt*, and *The Spanishe Tragedie*. He published two imperfect editions of Shakespeare's *Henry V* (in 1602 and 1608). On April 19, 1602, Pavier acquired from Thomas Millington, besides the two parts of *Henry VI*, 'a booke called *Titus and Andronicus*,' and on August 30, 1608, he received licence to publish *A history of Tytana and Theseus*, possibly a draft of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of which nothing more is known. Arber, iii. 388.

<sup>1</sup> Arber, iv. 164, 165.

In 1630 Bird produced a new edition of *Pericles*, which was printed by John Norton.<sup>1</sup> Bird's edition followed Pavier's text of 1619. On some title-pages he set out his address at the sign of the Bible in Cheapside. Other copies merely bore the imprint, 'Printed by J. N. for R. B.' At Bird's hands, the text underwent further deterioration. Here and there an essential word is omitted altogether (cf. v. 1. 222 'state' omitted) or is hopelessly misprinted (cf. iii. 2. 27 'endwomens' for 'endowments', and v. 3. 88 'hough' for 'Although'). The whole line, i. 2. 23 ('Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne'), and the necessary stage direction 'Enter all the Lords to Pericles' (i. 2. 33) were suffered to fall out. On the other hand a necessary stage direction, which was previously omitted ('Exit Gower' in iii. Prol. l. 60), here for the first time finds a place. But this seems Bird's sole contribution to the elucidation of the confused text.

Bird's edition  
of 1630.  
The two  
imprints.

Bird did not retain his interest in *Pericles* long. Thomas Cotes, an enterprising printer with whom a brother, Richard Cotes, was in partnership, acquired in 1627, on the death of Isaac Jaggard, chief proprietor of the First Folio, Jaggard's printing-press and most of his stock. Part of the property which passed to the brothers Cotes was Jaggard's 'part in Shacksphceere playes', and on November 8, 1630, the partners made an important addition to their Shakespearean property by purchasing from Bird his 'copies' of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet*, and *Pericles*, all of which had at one time been in Pavier's possession. Thomas Cotes printed the Second Folio edition of Shakespeare's collected works in 1632, but once again *Pericles* suffered exclusion from that treasury. Cotes, however, made amends by producing at his press and

Cotes'  
edition of  
1635.

<sup>1</sup> Norton was of a family long engaged in the trade, and had for a time been in partnership with Nicholas Okes.

publishing for himself a new edition of *Pericles* in quarto in 1635. Cotes' edition closely follows Bird's text of 1630, and is equally incoherent.

The Third  
Folio reprint.

No further edition of *Pericles* appeared till 1664, when the play was at length included in a collective edition of Shakespeare's works. It then figured in the opening pages of an appendix containing in addition six other plays which had been falsely ascribed to Shakespeare in his lifetime. The volume was the second (*not* the first) impression of the Third Folio. The first impression, which has the imprint, 'London. Printed for Philip Chetwinde 1663,' reproduces the thirty-six plays which appeared in the First and Second Folios. The second impression has a new title-page running:— 'M<sup>r</sup>. William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original copies. The third Impression. And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never before printed in Folio, viz. Pericles Prince of Tyre. The London Prodigall. The History of Thomas L<sup>d</sup>. Cromwell. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham. The Puritan Widow. A Yorkshire Tragedy. The Tragedy of Locrine. *Printed for P. C: London, 1664.*'

The seven 'Playes never before printed in Folio' appear at the end of the volume with new paginations and new signatures. The text of *Pericles* fills ten leaves, of which the first six belong to a quire signed 'a', and the second four to a quire signed 'b'. The pagination runs 1-20. The introductory heading runs:— 'The much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince, Written by W. Shakespeare, and published in his life time.' Chetwinde's text is that of the quarto of 1635, but there are many conjectural alterations. For the first time the play is

divided into five Acts, and the first scene is headed *Actus Primus: Scena Prima*. There is no further indication of scenes. For the first time there also appears a list of *dramatis personae*. This is placed under the heading 'The Actors Names' at the end of the piece. It is imperfect and there are curious errors. The daughter of Antiochus, who is unnamed in the play, is called 'Hesperides' from the figurative language of i. 1. 27. 'Philoten, daughter to Cleon', who is merely mentioned in the text and does not take any part in the action, is included in the list. 'Dionyza' is miscalled 'Dionysia', and Mytilene is misspelt Metaline.

The play of *Pericles* is as completely separated from what follows it in the Third Folio, as from what precedes it. *The London Prodigall*, which succeeds *Pericles*, opens a new set of signatures and a new pagination, which are both continuous to the end of the volume.<sup>1</sup> It was clearly the original intention of the publisher Chetwinde to add to the Folio collection of Shakespeare's plays *Pericles* alone. The extension of the appendix so as to admit the six other plays is shown by the signatures and new pagination to have been an afterthought.

The Fourth Folio of 1685 is a reprint of the second impression of the Third Folio of 1664. *Pericles* figures in the same place in the volume, but it does not begin a new pagination; the piece is paged continuously with the tragedies. The signatures throughout the volume are also continuous and are quite regular. The list of *dramatis personae*—'The Actors Names'—is found at the head of the play, instead of at the end as in the Third Folio.

The Fourth  
Folio reprint.

Nicholas Rowe, in his first critical edition of Shakespeare's

Rowe's text.

<sup>1</sup> The concluding section of the volume consists of fifty leaves, irregularly signed, thus:—\*, \*\*, \*\*\*, \*\*\*\*, in fours; ¶A, ¶B, in sixes; ¶C—¶F, in fours; ¶G, six leaves.



works of 1709 (as well as in the reissue of 1714), based his text on that of the Fourth Folio and included *Pericles* and the six spurious pieces. Rowe attempted for the first time to distinguish the verse from the prose, and he made a few verbal emendations. But he did not go far in the elucidation of the text. Pope and the chief eighteenth-century writers excluded *Pericles*, together with the spurious plays, from their editions of Shakespeare's works. Although Theobald did not reprint the piece in his edition of Shakespeare (1733), he was a careful student of it, as manuscript notes by him in extant copies of the 1630 and 1635 editions amply show (see Nos. XLIX and LXV *infra*).

The two  
editions of  
1734.

Two rival reprints in 12mo of the Fourth Folio version of *Pericles* appeared in London in 1734, independently of any collective edition. One of these ('*Pericles Prince of Tyre by Shakespear*,' sixty pages) was printed and published by R. Walker at the Shakespear's Head. The other ('*Pericles Prince of Tyre By Mr. William Shakespear*,' sixty-seven pages) was 'printed for J. Tonson and the rest of the Proprietors'. To Tonson's edition was prefixed an advertisement by William Chetwood, prompter at the Drury Lane Theatre, challenging Walker's pretensions to print this and other of Shakespeare's plays 'from copies made use of at the Theatre'; Chetwood denounced Walker's text as 'useless, pirated, and maimed'. But Tonson's version is little better than his rival's. *Pericles* was not republished again until Malone printed it (in 1780) with all the doubtful pieces in his 'Supplement to Johnson and Steevens' edition of 1778'. Malone for the first time recovered the verse from the prose of the early version, and by somewhat liberal emendations rendered most of the text readable and intelligible.

Malone's  
revised text.

It was at the suggestion of Dr. Richard Farmer that

*Pericles* was first included in a thoroughly critical edition of Shakespeare's plays. At Farmer's instance Malone introduced it into his edition of *Shakespeare* of 1790. Steevens followed Malone's example in 1793, and only one editor, Thomas Keightley—in 1864—has excluded it since.

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late years and it is difficult to trace the present owners. Some of the untraced copies are doubtless in America. Of the fifty-seven copies of which the present ownership is now known, thirty are in Great Britain, twenty-six in America,

and one is in Germany. Of the British copies no less than twenty-one are in public libraries, eight being in the British Museum, and four each at the Bodleian Library and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the twenty-six traceable American copies eleven are in public libraries.

Prices.

The highest price paid for any quarto edition of *Pericles* was £171, which was paid by Mr. Perry, of Providence, in 1896, for an exemplar of the 1609 edition, at John Chaloner Smith's sale.

Copies of later editions, when they have been offered for sale of late years, have not fetched very high prices. In 1901 an unbound copy of the 1619 edition at Sotheby's brought £100 (February 25), and a copy of the 1635 edition £66 (May 16).<sup>1</sup> Many fair copies of the four latest quartos have changed hands for £15 and under.

THE EDITION  
OF 1609  
(I and II).

In each of the two impressions of Gosson's edition of 1609 the leaves in quite perfect copies number thirty-six. The signatures run A-I in fours. The last leaf is blank. The text starts on A2 recto and ends on I3 verso. The pages are unnumbered. Facsimiles of the two impressions of 1609 by E. W. Ashbee were privately issued in 1862 and 1871 respectively, under the direction of J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps].

Copies with  
'Enser'  
opening,  
called FIRST  
QUARTO I.  
No. I.  
Bodleian  
(Malone)  
copy.

The copy at the Bodleian Library, which is reproduced in this volume, measures  $7\frac{3}{16}'' \times 5\frac{7}{16}''$ . It is inlaid, and forms part of a volume of seven Shakespearean quartos which were bound together by Malone and labelled 'Shakespeare Old Quartos, Vol. III.' The volume, which is numbered Malone 34, opens with *Lucrece*, 1594; and is followed by the *Sonnets*, 1609 (Aspley imprint); by *Hamlet*, 1607; by *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598; by this edition of *Pericles*, 1609; by the 1619 edition of *Pericles*; and by *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

<sup>1</sup> At a London sale on November 14, 1678, a 1635 copy was sold in a bundle of eleven other plays for 5s. 6d. Another copy, at the Thomas Pearson sale (May-June, 1788), fetched sixpence.

The British Museum copy, which measures  $6\frac{1}{16}'' \times 4''$ , has been roughly cut down and inlaid in paper measuring  $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6\frac{2}{3}''$ . The leaves number thirty-five. Some head-lines and initial letters have been injured. The title-page has been torn. It is leather-backed with marbled cardboard sides. The pressmark is C.12. h. 5. This copy has been reproduced in *Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles* (No. 21), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

THE EDITION  
OF 1609 (I).  
No. II.  
British  
Museum  
copy.

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ , and wants the last blank leaf; it consists of thirty-five leaves instead of thirty-six.

No. III.  
Capell  
copy.

Mr. A. H. Huth's copy in perfect condition, consisting of thirty-six leaves, was acquired by Henry Huth, father of the present owner, at the sale of George Daniel's library in July, 1864, through the bookseller Lilly, for £84. It seems to have been acquired by Daniel, at Heber's sale, in 1834 for £18. It is bound in olive morocco by Charles Lewis, and has the blank leaf at the end, and on the title-page the autograph in contemporary hand of 'Scipio Squyer s. Maij 160[9]'.  
No. IV.  
Huth copy.

The copy belonging to Earl Howe, at Gopsall, Leicestershire, was acquired about 1750 by Charles Jennens (the virtuoso and friend of Handel), who in 1773 bequeathed it with his property at Gopsall to William Penn Assheton Curzon, ancestor of the present owner. It measures  $5\frac{1}{16}'' \times 7\frac{1}{16}''$ . Leaf F4 is supplied in manuscript. The leaves number thirty-four only.

No. V.  
Gopsall  
copy.

The copy belonging to Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, London, which measures  $7\frac{3}{16}'' \times 5\frac{7}{16}''$ , was acquired about 1821 by John Murray, the grandfather of the present owner.

No. VI.  
Murray copy.

The interesting copy in the Barton collection in the Boston Public Library belonged to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears. At Steevens' sale in 1800 it was bought for the Duke of Roxburghe's collection for £1 2s. 0d. At the Duke's sale in 1812 it fetched £1 15s. 0d., and was acquired by Thomas Jolley, F.S.A., whose autograph and book-plate are both inserted in it. At Jolley's sale in 1844 it passed

No. VII.  
Barton copy,  
Boston Pub-  
lic Library,  
U.S.A.

THE EDITION  
OF 1609 (I).

No. VIII.  
Mr. W. A.  
White's  
copy, New  
York, U.S.A.

No. IX.  
Mr. E.  
Dwight  
Church's  
copy, New  
York, U.S.A.

Copies with  
'Eneer'  
opening,  
called  
SECOND  
QUARTO II.  
No. X.

British  
Museum  
copy.  
No. XI.  
Devonshire  
copy.

No. XII.  
Hamburg  
copy.

through the bookseller, Thomas Rodd, for £13 to the American collector, T. P. Barton, whose books were presented to the Boston Public Library in 1870. The copy, which is slightly foxed, is half-bound in old red morocco.

Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, who owns a first impression of 1609, purchased it for £60 from the library of Frederick Perkins of Chipstead, which was sold on July 20, 1889. It measures  $6\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ , and is bound in morocco. It belonged at one time to George Steevens, whose autograph it bears; but it is to be distinguished from the Steevens copy sold at his sale in 1800, which is now in the Barton collection (see No. VII).

The copy formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick Locker Lampson now belongs to Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York. It measures  $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 5''$  and is bound in red morocco by Bedford. It formerly belonged to Sir William Tite, at whose sale in 1874 it fetched £53 10s. od.

The British Museum copy (pressmark C. 34. k. 36) is bound in red russia, and stamped on the side with the arms of David Garrick, who was the former owner. It measures  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ . The top edges are planed and the title has been repaired. This copy has been reproduced in Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles (No. 22), with a preface by Mr. P. Z. Round, 1886.

The Duke of Devonshire's copy belonged to the actor, John Philip Kemble, who purchased it at Dr. Richard Wright's sale in 1787 for nine shillings. It bears upon its title-page in Kemble's autograph the words, 'Collated and perfect. J. P. K. 1798.' It has been inlaid, and bound up with the 1594 edition of *Lucrece*, and early editions of the four pseudo-Shakespearean plays—*Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1613; *The London Prodigall*, 1605; *Loocrine*, 1595; and *The first part of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600. The volume is lettered outside, 'Plays vol. cxxi.'

The copy in the Public Library of Hamburg, which measures  $7\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ , is bound up with thirteen other contemporary quartos, and is labelled on the back *Anglicana Varia*. It is the third item in the volume. The eleventh is a copy of the 1609 edition of Marlowe's *Faustus*, which is believed to be

unique. The ninth is George Wilkins' *Miseries of Inforst Marriage*, 1607.<sup>1</sup>

THE EDITION  
OF 1609 (II).

A perfect copy of thirty-six leaves, belonging to Mr. Marsden J. Perry, measures  $6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$ . It is unbound, and with it is stitched up Samuel Daniel's *The Queen's Arcadia* (1606). On the title-page are the autographs of two former owners, 'Edw. Palmer' and 'Jno. Fenn', 1782. The latter was Sir John Fenn (1739-94), editor of the 'Paston Letters', who owned the 1624 edition of *Lucrece* (Census No. XXII). The copy was bought for the present owner at the sale of John Chaloner Smith's library, on February 12, 1896, for £171.

No. XIII.  
Mr. Marsden  
J. Perry's  
copy, U.S.A.

A defective copy was sold at Halliwell-[Phillipps'] sale, July 1, 1889, for £30. The title is a modern reprint, and leaves A 4 and I are wanting.<sup>2</sup>

No. XIV.  
Untraced.  
Halliwell-  
[Phillipps']  
copy.

The 1611 edition has the same number of leaves (thirty-six) in its perfect condition as in the case of the 1609 edition, which it reprints. The signatures run A-I in fours. C 2 is unmarked, and the last leaf is blank. It is without pagination.

THE EDITION  
OF 1611.

Only two copies are known, and only one is complete. The British Museum owns the imperfect one. The complete copy is in Mr. Marsden J. Perry's library, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 37) which measures  $7\frac{1}{6}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$  was acquired on November 9, 1858, from James

No. XV.  
British  
Museum  
copy.

<sup>1</sup> The remaining items, of which a list has been kindly forwarded to me by the Librarian, Dr. J. Spitzer, are, with two exceptions, plays which were published between 1606 and 1609. The abbreviated titles are: 1. Chapman's *Duke of Byron*, 1608; 2. Heywood's 'If you know not me', 1608; 3. *Pericles*, 1609; 4. Tourneur's *Revenge's Tragedie*, 1607; 5. *The Tragedie of Nero*, 1607; 6. Barnes' *Druids Charter*, 1607; 7. *Historie of Orlando Furioso*, 1599; 8. Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece* (date cut off); 9. Wilkins' *Miseries*, 1607; 10. Dekker's *Whore of Babylon*, 1607; 11. Marlowe's *Faustus*, 1609; 12. *The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606; 13. Middleton's *A Mad World*, 1608; 14. T[homas] P[o]p[e] G[oodwine]'s *Historie of Blanchardine*, 1597 (unique).

<sup>2</sup> Copies of the 1609 edition were sold at the sales of the Duke of Marlborough, White Knights, in 1819 (for £2 5s. od.), of William Barnes Rhodes, in 1825 (for £9 9s. od.), and of John Dunn Gardner, with title-page in facsimile, in 1854 (for £21). There is no means of identifying them precisely with any of the traceable copies.



Orchard Halliwell[-Phillipps], and was by him identified with the one sold by auction for £14 3s. 6d. at James Edwards' first sale in 1804. A note by Halliwell[-Phillipps] pasted in a fly-leaf runs:—'Although the present volume wants two leaves in sheet D (unless indeed the omission is to be ascribed to the printer, the catchwords being right) it is of great literary curiosity and importance, being not only unique but unused by and unknown to all the editors of Shakespeare. Mr. Collier is the only one who even names it, at first with doubt as to its existence, and afterwards only on my information. The present is no doubt Edwards' copy which sold in 1804 for what was in those days the large price of £14, since which time it seems to have disappeared until purchased privately by me.' Signatures D 2 and D 3 are missing and have been replaced by two blank leaves. This copy was facsimiled for private circulation in 1868 by E. W. Ashbee under Halliwell[-Phillipps'] direction.

THE EDITION  
OF 1611.

The complete copy belonging to Mr. Perry, which measures  $6\frac{1}{4}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ , was purchased privately by him of Mr. Maurice Jonas, of London, in 1896. It is bound by Rivière in red morocco, and consists of thirty-five leaves. The last blank page has disappeared.

No. XVI.  
Perry copy,  
U.S.A.

The edition of 1619 formed the third and concluding section of a volume which opened with a reprint of the two parts of *The Whole Contention between the two famous houses Lancaster and York*. Those two plays occupy the leaves signed A-Q in fours, 'The First Part' filling A 2-H 4 verso, and 'The Second Part' I-Q 4 verso. The title-page of *Pericles* is on an unsigned inserted leaf following Q 4. The text of *Pericles* opens on a leaf signed R, and runs regularly in fours to the verso of B b 1. B b 2 in perfect copies is blank. *Pericles* thus consists of thirty-four leaves without pagination. The *Pericles* portion of the volume is usually found detached and separately bound. The title-page of *The Whole Contention* has no date. That of *Pericles* is dated 1619, and runs thus:—  
THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | CALLED, | Pericles,  
Prince of | Tyre. | *With the true Relation of the whole Hi-*story,  
aduentures, and fortunes of | the saide Prince. | Written by

THE EDITION  
OF 1619.



THE EDITION  
OF 1619.

W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed for T. P. 1619. | There is a device on the title with the motto HEB. DDIM. HEB. DDIEV.

Copies  
attached to  
*The Whole  
Contention*.  
No. XVII.  
British  
Museum  
copy.

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 38), which measures  $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$ , still forms part of the volume of which the first portion is occupied by *The Whole Contention* (in two parts). The title-page of *Pericles* is missing. Two blank leaves intervene between the close of the second part of *The Whole Contention* and the opening of the text of *Pericles*. The latter play fills thirty-three leaves instead of thirty-four. The volume is bound in red morocco, and on the front cover is stamped the arms of David Garrick, the former owner.

No. XVIII.  
New York  
Public  
Library.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library in fine condition is bound without title-page with the 1619 edition of *The Whole Contention*. Its earlier owners have been C. W. Loscombe, F.S.A., at whose sale in 1854 it fetched £11 15s. 0d.; J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], at whose sale in 1856 it fetched £6 7s. 6d.; and Sir William Tite, at whose sale in 1874 it fetched £21, and was bought for the Lenox collection.

No. XIX.  
Virginia  
University  
copy, U.S.A.

A copy in the library of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville is bound with an imperfect copy of *The Whole Contention* and some other early quarto plays. The volume was presented by Col. Thomas Mann Randolph, son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), President of the United States.

No. XX.  
Mr. E. D.  
Church's  
(Rowfant)  
copy.

A copy, lacking the title-page, but bound up as published with the 1619 edition of *The Whole Contention*, now in the possession of Mr. E. Dwight Church of New York, was formerly in the Rowfant library of Frederick Locker Lampson. It measures  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$ .

In no other known copies does *Pericles* retain its original shape of supplement to *The Whole Contention*.

No. XXI.  
Huth copy.

In Mr. Huth's library, though *Pericles*, 1619, is separately bound, the copy of *The Whole Contention* to which it was attached is preserved in separate binding in the same collection.

Detached  
copies.  
No. XXII.

A detached perfect copy in the British Museum (C. 12. h. 6) was formerly in the library of George Steevens, whose auto-

graph is on the title-page. It was sold at his sale in 1800 for 15s. The page measures  $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ ; it is inlaid on paper measuring  $8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6\frac{7}{8}''$ .

THE EDITION  
OF 1619.  
British Mu-  
seum copy.  
No. XXIII.  
Bodleian  
copy.

The copy in the Malone collection at the Bodleian Library, which measures  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{1}{2}''$  (Malone 34), is inlaid, and was bound up by Malone with his copy of the 1609 edition of *Pericles*, and five other early quartos as described above (No. I).

The copy in the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, measures  $7\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$ .

No. XXIV.  
Capell copy.

A copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, measuring  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{7}{8}''$ , belonged to Dr. Farmer, who has written on the title-page a manuscript note '[The Name at length is to the edit. 1609]' below the words 'Written by W. Shakespeare'.

No. XXV.  
Dyce copy.

A copy belongs to Earl Howe, and is at Gopsall in the collection formed by Charles Jennens. It measures  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ .

No. XXVI.  
Gopsall copy.

There is a copy in the possession of Mr. F. A. Newdegate, M.P., at Arbury, bound up with five other quarto plays, viz. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600; *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1619; *Birth of Merlin*, 1662; *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Mucedorus*, 1668.

No. XXVII.  
The Arbury  
copy.

A detached copy of *Pericles*, 1619, is in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library, as well as the copy attached to *The Whole Contention* (1619).

No. XXVIII.  
Lenox col-  
lection,  
New York.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is clean, and is bound in red morocco by Charles Lewis. The title-page has been repaired.

No. XXIX.  
Barton copy,  
Boston Pub-  
lic Library,  
U.S.A.

A copy formerly in the possession of J. O. Halliwell [-Phillipps] now belongs to Mr. Perry, of Providence. The margins are much cut down, but the text is perfect and measures  $6\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ . The volume is bound by W. Pratt, and consists of thirty-four leaves. The title is defective.

No. XXX.  
Perry  
copy (1).

A second copy belonging to Mr. Perry, in a perfect condition, forms part of a volume containing eight other Shakespearean quartos, which was found in a German library in 1902. It is bound in seventeenth-century calf, and is

No. XXXI.  
Perry  
copy (2).

THE EDITION OF  
1619.

No. XXXII.  
Folger copy.  
No. XXXIII.  
Furness copy.  
Untraced copies.

No. XXXIV.  
Roxburghe-Tite-  
Gaisford copy.

No. XXXV.  
Cosens copy.  
No. XXXVI.  
Crawford copy.

No. XXXVII.  
Warwick copy.

No. XXXVIII.  
Stevens copy.

No. XXXIX.  
Burton-Griswold  
copy.

stamped on the side with the name of a seventeenth-century collector, Edward Gwynn.<sup>1</sup>

Other American owners are Mr. Folger, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.<sup>2</sup>

The present ownership of the following copies, one or two of which may possibly be identifiable with some already enumerated, cannot be positively stated:—

A copy, bound in olive morocco, belonging successively to the Duke of Roxburghe and to William Nanson Lettsom (1796–1865), at whose sale in 1865 it fetched £9 15s. 0d.; it was resold at the Tite sale, in 1874, to A. Russell Smith for £5 15s. 0d., and at the Thomas Gaisford sale, on April 23, 1890, to Messrs. Pearson for £30. It has autograph notes by Bishop Warburton, and a few manuscript annotations transcribed from Theobald's copy by Lettsom.

F. W. Cosens' copy, bound by Rivière, sold November 11, 1890, with all faults, to Bernard Quaritch for £12 5s. 0d.

Copy of W. H. Crawford, of Lakelands, sold March 12, 1891, to Quaritch for £37; bound in morocco by Bedford.

The copy belonging to the Earl of Warwick, acquired c. 1867, through J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], by George Guy, fourth Earl of Warwick (1818–93), was disposed of to an American purchaser in 1896.

An unbound detached copy, sold at a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's, on February 25, 1901, with minute fragments of the date rubbed off, but otherwise perfect, ending B b 1, was purchased by B. F. Stevens, the American agent, for £100.

The American actor, W. E. Burton, who died in 1860, owned a copy which was afterwards in the library of Almon W. Griswold of New York.

<sup>1</sup> Gwynn seems to have collected a valuable library in the seventeenth century, and his full name is usually stamped on the front side cover of his books. A collection of royal proclamations, dating between 1634 and 1661; in the British Museum, 506. h. 11, is in a calf binding, stamped in this manner with Gwynn's name.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Furness' copy resembles that which formerly belonged to Asa I. Fish of Philadelphia.

The title of the 1630 edition runs:—‘The late, and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince: Written by Will: Shakespeare.’ There is a device with the motto *In domino confido*, as in the 1632 edition of *Lucrece*. The imprint is given in two different forms. On some copies it appears as ‘LONDON, | Printed by I. N. for R. B. and are to be sould | at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the | *Bible*. 1630. | The other imprint is: LONDON, | Printed by J. N. for R. B. 1630. | The signatures run A–I<sub>2</sub> in fours. The leaves number thirty-four without pagination. Sig. E<sub>2</sub> is wrongly printed D<sub>2</sub>. Leaf B<sub>4</sub> is marked. Usually the signatures H<sub>1</sub> and I<sub>2</sub> are omitted. The text ends on the recto of I<sub>2</sub>.

Copies with the short imprint are reckoned the more valuable, though they seem to be almost as frequently met with as those with the long imprint.

The British Museum copy (C. 34. k. 40), which measures  $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{8}''$ , was acquired on November 9, 1858, from J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted this manuscript note:—‘Most copies of this edition vary considerably in the title-page. See my other copy which has quite a different imprint. The present is of great rarity, if not unique.’ The top of leaf C<sub>3</sub> has been torn and mended.

The copy in the Dyce collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington measures  $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{3}{8}''$ . Inside the cover is pasted a manuscript note, presented to Dyce by Halliwell[-Phillipps], pointing out the rarity of the short imprint.

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library measures  $6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5''$ , and is bound in red morocco. It was presented to the University in 1872 by Halliwell[-Phillipps], who has inserted a note describing its excessive rarity.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the possession of Richard Heber, and was sold in 1857, at the sale of the library of E. V. Uttersen, for four guineas.

THE EDITION OF  
1630.

Copies with the  
SHORT IMPRINT,  
1630.

No. XL.  
British Museum  
copy.

No. XLI.  
Dyce copy.

No. XLII.  
Edinburgh  
University copy.

No. XLIII.  
Lenox collection,  
New York Public  
Library.

THE EDITION OF  
1630.

No. XLIV.  
Barton copy,  
Boston Public  
Library, U.S.A.

Untraced copies.

No. XLV.

Tite copy.

No. XLVI.

Lamb copy.

Copies with LONGER  
IMPRINT, 1630.

No. XLVII. British  
Museum copy.

No. XLVIII.

Bodleian copy.

No. XLIX.

Edinburgh  
University copy.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library was acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1858 for £5 12s. 6d., and was bound in green morocco by Rivière.

Of two untraced copies, one was sold at the Tite sale in 1874, to Mr. Sabin, the American agent, for four guineas, and the other at the sale of A. G. Lamb, of Dundee, February 7, 1898, to Messrs. Pickering for £1 15s. 0d.

A copy, with the longer imprint, in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 39) measures  $5\frac{3}{4}'' \times 7\frac{3}{8}''$ . It belonged to Garrick.

The copy in the Bodleian Library belonged to Malone (Malone 222). It is bound up with other pieces, and measures  $6\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{2}''$ .

A copy in the Edinburgh University Library was presented by J. O. Halliwell[-Phillipps] in 1872. He seems to have paid five guineas for it. The copy belonged to Theobald, who has placed on the title-page this inscription:—‘Collated w<sup>th</sup> an Old edition exactly w<sup>th</sup> the same Title Printed for T. P. 1619. L. Theobald.’ At the back of the title-page is another note, signed by Theobald, stating that he had collated it also with the edition of 1609, which he calls ‘another old Edition’. Marks of Theobald’s collation are scattered through the volume. The title-page and a few leaves are mended. At the end of the volume, which measures  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$  and is bound in morocco, three leaves from another copy of the same edition are pasted down; they show slight discrepancies of typography, which indicate that they were a first rough proof; they contain a greater number of wrong letters than appear in the ordinary copies.

No. L. Capell copy.

The copy in the Capell collection measures  $7\frac{3}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ .

No. LI.

Lenox collection,  
New York Public  
Library.

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library was formerly in the library of Sir Charles Aldis.

No. LII.

Barton copy,  
Boston Public  
Library, U.S.A.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library, acquired from Halliwell[-Phillipps] in May, 1857, for £5, is bound in red morocco by Bedford. The lower edge of the title-page has been clipped.

Private American owners include Mr. H. C. Folger, junior, of New York, and Mr. H. H. Furness, of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, whose copy is imperfect.

A copy in the Tite sale in 1874 was purchased for £4 10s. od. by Mr. Sabin, the American agent.

The title-page of the 1635 edition is identical with that of 1630 save that 'Said Prince' now appears in place of 'Sayd Prince': while Shakespeare's name is now given as 'W. Shakespeare' instead of 'Will Shakespeare', and there is the fresh imprint, 'Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, 1635.' The number of leaves is thirty-four as in the 1630 edition. There is no pagination. The signatures run A-I2 in fours. B4 is marked, but I2 is omitted. There is the same printer's device as in the 1619 issue, with the motto *HEB. DDIM. HEB. DDIEV.*

The copy in the British Museum (C. 34. k. 41) measures  $6\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$ . The binding is in red russia, and some of the leaves are closely shaved.

The copy in the Bodleian is numbered Malone 875. It measures  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{8}''$ , and is bound separately in nineteenth-century binding. It did not form part of the original Malone collection.

Other copies are in the Capell collection (measuring  $7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5''$ ) and in the Howley Harrison Library at Canterbury Cathedral.

The copy at Bridgewater House, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, forms part of the library originally brought together by John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater (1622-1686). The leaves have been much cut down, and the copy measures  $6\frac{9}{16}'' \times 4\frac{3}{4}''$ .

A copy bound in morocco by Bedford, which is now in the Britwell library, was sold for £15 at the sale of W. H. Crawford's Lakeland library, March 12, 1891. It seems at one time to have belonged to Halliwell[-Phillipps].

A copy in the Lenox collection of the New York Public Library has on the title-page an early transcript note running: 'Left by Sir George Etherege [something obliterated

THE EDITION OF  
1630.

No. LIII.

Folger copy.

No. LIV.

Furness copy.

Untraced copy.

No. LV. Tite copy.

THE EDITION OF

1635.

No. LVI. British  
Museum copy.

No. LVII.  
Bodleian copy.

No. LVIII.  
Capell copy.  
No. LIX. Canter-  
bury Cathedral copy.

No. LX. Bridge-  
water House copy.

No. LXI.  
Britwell copy.

No. LXII.  
Lenox collection,  
New York Public  
Library.

THE EDITION OF  
1635.

and undecipherable] 1689.' Etherege the dramatist died in 1691.

No. LXIII. Barton  
copy, Boston Public  
Library, U.S.A.

The copy in the Barton collection of the Boston Public Library is in good condition, and is bound in red morocco.

No. LXIV. Perry  
copy, U.S.A.

Mr. Perry's copy, which was acquired with the Halliwell [-Phillipps] collection of Shakespearean rarities in 1895, measures  $7\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5\frac{1}{4}''$ . It has the book-plates of Sir Francis Freeling and John Kershaw, and some manuscript notes by Halliwell[-Phillipps].

No. LXV. Furness  
copy, U.S.A.

Mr. H. H. Furness possesses an imperfect copy, which was at one time in the possession of Theobald, who has inserted many marginal notes.

No. LXVI. White  
copy, U.S.A.

Other American owners are Mr. W. A. White, of Brooklyn; and Mr. H. C. Folger, of New York.

No. LXVII. Folger  
copy, U.S.A.

The ownership of the following seven copies has not been traced with certainty:—

Untraced copies.

No. LXVIII.  
Tite copy.

The Tite copy, bound by Bedford, was sold to Ellis and White in 1874 for £6 10s. od.

No. LXIX.  
Sewall copy.

A copy bound in half-calf was bought at the sale of Mr. Henry F. Sewall's library by Bangs & Co. of New York in January, 1897, for £13.

Nos. LXX, LXXI.  
Cosens copies.

Two copies belonging to F. W. Cosens were sold Nov. 11, 1890, to Messrs. Pickering; one bound by Zaehnsdorf in morocco for £14 5s. od.; the other, with head-lines cut into, for £12 5s. od.

No. LXXII.  
Tyrrell copy.

A copy belonging to Lieut.-Col. Walter R. Tyrrell was sold at Christie, Manson & Woods', Dec. 7, 1891, to Mr. Ellis, the London bookseller, for £8 15s. od.

No. LXXIII.

A copy, unbound, was sold July 18, 1900, to Messrs. Pickering for £21 10s. od.

No. LXXIV.

A large and unwashed copy, bound in morocco by Rivière, was sold at Sotheby's, May 16, 1901, to Messrs. Pickering for £66, the highest price which this edition has yet reached.

THE LATE,  
And much admired Play,  
Called  
Pericles, Prince  
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historie,  
aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince:

As also,  
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,  
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter  
*MARIANA.*

As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by  
his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on  
the Banck-side.

By William ♀♂♂♂ Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London for *Henry Giffen*, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in  
Pater-noster row, &c.

1609.







# The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre. &c.

*Enter Gower.*



Thus a Song that old was sung,  
From ashes, auncient Gower is come,  
Assuming mans infirmities,  
To glad your eare, and please your eyes:  
It hath been sung at Feastivals,  
On Ember eues, and Holy dayes:  
And Lords and Ladyes in their lues,  
Haue red it for restoratiues:  
The purchase is to make men glorious,  
*Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:*  
If you, borne in those latter times,  
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes,  
And that to heare an old man sing,  
May to your Wisshes pleasure bring:  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like Taper light.  
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,  
Buyt vp this Citie, for his chiefeft Seat,  
The fayrest in all Syria.  
I tell you what mine Authors saye:  
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,  
Who dyed, and left a female heyre,  
So bucksome, blith, and full of face,  
As heauen had lent her all his grace:  
With whom the Father liking tooke,  
And her to Incest did prouoke:  
Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne

A 2.

To

*The Play of*

To euill, should be done by none.  
But custome what they did begin,  
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne,  
The beautie of this sinfull Dame,  
Made many Princes thither frame  
To seeke her as a bedfellow,  
In maryage pleasures, play fellow:  
Which to preuent, he made a Law,  
To keepe her still, and men in awe:  
That who so askt her for his wife,  
His Riddle tould, not lost his life:  
So for her many of wight did die,  
As yon grimme lookes do testifie.  
What now ensues, to the iudgement of your eye,  
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exii.*

*Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.*

*Anti.* Young Prince of Tyre, you haue at large receiued  
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

*Peri.* I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned  
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,  
In this enterprife.

*Ant.* Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For embracements euen of *Ioue* himselfe;  
At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,  
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her presence,  
The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,  
To kuit in her, their best perfections.

*Enter Antiochus daughter.*

*Per.* See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,  
Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,  
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men:  
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,  
Sorrow were euer raste, and teafie wrath  
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue;  
That haue enflamde desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,  
(Or die in th'adventure) be my helpes,  
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,  
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

*Ant.* Prince *Pericles*.

*Tert.* That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

*Ant.* Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,  
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:  
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:  
Her face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view  
Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:  
And which without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:  
Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,  
Drawne by report, aduentrous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,  
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,  
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:  
And with dead cheekes, aduise thee to desist,  
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

*Tert. Antiochus*, I thanke thee, who hath taught,  
My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;  
And by those fearefull obiectes, to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:  
For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,  
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it error:  
He make my Will then, and as sick men doe,  
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe,  
My riches to the earth, from whence they came:  
But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you:  
Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I way to the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

A 3.

Scorning

*The Play of*

*Andro.*

Scorning aduice; read the conclusion there  
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all sayd yet, mayst thou prooue prosperous,  
Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

*Peri.* Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,  
Nor aske aduise of any other thought,  
But faythfulnesse and courage.

*The Riddle.*

*I am no Viper, yet I feed  
On mothers flesh which did me breed:  
I sought a Husband, in which labour,  
I found that kinde in a Father;  
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husband mild;  
I, Mother, Wife; and yet his Child:  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will line resolve it you.*

*Andro.*

Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But ô you powers!  
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,  
Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fairste Glasse of light, I lou'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,  
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,  
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.  
You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes;  
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,  
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to harken:  
But being playd vpon before your time,  
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ans.* Prince *Pericles*, touch not; vpon thy life;  
For that's an Article within our Law,  
As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,  
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

*Peri.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Peri.* Great King,  
Few loue to heare the sinnes they loue to act,  
T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it:  
Who has a booke of all that Monarches doe,  
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne.  
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,  
Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,  
The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see cleare:  
To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes  
Copt hilles towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By mans oppression, and the poore Worme doth die for't:  
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:  
And if *Ioue* stray, who dares say, *Ioue* doth ill:  
It is enough you know, and it is fit,  
What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.  
All loue the Wombe that their first becing bred,  
Then give my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (*ning:*

*Ant.* Heauen, that I had thy head, he ha's found the mea-  
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,  
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree  
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise;  
Fourtie dayes longer we doe respite you,  
If by which time, our secret be vndone,  
This mercy shewes, wee'le ioy in such a Sonne:  
And vntill then, your entertaine shall bee  
As doth besfit our honour and your worth.

*Mus Pericles solus.*

*Peri.* How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,  
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,  
As with foule Incest to abuse your foule:

Where

*The Play of*

Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,  
By your vntimely claspings with your Child,  
(Which pleasures fittes a husband, not a father)  
And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,  
By the defiling of her Parents bed,  
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed  
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.  
*Antioch* farewell, for Wisedome sees those men;  
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,  
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:  
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;  
Murther's as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake:  
Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,  
I, and the targets to put off the shame,  
Then least my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,  
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare.

*Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus.*

*Anti.* He hath found the meaning,  
For which we meane to haue his head:  
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamie,  
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne  
In such a loathed manner:  
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,  
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.  
Who attends vs there?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thali.* Doth your highnes call?

*Antio.* *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,  
And our minde pertakes her priuat actions,  
To your secrecie; and for your faythfulnes,  
We will aduaunce you, *Thaliard*:  
Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold:  
Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him,  
It fittes thee not to aske the reason why?  
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

*Thali.* My Lord, tis done.

*Exit*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Anti.* Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

*Antin.* As thou wilt live, follow after, and like an arrow shot from a well experient Archier hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: so thou neuer returne vntill thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

*Thal.* My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your highnesse.

*Ind:* *Thalward* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

*Enter Pericles with his Lords.*

*Pe.* Let none disturb vs, why shold this chage of thoughts  
The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,  
By me soule a guest, as not an houre  
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,  
The tombe where griefe should sleepe can breed me quiet,  
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,  
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,  
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,  
Yet nether pleasures Art can ioy my spirits,  
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,  
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,  
That haue their first conception by misdread,  
Haue after nourishment and life, by care  
And what was first but feare, what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
And so with me the great *Antiochus*,  
Gainst whom I am too little to contend.  
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,  
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,  
Nor heeues it ing to say. I honour,  
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

B

And



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

And what may make him blush in being knowne,  
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,  
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,  
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,  
Amazement shall driue courage from the state,  
Oyr men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,  
And subiects punisht that nere thought offence,  
Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,  
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,  
Makes both my bodie pine, and soule to languish,  
And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter all the Lords to Pericles.*

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs  
peacefull and comfortable.

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and giue expetience tongue,  
They doe abule the King that flatter him,  
For flatterie is the bellows blowes vp sinne,  
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,  
To which that sparke giues heate, and stronger  
Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,  
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,  
When *senior* sooth here does proclaime peace,  
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.  
Prince paadon me, or strike me if you please,  
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

*Per.* All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke,  
What shipping, and what ladings in our haven,  
And then returne to vs, *Hellicus* thou hast  
Mooude vs, what seest thou in our lookes?

*Hel.* An angric brow, dread Lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,  
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

From whence they haue their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from

*Hel.* I haue ground the Axe my selfe, (thee,  
Doe but you strike the blowe.

*Per.* Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,  
I thanke thee fort, and heauē forbid  
That kings should let their cares heare their faults hid.  
Fit Counsellor, and seruant for a Prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy seruant,  
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

*Hel.* To beare with patience such griefes as you your  
selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

*Per.* Thou speakest like a Physitian *Helicanus*,  
That ministers a potion vnto me:  
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,  
Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,  
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,  
From whence an issue I might propogate,  
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioies to subiects,  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,  
The rest harke in thine care, as blacke as incest,  
Which by my knowledge found; the sinful father  
Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowst this,  
Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.  
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,  
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,  
Who seemd my good protector, and being here,  
Bethought what was past, what might succeed,  
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare  
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares,  
And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the listning ayre,  
How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,  
To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlayde ope,

B 2

To

*Partles Prince of Tyre.*

To lop that doubt,hee'll fill this land with armes,  
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,  
When all for mine,if I may call offence,  
Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,  
Which loue to all of which thy selfe art one,  
Who now reprou'dst me fort.

*Hell.* Alas sir.

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eies,blood frō my cheekes,  
Musings into my mind,with thousand doubts  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came,  
And finding little comfort to relieue them,  
I thought it princely charity to griue for them.

*Hell.* Well my Lord,since you haue giuen mee leaue to  
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare, (speake,  
And iustly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,  
Who either by publike warre,or priuat treason,  
Will take away your life : therfore my Lord, go trauell for  
a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-  
stinies doe cut his threed of life : your rule direct to anie,  
if to me, day serues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

*Per.* I doe not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

*Hell.* Weele mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

*Per.* *Tyre* I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*  
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee,  
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.  
The care I had and haue of subjects good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can beare it,  
Ile take thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,  
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.  
But in our orbs will liue so round, and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall nere conuince,  
Thou shewdst a subjects shine, I a true Prince.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Thaliard alone.*

So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home : 't is daungerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellowe, and had good diferetion, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't : for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to bee one.

Hush, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Helicarnus, Escanes, with  
other Lords.*

*Helli.* You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre* further to question mee of your kings departure : his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to traualle.

*Thaliard.* How? the King gone?

*Helli.* If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were vnlicens'd of your loues) he would depart? He giue some light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

*Thal.* What from *Antioch*?

*Helli.* Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee iudg'd so : and doubting lest hee had err'd or sinn'd, to shewe his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe ; so puts himselfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threatens life or death.

*Thaliard.* Well, I perceiue I shall not be hang'd now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings seas must please : I see scap'te the Land to perish at the Sea, I'll present my selfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

B 3

Lord

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Acc.

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come with message vnto princely *Pericles*, but since my landing, I haue vnderstood your Lord has betake himselfe to vnkowne trauailes, now message must returne from whence it came.

*Hell.* Wee haue no reason to desire it, commended to our maister not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire, as friends to *Antioch* wee may feele in *Tyre*. Exit.

*Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus, with his wife and others.*

*Cleon.* My *Dioniza* shall wee rest vs heere,  
And by relating tales of others griefes,  
See if it will teach vs to forget our owne?

*Dion.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,  
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?  
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:  
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,  
Heere they are but felt, and scene with mischiefs eyes,  
But like to Groues, being topt, they higher rise.

*Cleon.* O *Dioniza*,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,  
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?  
Our tongs and sorrowes to sound deeper  
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.  
Till tongs fetch breath that may proclaime  
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while  
Their creatures want, they may awake  
Their helpers, to comfort them.  
He then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,  
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

*Dioniza.* He doe my best Syr. (ment,

*Cleon.* This *Tharsus* ore which I haue the gouernour  
A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:  
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streetes,

Whose

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clowds,  
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,  
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,  
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by,  
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feede on as delight,  
All pouertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,  
The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

*Dion.* O't is too true.

*Cle.* But see what heauen can doe by this our change,  
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although thy gaue their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are desil'de for want of vse,  
They are now staru'de for want of exercise,  
Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,  
Must haue inuentions to delight the tast,  
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,  
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,  
Thought nought too curious, are readie now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lou'de,  
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,  
Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.  
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping :  
Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,  
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.

Is not this true ?

*Dion.* Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

*Cle.* O let those Cities that of plenties cup,  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots heare these teares,  
The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Wheres the Lord Gouvernour ?

*Cle.* Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bring  
in

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

in haile, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

*Lord.* Wee haue descryed vpon our neighbouring shore, a portlie saile of ships make hitherward.

*Cleon.* I thought as much.

One sorrowe neuer comes but brings an heire,  
That may succede as his inheritor:  
And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,  
Taking aduantage of our miserie,  
That stuffe the hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat vs downe, the which are downe already,  
And make a conquest of vnhappy mee,  
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

*Lord.* That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they  
bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

*Cleon.* Thou speake'st like himnes vntuterd to repeat,  
Who makes the fairest shewe, meane most deceipt.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need wee leaue our grounds the lowest?  
And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee  
attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence  
he comes, and what he craues?

*Lord.* I goe my Lord.

*Cleon.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist,  
If warres, wee are vnable to resist.

*Enter Pericles with attendants.*

*Per.* Lord Gouvernour, for so wee heare you are,  
Let not our Ships and number of our men,  
Be like a beaçon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,  
Wee haue heard your miseries as farre as Tyre,  
And scene the desolation of your streets,  
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,  
But to relieue them of their heavy load,  
And these our Ships you happily may thinke,

*Are*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Are like the Troian Horse, was stufte within  
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,  
Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread,  
And giue them life, whom hunger-staru'd halfe dead.

*Ouenus.* The Gods of Greece protect you,  
And wee'le pray for you.

*Per.* Arise I pray you, rise; we do not looke for reuerence,  
But for loue, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

*Chon.* The which when any shall not gratifie,  
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,  
Be it our Wiues, our Children, or our selues,  
The Curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:  
Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be seene:  
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

*Peri.* Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,  
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt.*

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*Enter Gower.*

Heere haue you seene a mightie King,  
His child I wis to incest bring:  
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,  
That Will proue awfull both in deed and word:  
Be quiet then, as men should bee,  
Till he hath past necessitie:  
I'll shew you those in troubles raigne;  
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:  
The good in conuersation,  
To whom I giue my benizon:  
Is still at *Tharstall*, where each man,  
Thinkes all is writ, he spoken can:  
And to remember what he does,  
Build his Statue to make him glorious:  
But tidinges to the contrarie,  
Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

C.

*Dumbe*



## *The Play of*

*Dumb show.*

*Enter as one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the traines  
with them; Enter as an other doore, a Gentleman with a  
Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewes the Letter to Cleon,  
Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knightes him:  
Exit Pericles as one doore, and Cleon as an other,*

Good Helicon that stayde at home,  
Not to eate Hony like a Drone,  
From others labours, for though he strine  
To killen bad, keepe good aliue;  
And to fulfill his prince desire,  
Sau'd one of all, that haps in Tye:  
How *T baluort* came full bent with sinne,  
And hid in Tent to muredred him;  
And that in *T barfu* was not best,  
Longer for him to make his rest:  
He doing so, put foorth to Seas;  
Where when men been, there's seldome ease,  
For now the Wind begins to blow,  
Thunder aboue, and deeper belows,  
Makes such vnquiet, that the Shippe,  
Should house him safe; is wrackt and split;  
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,  
By Waues, from coast to coast is tost:  
All perishe of man of pelfe,  
Ne ought escapend but himselfe;  
Till Fortune tri'd with doing bad;  
Threw him a shore, to giue him glad  
And heere he comes: what shall be next,  
Pardonold *Gower*, this long's the text.

*Enter Pericles wate.*

*Peri.* Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heauen,  
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man:  
Is but a substance that must yeld to you:  
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

*Alas,*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,  
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath  
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:  
Let it suffize the greatnesse of your powers,  
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes;  
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,  
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

*Enter three Fisher-men.*

1. What, to pelch?

2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.

1. What Patch-breech, I say.

3. What say you Maister?

1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:

Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.

3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,  
That were cast away before vs euen now.

1. Alasse poore soules, it griued my heart to heare,  
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,  
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selues.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,  
When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?  
They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:  
A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.  
Maister, I maruell how the Fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land;  
The great ones eate vp the little ones:  
I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,  
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,  
Dryuing the poore Fry before him,  
And at last, deuoure them all at a mouthfull:  
Such Whales haue I heard on, a'th land,  
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallow'd  
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

*Per.* A prettie morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton,  
I would haue been that day in the belfrie.

2. Why, Man?

C 2.

1. Because

*The Play of*

1. Because he should haue swallowed mee too,  
And when I had been in his belly,  
I would haue kept such a iangling of the Belles,  
That he should neuer haue left,  
Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:  
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

*Per. Simonides?*

3. We would purge the land of these Drones,  
That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

*Per.* How from the fenny subiect of the Sea,  
These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,  
And from their watry empire recollect,  
All that may men approue, or men detect.  
Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you  
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

*Per.* May see the Sea hath cast vpon your coast:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,  
To cast thee in our way?

*Per.* A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,  
In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball  
For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him:  
Hee askes of you, that neuer vs'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?  
Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,  
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

*Per.* I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure: for heer's nothing to  
be got now-adayes, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:  
A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,  
And haue no more of life then may suffize,  
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried.

1. Die

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

1. Dis, ke the ; now Gods forbid't, and I have a Gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme : now afore mee a handsome fellow : Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'll haue Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more ; or Puddinges and Flap-iackes, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend : You sayd you could not beg?

*Per.* I did but craue.

2. But craue?

Then Ile turne Crauer too, and so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are you Beggars whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your Beggars were whipt, I would with no better office, then to be Beadle : But Maister, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you sir ; doe you know vwhere yee are?

*Per.* Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pantapoleu*,  
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

*Per.* The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be cal'd,  
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

*Per.* He is a happy King, since he gaines from  
His subiects the name of good, by his gouernment.  
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marv sir, halfe a dayes iourney : And Ile tell you,  
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,  
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of  
the World, to Iust and Turney for her loue.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equall to my desires,  
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may : and what a man can  
not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues soule.

*Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.*

2. Helpe Maister helpe, heere's a Fish hanges in the Net,  
Like a poore mans right in the law : t'will hardly come out.  
Ha bots on't, tis come at last ; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

C 3.

*Per. An*

*The Play of*

**Per.** An Armour friends; I pray you let me see it:  
Thanks Fortune, yet that after all crosses,  
Thou givest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:  
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,  
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge even as he left his life,  
Keepe it my *Perycus*, it hath been a Shield  
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,  
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessitie:  
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:  
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,  
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,  
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, haue giuen't againe:  
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill,  
Since I haue heere my Father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

**Peri.** To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,  
For it was sometime Target to a King;  
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,  
And for his sake, I with the hauing of it,  
And that you'd guid me to your Soueraignes Court,  
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:  
And if that euer my low fortune's better,  
He pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turne for the Lady?

**Peri.** He shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di't take it: and the Gods gine thee good an't.  
2. I but harke you my friend, 'twas wee that made vp  
this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters:  
there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope  
fir, if you thriue, you le remember from whence you had  
them.

**Peri.** Beleeue't, I will:

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,  
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,  
This Jewell holdes his buylding on my arme:  
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe

Vpon

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Vpon a Courser, whose delight's steps, » *fall*  
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;  
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Bases.

2. Wee'll sure prouide, thou shalt haue  
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;  
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

*Pers.* Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,  
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

*Enter Simonides, with attendaunce, and Thaisa.*

*King.* Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,  
To present them selues.

*King.* Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,  
In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,  
Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,  
For men to see; and seeing woonder at.

*Thais.* It plealeth you (my royall Father) to expresse  
My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse.

*King.* It's fit it should be so, for Princes are  
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:  
As Iewels loose their glory, if neglected,  
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:  
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine  
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

*Thais.* Which to preferue mine honour, I'll performe.

*The first Knight passes by.*

*King.* Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

*Thais.* A Knight of *sparta* (my renowned father)  
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,  
Is a blacke Ethiyope reaching at the Sunne:  
The word: *Lux tua uita meo.*

*King.* He lowes you well, that holdes his life of you.

*The second Knight.*

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

*Thais. A*

*The Play of*

*Tha.* A Prince of *Macdon* (my royall father)  
And the deuce he beares vpon his Shield,  
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:  
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pus Per dolet a kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight.* *Kn.* And with the third?

*Tha.* The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,  
A wreath of Chiually: the word: *Me Pompey prouocit apex.*

4. *Knight.* *Kn.* What is the fourth?

*Tha.* A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;  
The word: *Qui me alio me extinguat.*

*Kn.* Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,  
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight.* *Tha.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,  
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride:  
The motto thus: *Sic spicanda fides.*

6. *Knight.* *Kn.* And what's the sixt, and last, the which,  
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

*Tha.* Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is  
A withered Branch, that's onely Greene at top,  
The motto: *In hac spem.*

*Kn.* A pretty mortall frō the delected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had neede indane better, then his outward shew  
Can any way speake in his iust commend:  
For by his rustie outside, he appeares,  
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Lancee.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust  
Vntill this day, to scōwre it in the dust.

*Kn.* Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan  
The outward habit, by the inward man.

But stay, the Knights are coming,  
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

*Great shout, and all cry, the maunc Knight.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.*

*King.* Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.  
I place vpon the volume of your deedes,  
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,  
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,  
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe :  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.  
You are Princes, and my guesles.

*Thas.* But you my Knight and guesle,  
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,  
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

*Peri.* Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is your,  
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it :  
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed,  
And you are her labourd scholler : come Queene a th'feast,  
For (Daughter) so you are ; heere take your place :  
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good *Symonida*.

*King.* Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,  
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Peri.* Some other is more fit.

*1. Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,  
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

*Peri.* You are right courtious Knights.

*King.* Sit sir, sit.

By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,  
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.

*Thas.* By *Ioue* (that is Queene of mariage)  
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnfaery,  
Wishing him my meat : sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

*Kn.* Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more  
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,

D.

Or



*The Play of*

Or so; so let it passe.

*Tha.* To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

*Peri.* You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,  
Which tels in that glory once he was,  
Had Princes sit like Starres about his Throane,  
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie,  
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,  
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men;  
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,  
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

*King.* What, are you merry, Knights?

*Knights.* Who can be other, in this royall presence.

*King.* Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,  
As do you loue, fill to your Mistris lippes,  
Wee drinke this health to you.

*Knights.* We thanke your Grace.

*King.* Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melan-  
As if the entertainment in our Court, (choly,  
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:  
Note it not you, *Thaisa*.

*Tha.* What is't to me, my father?

*King.* O attend my Daughter,  
Princes in this, should liue like Gods above,  
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them;  
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:  
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,  
Heere, say wee drinke this standing boale of wine to him.

*Tha.* Alas my Father, it befits not mee,  
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,  
He may my profer take for an offence,  
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.

*King.* How? doe as I bid you, or you'll meoue me else.

*Tha.* Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*King.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him  
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

*Tha.* The King my father (sir) has drunk to you.

*Peri.* I thanke him.

*Tha.* Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.

*Peri.* I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Tha.* And further, he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

*Peri.* A Gentleman of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,  
My education beene in Artes and Armes:  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough Seas rest of Ships and men;  
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.

*Tha.* He thanks your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,  
A Gentleman of Tyre: who onely by misfortune of the seas,  
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.

*King.* Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time which lookes for other reuels;  
Euen in your Armour as you are addrest,  
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:  
I will not haue excuse with saying this,  
Lowd Musicke is too harsh for Ladyes heads,  
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.

*They daunce.*

So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd.  
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,  
And I haue heard, you Knights of Tyre,  
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippes;  
And that their Measures are as excellent.

*Peri.* In those that praetize them, they are (my Lord.)

*King.* Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed  
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

*They daunce.*

Thanks Gentlemen to all, all haue done well;  
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct

D 2.

*These.*

*The Play of*

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:  
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

*Par.* I am at your Graces pleasure.  
Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,  
And that's the marke I know, you leuell at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,  
To morrow all for speeding do their best.

*Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.*

*Hell.* No *Escanes*, know this of mee,  
*Antiochus* from incest liued not free:  
For which the most high Gods not minding,  
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that  
They had in store, due to this heynous  
Capitall offence, euen in the height and pride  
Of all his glory, when he was seated in  
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter  
With him; a fire from heauen came and shrueld  
Vp those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stouneke,  
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

*Escanes.* T'was very strange.

*Hell.* And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,  
His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft,  
But sinne had his reward.

*Escan.* Tis very true.

*Enter two or thres Lords.*

*1. Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,  
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.

*2. Lord.* It shall no longer grieue, without reprof.

*3. Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

*1. Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicanus*, a word.

*Hell.* With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.

*1. Lord.* Know, that our griefes are risen to the top,  
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

*Hell.* Your griefes, for what?

Wrong

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Wrong not your Prince, you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellian*,  
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :  
If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out :  
If in his Graue he rest, wee'le find him there,  
And be resolu'd he liues to gouerne vs:  
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funerall,  
And leaue vs to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our sense,  
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,  
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe,  
Soone fall to ruine : your noble selfe,  
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,  
Wee thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

*Omnis.* Liue noble *Hellian*.

*Hell.* Try honours cause ; forbear your suffrages:  
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbear,  
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,  
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)  
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you  
To forbear the absence of your King ;  
If in which time expir'd, he not returne,  
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake :  
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,  
Goe search like nobles, like noble subiects,  
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,  
Whom if you find, and winne vnto returne,  
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisdom, hee's a foole, that will not yeeld:  
And since Lord *Hellian* enioyneth vs,  
We with our trauels will endeaour.

*Hell.* Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands:  
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

*Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,  
the Knights meete him.*

1. *Knights.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

D 3.

*King.*

*The Play of*

*King.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelue month, shee'll not vndertake  
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,  
Which from her; by no meanes can I get.

*2. Knight.* May we not get access to her (my Lord?)

*king.* Fayth, by no meanes; she hath so strictly  
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:  
One twelue Moones more shee'll weare *Diana's* liuerie:  
This by the eye of *Cambyses* hath she vowed;  
And on her Virgin honour, will not break it.

*3. knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.

*king.* So, they are well dispatcht:

Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere;  
Shee'll wedde the stranger Knight,  
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light:  
Tis well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:  
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no,  
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer  
Haue it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,  
I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Peri.* All fortune to the good *Symonides*.

*King.* To you as much: Sir, I am behoulding to you  
For your sweete Musicke this last night:  
I do protest, my cares were neuer better fedde  
With such delightfull pleasing harmonic.

*Peri.* It is your Graces pleasure to commend,  
Not my desert.

*king.* Sir, you are Musickes maister.

*Peri.* The worst of all her schollets (my good Lord.)

*king.* Let me aske you one thing:

What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?

*Peri.* A most vertuous Princeesse.

*king.* And she is faire too, is she not?

*Peri.* As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*king.* Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,  
I so well, that you must be her Maister,  
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

*Peri.* I am vnworthy for her Scholemaister.

*king.* She thinks not so: peruse this writing else.

*Per.* What's here, a letter that she loues the knight of Tyre?  
T'is the Kings subtiltie to haue my life:  
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,  
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,  
That neuer aymed so hie, to loue your Daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*king.* Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,  
And thou art a villaine.

*Peri.* By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought  
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions  
Yet commence a deed might gaine her loue,  
Or your displeasure.

*king.* Traytor, thou lyest.

*Peri.* Traytor?

*king.* I, traytor.

*Peri.* Even in his throat, vnlesse it be the King,  
That calls me Traytor, I returne the lye.

*king.* Now by the Gods, I do applaude his courage.

*Peri.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That neuer relisht of a base discent:  
I came vnto your Court for Honours cause,  
And not to be a Rebelle to her state:  
And he that otherwise accounts of mee,  
This Sword shall prooue, hee's Honours enemy.  
*king.* No: heere comes my Daughter; she can witnesse it.

*Enter Thaisa.*

*Peri.* Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,  
Resolue your angry Father; if my tongue  
Did ere solícite, or my hand subscribe  
To any fillable that made loue to you!

*Thai.* Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?

*At*

*The Play of*

At that, would make me glad?

*King.* Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?

I am glad on't with all my heart,

Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subiection.

*Aside.*

Will you not, hauing my consent,

Bestow your loue and your affections,

Vpon a Stranger: who for ought I know,

May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

*Aside.*

As great in blood as I my selfe:

Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame

Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;

Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,

Man and wife: nay come, your hands,

And lippes must seale it too: and being ioynd,

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe:

God giue you ioy; what are you both pleased?

*Tha.* Yes, if you loue me sir?

*Pers.* Euen as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*King.* What are you both agreed?

*Ambo.* Yes, ift please your Maiestie.

*King.* It please me so well, that I will see you wed,  
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

---

*Enter Gower.*

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,

No din but snores about the house,

Made louder by the orefed breast,

Of this most pompous maryage Feast:

The Catte with cyne of burning cole,

Now couthes from the Mouses hole;

And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,

Are the blyther for their drouth:

*Hymen* hath brought the Bride to bed,

Whereby the losse of maydenhead,

A Babe is moulded: be attent,

*And.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

And Time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly each,  
What's dumbe in shew, I'll plaue with speech.

*Enter Pericles and Symonides at one dore with attendantes,  
a Messenger meets them, kneeles and giues Pericles a letter,  
Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him;  
then enter Thaysa with child, with Lichorida a nurse,  
the King shewes her the letter, she reioyes: she and Pericles  
take leave of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painefull pearch  
Of *Pericles* the carefull search,  
By the fower opposing *Crignes*,  
Which the world togeather ioynes,  
Is made with all due diligence,  
That horse and sayle and hie expence,  
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*:  
Fame answering the most strange enquire,  
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,  
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:  
*Antiochus* and his daughter dead,  
The men of *Tyrrus*, on the head  
Of *Helycanus* would set on  
The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:  
The mutanie, hee there hastes to oppressse,  
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*  
Come not home in twise sixe Moones,  
He obedient to their doomes,  
Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,  
Brought hither to *Penapolis*,  
Irauythed the regions round,  
And euery one with claps can sound,  
Our heyre apparant is a King:  
Who dreamt? who thought of such a thing?  
Briefe he must hence depart to *Tyre*,  
His Queene with child, makes her desire,  
E,

Which



*The Play of*

Which who shall crosse along to goe,  
Omit we all their dole and woe :  
*Lucbrius* her Nurse she takes,  
And so to Sea ; their vessell shakes,  
On *Nepereus* billow, halfe the flood,  
Hath their Keele cut : but fortune mou'd,  
Varies againe, the grisled North  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That as a Ducke for life that diues,  
So vp and downe the poore Ship drives :  
The Lady shreekes, and wel-a-neare,  
Do's fall in trauayle with her feare :  
And what ensues in this fell storme,  
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :  
I will relate, a ction may  
Conueniently the rest conuay,  
Which might not ? what by me is told,  
In your imagination hold :  
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke  
The seas tost *Pericles* appeares to speake.

*Enter Pericles a Shipboard.*

*Peri.* The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,  
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that hast  
Vpon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse;  
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, ô still  
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench  
Thy nimble sulphirous flashes : ô How *Lychorida* !  
How does my Queene ? then storme venomously,  
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe ? the sea-mans Whistle  
Is as a whisper in the cares of death  
Vnheard *Lychorida* ! *Lucina*, oh !  
Diuinest patroneesse, and my wife gentle  
To those that cry by night, conuey thy deitie  
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues  
Of my Queenes trauayles ? now *Lychorida*.

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Lychorida.*

*Lychor.* Heere is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:  
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

*Peri.* How? how *Lychorida*?

*Lycho.* Patience (good sir) do not asist the storme,  
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;  
A litle Daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you Gods!

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gyfts,  
And snatch them straight away? we heere below,  
Recall not what we giue, and therein may  
Vse honour with you.

*Lycho.* Patience (good sir) euen for this charge.

*Per.* Now mylde may be thy life,  
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for  
Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,  
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,  
Thou hast as chiding a natiuitie,  
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,  
To harould thee from the wombe:  
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can  
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere:  
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon't.

*Enter the Seylers.*

*1. Seyl.* What courage sir? God saue you.

*Per.* Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,  
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loue  
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

*1. Seyl.* Slake the bolins there, thou wilt not wilt thou:  
Blow and split thy selfe.

*2. Seyl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow  
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

E 2.

*1. Seyl.* Sir

*The Play of*

1. Sir your Queene must ouer board, the sea workes hie,  
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship  
Be cleard of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir, with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.  
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

*Per.* As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight:  
Most wretched Queene.

*Lychor.* Heere she lyes sir.

*Peri.* A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,  
No light, no fire, th'vnfriendly elements,  
Fergot thee vtterly, nor haue I time  
To giue thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight,  
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,  
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,  
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,  
And humming Water must orewelme thy corpes,  
Lying with siniple shels: ô *Lychorida*,  
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,  
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicanor*  
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe  
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee whiles I say  
A pricstly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chist beneath the hatches,  
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

*Peri.* I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are nere *Tbarsus*.

*Peri.* Thither gentle Mariner,  
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

*Peri.* O make for *Tbarsus*,

There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe  
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it  
At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,  
Ile bring the body presently.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Lord Cerymon with a servant.*

*Cery.* *Phylimon*, hoe.

*Enter Phylimon.*

*Phyl.* Doth my Lord call?

*Cery.* Get Fire and meat for these poore men,  
T'as been a turbulent and stormie night,

*Serv.* I haue been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I neare endured:

*Cery.* Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,  
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,  
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,  
And tell me how it workes.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1. Gent.* Good morrow.

*2. Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,

*Cery.* Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

*1. Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,  
Shooke as the earth did quake:

The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:  
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.

*2. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,  
T'is not our husbandry.

*Cery.* O you say well.

*1. Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship,  
Hauing rich tirc about you, should at these early howers,  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange  
Nature should be so conuersant with Paine,  
Being thereto not compelled.

*Cery.* I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,  
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;  
Carlesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend:  
But Immortalitie attendes the former,  
Making a man a god:

T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:  
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,  
E 3. I haue

*The Play of*

I haue together with my practize, made familiar,  
To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels  
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the  
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures,  
which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight  
Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or  
Tie my pleasure vp in silken Bagges,  
To please the Foole and Death.

*2. Gent.* Your honour has through *Ephesus*,  
Poured forth your charitie, and hundreds call themselves,  
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been restored;  
And not your knowledge, your personall payne,  
But euen your Purse still open, hath built *Lord Cerimon*.  
Such strong renowne, as time shall neuer.

*Enter two or three with a Chist.*

*Ser.* So, lift there.

*Cer.* What's that?

*Ser.* Sir, euen now did the sea toss vp vpon our shore  
This Chist; tis of some wracke.

*Cer.* Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

*2. Gent.* T'is like a Coffin, sir.

*Cer.* What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;  
Wrench it open straight :  
If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,  
T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

*2. Gent.* T'is so, my Lord.

*Cer.* How close tis caulkt & bottomed, did the sea cast it vp?

*Ser.* I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open soft, it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*2. Gent.* A delicate Odour.

*Cer.* As euer hit my nostrill : so, vp with it.  
Oh you most potent Gods ! what's here, a Corset?

*2. Gent.* Most strange.

*Cer.* Shrowded in Cloth of state, balm'd and entreaured  
with full bagges of Spices, a Passport to *Apello*, perfect mee  
in the Characters :

*Exeunt*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Heere I giue to vnderstand,  
If ere this Coffin drines aland;  
I King Pericles haue lost  
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:  
Who finds her, giue her burying,  
She was the Daughter of a King:  
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,  
The Gods request his charitie.*

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart,  
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

*2. Gen.* Most likely fir.

*Cer.* Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks  
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.  
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet,  
Death may vsurpe on Nature many howers, and yet  
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits:  
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,  
Who was by good applyaunce recouered.

*Enter one with Napkins and Fire.*

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and  
Wofull Musick that we haue, cause it to sound beseech you:  
The Violl once more; how thou stirr'st thou blocke?  
The Musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:  
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,  
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her,  
She hath not been entranc'd aboute fiew howers:  
See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

*1. Gen.* The Heauens, through you, encrease our wonder,  
And sets vp your fame for euer.

*Cer.* She is aliue, behold her ey-lids,  
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,  
The Diamonds of a most prayesd water doth appeare,  
To make the world twise rich, liue, and make vs weepe.  
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

*Shes m. nes.*

*Thai.* O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?  
What

### The Play of

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange? 1. *Gent.* Most rare.

*Ceri.* Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your hands,  
To the next Chamber heare her : get linnen:  
Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse  
Is mortall : come, come; and *Esculapins* guide vs.

*They carry her away. Exit owners.*

*Enter Pericles, Athanasus, with Cleon and Dioniso.*

*Per.* Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue  
months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a litigious peace:  
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnessse,  
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

*Cle.* Your shakes off fortune, though they hant you mor-  
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs. (tally)

*Di.* O your sweet Queene ! that the strict fates had pleas'd,  
you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her-

*Per.* We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;  
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,  
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Adriana*,  
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,  
Here I charge your charitie withall; leaving her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her  
Princely training, that she may be nianer'd as she is borne.

*Cle.* Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,  
That fed my Countrie with your Cornes, for which,  
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you, must in your child  
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,  
The common body by you relieu'd,  
Would force me to my duety : but if to that,  
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods reuenge it  
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

*Per.* I belecue you, your honour and your goodnes,  
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be married,  
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,  
All vnflisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,  
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue :  
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing vp my Child.

*Cer. I*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Dion.* I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours, my Lord.

*Peri.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cler.* Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath shore, then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest winds of heauen.

*Peri.* I will imbrace your offer, come deereft Madame, O not teares *Lichersda*, no teares, looke to your litle Miltris, on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

*Enter Cerimon, and Thaisa.*

*Cer.* Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels, Lay with you in your Coffe, which are at your command : Know you the Character?

*Tha.* It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remember, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliuered, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say : but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue toy.

*Cler.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake, *Dianaes* Temple is not distant farre, Where you may abide till your date expire, Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine, Shall there attend you.

*Thia.* My recompence is thanks, thats all, Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

*Enter Gower.*

Imagine *Pericles* attriude at *Tyre*,  
Welcomd and fetled to his owne desire:  
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,  
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votariffe.

F

New



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,  
Whom our fast growing scene must finde  
At *Tharfus*, and by *Cleon* trained  
In Mulicks letters, who hath gaind  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes hic both the art and place  
Of generall wonder: but alacke  
That monster Enuie oft the wracke  
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life  
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,  
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath  
One daughter and a full growne wench,  
Even right for marriage sight: this Maid  
Hight *Philo:en*: and it is said  
For certaine in our storie, shee  
Would euer with *Marina* bee.  
Beer when they weande the fleded filke,  
With fingers long, small, white as milke,  
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,  
The Cambricke which she made more sound  
By hurting it or when too'th Lute  
She sung, and made the night bed mute,  
That still records with mone, or when  
She would with rich and constant pen,  
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,  
This *Phyloten* contends in skill  
With absolute *Marsus*: so  
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow  
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets  
All prayses, which are paid as debts,  
And not as giuen, this so darkes  
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,  
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to read,  
*Le. herida* our nurse is dead,  
And cursed *Dioniza* hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath.  
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,  
I doe commend to your content,  
Onely I carried winged Time,  
Post one the lame feete of my rime,  
Which neuer could I so conuey,  
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way,  
*Dioniza* does appeare,  
With *Leonine* a murtherer,      *Exit.*

*Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to doe,  
tis but a blowe which neuer shall bee knowne, thou  
canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeelde  
thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but  
cold, in flaming, thy loue bosome, inflame too nicelie,  
nor let pittie which euen women haue cast off, melt thee,  
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will doe't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the Gods should haue her.  
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,  
Thou art resolute.

*Leon.* I am resolute.

*Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.*

*Marin.* No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe  
thy Greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple  
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vpon thy  
grauē, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,

F 2

home

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

borne in a tempest, when my mother did, this world to me  
is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now *Marina*, why doe you keep alone?  
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?  
Doe not consume your bloud with sorrowing,  
Hauē you a nurse of me? Lord how your fauours  
Changd with this vnprofitable woe:  
Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,  
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,  
And it perces and sharpenes the stomacke;  
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

*Mari.* No I pray you, Ile not because you of your scruple.

*Dion.* Come, come, I loue the king your father, and your  
selfe, with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect  
him here, when he shall come and, find our Paragon to all  
reports thus blasted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both  
my Lord and me, that we haue taken no care to your best  
courses, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe,  
referue that excellent complexion, which did steale the  
eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home a-  
lone.

*Mari.* Well, I will goe, but yet I haue no desire too it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe  
an houre *Leonine*, at the least, remember what I haue sed.

*Leon.* I warrant you Madam.

*Dion.* Ile leaue you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray  
walke softly, doe not heate your bloud, what, I must haue  
care of you.

*Mari.* My thanks sweete Madame, Is this wind Westerlie  
that blowes?

*Leon.* Southwest.

*Mari.* When I was borne the wind was North.

*Leon.* Wait so?

*Mari.* My father, as nuffe sea, did neuer feare, but cryed  
good

*Petisles Prince of Tyre.*

good sea-men so the Saylers, galling his kingly hands hal-  
ling ropes, and claspings to the Mast, endured a sea that al-  
most burst the decke.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mari.* When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde  
more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a can-  
uas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out ? and with a dropping in-  
dustrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine  
whistles, and the Maister calles and trebles their confusion,

*Leon.* Come say your prayers.

*Mari.* What meane you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it,  
pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of care,  
and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

*Mari.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfie my Ladie.

*Mari.* Why would shee haue mee kild now ? as I can re-  
member by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I  
neuer spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie liuing crea-  
ture: Beleeue me law, I neuer killd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Fly:  
I trode vpon a worme against my will, but I wept for it. How  
haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie  
profit, or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but  
doo't.

*Mari.* You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you  
are well fauoured, and your lookes foreshew you haue a  
gentle heart, I saw you latelic when you caught hurt in par-  
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do  
so now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and  
saue poore mee the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworne and will dispatch. *Enter Pirats.*

*Pirat. 1.* Hold villaine.

*Pirat. 2.* A prize, a prize.

*Pirat. 3.* Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue  
her

F 3

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

her aboard sodainly.

*Exit.*

*Enter Leonine.*

*Leon.* These rogueing theeves serue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue seizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but ile see further: perhappes they will but please themselues vpon her, not carrie her aboard, if shee remaine  
Whome they haue rauisht, must by mee be slaine.

*Exit.*

*Enter the three Bandes.*

*Pander. Boul.*

*Boul.* Sir.

*Pander.* Searche the market narrowly, *Mettelyne* is full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchlike.

*Band.* Wee were neuer so much out of Creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

*Pander.* Therefore lets haue fresh ones whateere wee pay for them, if there bee not a conscience to be vsde in euerie trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

*Band.* Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp some cleuer.

*Boul.* I to cleuen, and brought them downe againe, but shall I searche the market?

*Band.* What else man? the stuffe we haue, a strong winde will blowe it to peeces, they are so pittifully soduen.

*Pan-*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Pander.* Thou sayest true, ther's two vnwholesome a  
conscience, the poore *Transilunian* is dead that laye with  
the little baggadgc.

*Boul.* I, shee quickly poupt him, she made him roast-  
meate for wormes, but He goe searche the market.

*Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or foure thousande Checkins were as  
prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

*Bawd.* Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to  
get when wee are olde?

*Pand.* Oh our credite comes not in like the commo-  
ditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger:  
therefore if in our youtnes we could picke vp some prettie  
estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides  
the sore tearmes we stand vpon with the gods, wilbe strong  
with vs for giuing ore.

*Bawd.* Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

*Pand.* As well as wee, I, and better too, wee offende  
worfe, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling,  
but heere comes *Boul.*

*Enter Boul with the Pirates and Marina.*

*Boul.* Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a  
virgin.

*Sayler.* O Sir, wee doubt it not.

*Boul.* Master, I haue gone through for this peece you  
see, if you like her so, if not I haue lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* *Boul.* has shee anie qualities?

*Boul.* Shee has a good face, speaks well, and has ex-  
cellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessitie of qua-  
lities can make her be refus'd.

*Bawd.* What's her price *Boul*?

*Boul.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Bond.* I cannot be bated one dole of a thousand peeces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me my maisters, you shall have your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rude in her entertainment.

*Bond.* *Bond*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie, He that wil giue most shal haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue bene, get this done as I command you.

*Bond.* Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

*Mar.* Alacke that *Lemine* was so slacke, so slow, he should haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not orchoord thasowne me, for to seeke my mother.

*Bond.* Why lament you prettie one?

*Mar.* That I am prettie.

*Bond.* Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bond.* You are light into my hands, where you are likt to liue.

*Mar.* The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

*Bond.* I, and you shall liue in peasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bond.* Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall see well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your cares?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bond.* What would you haue mee be, and I bee not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bond.* Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

*Mar.* The Gods defend me.

*Bond.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Baud.* If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you vp: *Boults* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

*Boul.* I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

*Baud.* And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

*Boul.* Faith they listned to mee, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

*Baud.* We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

*Boul.* To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams?

*Baud.* Who, *Monsieur Verollus*?

*Boul.* I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

*Baud.* Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

*Boul.* Well, if we had of euerie Nation a trauceller, wee should lodge them with this signe.

*Baud.* Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vppon you, marke mee, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as yee doe, makes pittie in your Louers sel-dome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

*Mari.* I vnderstand you not.

*Boul.* Otake her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise.

G

*Mari.*



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Mari.* Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

*Boul.* Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse if I haue bargained for the ioynt.

*Band.* Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

*Boul.* I may so.

*Band.* Who should denie it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boul.* I by my faith, they shall not be chang'd yet.

*Band.* *Boul.*, spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner we haue, youle loose nothing by custome. When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the haruett out of thine owne report.

*Boul.* I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eccles as my giuing out her beautie thirs vp the lewdly enclined, He bring home some to night.

*Band.* Come your wayes, follow me.

*Mari.* If fires be hote, knives sharpe, or waters deepe, Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

*Diana* ayde my purpose.

*Band.* What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs?

*Exit.*

*Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.*

*Dion.* Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

*Cleon.* O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,  
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

*Dion.* I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

*Cl.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Cleon.* Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, I'de giue it to vndo the deepe. O Ladie much lette in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earth-ith Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too; if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say when noble *Pericles* shall demandaund his child?

*Dion.* That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, not euer to preserue, shee dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule play.

*Cle.* O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how cowardly a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdain my childe, and stode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Mariques* face, whilest ours was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. I pierst me thorow, and though you call my course vn-naturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heauens forgive it.

*Dion.* And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittering gold characters expre-

G 2

a gene-

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs at whose expence tis done.

*Cl.* Thou art like the Harpie,  
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with  
thine Eagles talents.

*Dion.* Yere like one that superstitiously,  
Doe swear too'th Gods, that Winter kills  
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle  
doe as I aduise.

*Gower.* Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,  
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and with but fort,  
Making to take our imagination,  
From bourne to bourne, region to region,  
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,  
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,  
Where our seanes seemes to liue,  
I doe beseech you  
To learne of me who stand with gappes  
To teach you.

The stages of our storie *Pericles*  
Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,  
To see his daughter all his liues delight.  
Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,  
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.  
Old *Escanes*, whom *Helicanus* late  
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.  
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds  
Haue brought  
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought  
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone  
Like moats and shadowes, see them  
Moue a while,  
Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

*Exit*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his trayne, Cleon and Dioniza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereas Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*

*Genr.* See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shewe,  
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe :  
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,  
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.  
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares  
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his hayres :  
Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,  
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.  
And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:  
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,  
Who withered in her spring of yeare :  
She was of Tyrrus the Kings daughter,  
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter.  
Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,  
Thetis being proud, swallowed some part at her earth :  
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,  
Hath Thetis byrth-childs on the beaumes bestowed.  
Wherefore shee does and sweares shee neuer stint,  
Make raging Battery upon shores of flint.*

No vizor does become blacke villanie,  
So well as soft and tender flatterie :  
Let *Pericles* belecue his daughter's dead,  
And beare his courses to be ordered ;  
By Lady *Fortune*, while our Steare must play,  
His daughters woe and heauie welladay.  
In her vnholie seruice : Patience then,  
And thinke you now are all in *Mistelin*.

*Exit.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1. Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

*G 3*

*Genr.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall doe in such a place as this, shee beeing once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. He doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

*Enter Bawdes 3.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shee had nere come heere.

*Bawd.* Fye, fye, vpon her, shee's able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must either get her rauished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe mee the kindenesse of our profession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her.

*Bowl.* Faith I must rauish her, or shee'le disfurnish vs of all our Caualerie, and make our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now the poxe vpon her Greene sicknes for mee.

*Bawd.* Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguised.

*Bowl.* Wee should haue both Lorde and Lowne, if the peeuish baggadage would but giue way to customers.

*Enter Lyfimachus.*

*Lyfim.* How now, how a douzen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now the Gods to bleis your Honour.

*Bowl.* I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

*Li.* You may, so t'is the better for you that your restorers stand vpon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniquitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and desie the Surgion?

*Bawd.* Wee haue heere one Sir, if shee would, but there

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

there neuer came her like in *Metelins*. (say.

*Li*. If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldst

*Bawd*. Your Honor knows what 'tis to say wel enough.

*Li*. Well, call forth, call forth.

*Bawd*. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

*Li*. What prithi?

*Bawd*. O Sir, I can be modest.

*Li*. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Bawd*. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is shee not a faire creature?

*Ly*. Faith shee would serue after a long voyage at Sea: Well theres for you, leaue vs.

*Bawd*. I beseeche your Honor giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done presently.

*Li*. I beseech you doe.

*Bawd*. First, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (note him.

*Mar*. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie

*Bawd*. Next hees the Gouvernor of this countrey, and a man whom I am bound too.

*Ma*. If he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable hee is in that, I knowe not.

*Bawd*. Pray you without anie more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will lyne your apron with gold.

*Ma*. What hee will doe gratiouly, I will thankfully receiue.

*Li*. Ha you done?

*Bawd*. My Lord shees not pac'fie yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes. (trade?

*Li*. Now prittie one, how long haue you bene at this.

*Ma*. What trade Sir?

*Li*. Why

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Li.* Why, I cannot name but I shall offend. *(name it)*

*Ma.* I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to

*Li.* How long haue you bene of this profession?

*Ma.* Ere since I can remember.

*Li.* Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester  
at five, or at scuen?

*Ma.* Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

*Ly.* Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to  
be a Creature of sale.

*Ma.* Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such  
resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honou-  
rable parts, and are the Gouverneur of this place.

*Li.* Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto  
you who I am?

*Ma.* Who is my principall?

*Li.* Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and  
rootes of shame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard something of my power, and so  
stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee  
prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else look  
friendly vpon thee, come bring me to some priuate place:  
Come, come.

*Ma.* If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put  
vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you  
worthie of it.

*Li.* How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

*Ma.* For me that am a maide, though most vngentle  
Fortune haue plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came,  
diseases haue beene solde dearer then Phisicke, that the  
gods would set me free from this vnhalowed place, though  
they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flies i'th  
purer ayre.

*Li.* I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well,  
nere drempt thou could'st, had I brought hither a cor-  
rupted minde, thy speeche had altered it, holde, heeres  
golde,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

golde for thee, persecuer in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

*Ma.* The good Gods preserve you.

*Li.* For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows saue vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curse vpon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou dost heare from me it shalbe for thy good.

*Boul.* I beseeche your Honor one peece for me.

*Li.* Anaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

*Boul.* How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peeuish chastitie, which is not worth a breakefast in the cheapest countrey vnder the coape, shall vndo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your

*Ma.* Whither would you haue mee? (wayes.

*Boul.* I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hāg-man shal execute it, come your way, weele haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

*Enter Bawdes.*

*Bawd.* How now, whats the matter?

*Boul.* Worse and worse mistris, shee has heere spoken holie words to the Lord *Lisimachus*.

*Bawd.* O abhominable.

*Boul.* He makes our profession as it were to stincke afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* *Marie* hang her vp for euer.

*Boul.* The Noble man would haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and shee sent him away as colde as a Snowe-ball, saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* *Boul.* take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginitie, and make the rest maliable.

H

*Boul.*



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Boul.* And if shee were a thornyer peece of ground then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

*Ma.* Harke, harke you Gods.

*Bowl.* She coniures away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemary & bays.

*Bowl.* Come mistris, come your way with mee.

*Ma.* Whither wilt thou haue mee?

*Bowl.* To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

*Ma.* Prithee tell mee one thing first.

*Bowl.* Come now your one thing.

*Ma.* What canst thou with thine enemy to be.

*Bowl.* Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or rather my mistris.

*Ma.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for which the painedst feende of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cutlerell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fisting of euery rogue, thy care is lyable, thy foode is such as hath bene belch't on by infected lungs.

*B.* What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? wher a man may serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

*Ma.* Doe any thing but this thou dost, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speak, wold owne a name too deere, that the gods wold safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other ventura, which he keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Citie will yeelde manie schollers.

*Bowl.*

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Bowls.* But can you teache all this you speake of?

*Ma.* Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe,  
And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

*Bowls.* Well I will see what I can doe for thee : if I can place thee I will.

*Ma.* But amongst honest woman.

*Bowls.* Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them,  
But since my matter and mistress hath bought you, theres  
no going but by their consent : therefore I will make them  
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall  
finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what  
I can, come your wayes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Marina* thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces  
Into an *Honest-house* our Storie sayes :  
Shee sings like one immortal, and shee daunces  
As Goddess-like to her admired laves. (See,  
Deepe clearks she dumb's, and with her neele compo-  
Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.  
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses  
Her Inckle, Silke Twine, with the rubied Chertie,  
That puples lackes she none of noble race,  
Who powre their bountie on her : and her gaine  
Shee giues the cursed Bawd, here wee her place,  
And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,  
Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,  
Where driuen before the windes, hee is arriu'd  
Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,  
Suppose him now at *Anchor* : the Citie striu'd  
God *Neptunes* *Amirall* feast to keepe, from whence  
*Lysimachus* our *Tyrian* Shippe spies,  
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

H 2

And

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

And to him in his Barge with former hys,  
In your supposing once more put your sight,  
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:  
Where what is done in action, more if might  
Shalbe discouerd, please you sit and harken. *Exit.*

*Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.*

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolue you,  
O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline* and  
in it is *Lyfmachus* the Gouvernour, who craues to come a-  
boord, what is your will?

*Helly.* That hee haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

*Helly.* Gentlemen there is some of worth would come  
aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

*Enter Lyfmachus.*

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would  
resolue you.

*Lyf.* Hayle reuerent Sir, the Gods preferue you.

*Helly.* And you to our hie the age I am, and die as I  
would doe.

*Ly.* You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of  
*Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessel ride before  
vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

*Helly.* First what is your place?

*Ly.* I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

*Helly.* Sir our vessel is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man,  
who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one,  
nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

*Ly.* Vpon what ground is his distemperature?

*Helly.* Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne  
griefe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter & a wife.

*Ly.* May wee not see him?

*Helly.*

*Petrels Prince of Tyre.*

*Hell.* You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, hee will not speake to any, yet let me obtaine my wiff.

*Lyd.* Behold him, this was a goodly person.

*Hell.* Till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

*Lyd.* Sir King all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall sir.

*Hell.* It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

*Lyd.* Sir we haue a maid in *Messling*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

*Lyd.* Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a hattie through his defend parts, which now are midway stoppt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leaue shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

*Hell.* Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse wee haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our golde we may prouision haue, wherein we are not destitute for want, but wearie for the Italianesse.

*Lyd.* O sir, a courtlesse, which if we should denie, the most iust God for euery grasse would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

*Hell.* Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am preuented.

*Lyd.* O hee's the Ladie that I sent for,  
Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

*Hell.* Shee's a gallant Ladie.

*Lyd.* Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde  
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish  
No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed;  
Faile on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,  
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

H 3

rf

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,  
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,  
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recoverie, provided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

*Lys.* Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

*Lys.* Marke he your Musicke?

*Mar.* No nor lookt on vs.

*Lys.* See she will speake to him.

*Mar.* Haile sir, my Lord lend care.

*Per.* Hum, ha.

*Mar.* I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieke might equall yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from arcestors, who stood equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

*Per.* My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you?

*Mar.* I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter  
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*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

ter might haue beene : My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch , as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Jewell-like, and caste as richly, in pace an other *Juno*. Who starues the eares shee feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues thera speech, Where doe you liue?

*Mar.* Where I am but a straunger; from the decke , you may discerne the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred? and howatchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

*Mar.* If I should tell my hystorie , it would seeme like lies disdained in the reporting.

*Per.* Prethee speake, falsheesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in; I wil belecue thee, & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede : what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was, when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discending.

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie , and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

*Mar.* Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy storic, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues , and smiling extremitie out of act , what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by mee.

*Mar.* My name is *Marina*.

*Per.* Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Mar.* Patience good sir: or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay he be patient: thou little know'st howe thou dost startle me to tall thy selfe *Marina*.

*Mar.* The name was given mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

*Per.* How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

*Mar.* You see you would belecue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and bloud?

Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore call'dst *Marina*?

*Mar.* Call'd *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

*Ph.* At sea, what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne; as my good Nurse *Lichas* hath oft deliuered weeping.

*Per.* O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame

That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall;

This cannot be my daughter, buried; well, where were you bred? He heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

*Mar.* For come, belecue me were best I did giue ore.

*Per.* I will belecue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer; yet giue me leave, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The King my father did in *Tharsus* loose me,

Till *Pericles* *Cleon* with his wicked wife,

Did seeke to murder me: and hauing woo'd a villaine,

To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,

A crew of Pirates came and rescued me,

Brought me to *Meteline*:

But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?

It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good sayth: I

am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoc

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Hel.* Hoe, *Helicanus*!

*Hel.* Calls my Lord?

*Per.* Thou art a graue and noble Counsellor,  
Most wisen generally, tell me if thou canst, what this mayde  
is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee  
weepe.

*Hel.* I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*,  
speakes nobly of her.

*Lys.* She neuer would tell her parentage,  
Being demaunded that she would sit still and weepe.

*Per.* Oh *Helicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a  
gash, put me to present paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ru-  
ſhing vpon me, ore-bear the ſhores of my mortalitie, and  
drowne me with their ſweetneſſe: Oh come hither,  
thou that begetſt him that did thee beget,  
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,  
And found at ſea again, O *Helicanus*,  
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud  
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina*.  
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that  
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,  
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

*Mar.* Friſt ſir, I pray what is your title?

*Per.* I am *Pericles of Tyre*; but tell mee now my  
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſayd,  
Thou haſt beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,  
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

*Ma.* Is it no more to be your daughter, then to ſay, my  
mothers name was *Thaiſa*? *Thaiſa* was my mother, who did  
end the minute I began.

*Pe.* Now bleſſing on thee, riſe th'art my child.  
Giue me freſh garments, mine owne *Helicanus*, ſhee is not  
dead at *Tharſus* as ſhee ſhould haue beene by ſavage *Cleon*;  
ſhe ſhall tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kneele, and iuſtifie in  
knowledge, ſhe is thy verie Princes; who is this?

I

*Hel.* Sir



*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Hel.* Sir, tis the gouernor of *Mitalino*, who hearing of your melancholic state, did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you, giue me my robes.  
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bleſſe my girle,  
But harke what Muſicke tell, *Helicanus* my *Marina*!  
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to doat:  
How, ſure you are my daughter; but what muſicke?

*Hel.* My Lord I heare none.

*Per.* None, the Muſicke of the *Spheres*, liſt my *Marina*.

*Lyſ.* It is not good to croſſe him, giue him way.

*Per.* Rareſt ſounds, do ye not heare?

*Lyſ.* Muſicke my Lord? I heare.

*Per.* Moſt heauenly Muſicke,  
It nips me vnto liſtning, and thicke ſlumber  
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

*Lyſ.* A Pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.  
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwere to my iuſt  
beliefe, Ile well remember you.

*Diana.*

*Dia.* My Temple ſtands in *Ephesus*;  
Hie thee thither, and doe vppon mine Altar ſacrifice;  
There when my maiden prieſts are met together, before the  
people all, reueale how thou at ſea didſt looſe thy wife; to  
mourne thy croſſes with thy daughters; call, & giue them  
repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-  
ueſt in woe: doo't, and happie, by my ſiluer bow, awake and  
tell thy dreame.

*Per.* Celeftiall *Dian*, Goddeſſe *Argentine*,  
I will obey thee: *Helicanus.* *Hell.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike  
The inhospitable *Cleon*; but I am for other ſeruiſe firſt;  
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne ſayles;  
Eſt ſoones Ile tell thee why, ſhall we reſtrefh vs fir vpon your  
ſhore, and giue you golde for ſuch prouiſion as our in-  
tents will neede?

*Lyſ.* Sir,

*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*

*Lys.* Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore,  
I haue another sleight.

*Per.* You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for  
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arme.

*Per.* Come my *Marina*.

*Exeunt.*

*Gower.* Now our lands are almost run,  
More a little, and then dum.  
This my last boone giue mee;  
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:  
That you aptly will suppose,  
What pageantry, what feasts, what shewes,  
What minstrells, and prettie din,  
The Regent made in *Metabu*,  
To greet the King, so he thriued,  
That he is promise to be wiued  
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,  
Till he had done his sacrifice.  
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,  
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.  
In fettherd briefes fens sayles are fild;  
And wishes fall out as they'r wild;  
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,  
Our King and all his companie.  
That he can hither come so soone,  
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

*Per.* Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command;  
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*;  
Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis* the  
faire *Thais*, at Sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a  
Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom, O Goddess, wear, yet thy  
silver lucrey shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at  
fourteene yeares he sought to murder, but her better I'ars  
I a brought

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

brought her to *Moselime*; gainst whose shore ryding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboard vs, where by her owne most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her selfe my Daughter.

*Th.* Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles*.

*Per.* What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

*Ceri.* Noble Sir, if you haue tolde *Dianass* Altar true, this is your wife?

*Per.* Reuerent appéarer, no, I throwe her ouer-board with these verie armes.

*Ce.* Vpon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* T'is most certaine.

*Cer.* Looke to the Ladie, O shee's bur' ouer-joyde; Earlie in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iowells, recovered her, and plac'te her heere in *Dianass* temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house, whither I inuite you; looke *Thaisa* is recovered.

*Th.* O let me looke if hee be none of mine; my fantastie will to my sense bende no licentious care, but curbe it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you spake, like him you are; did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

*Per.* The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

*Th.* That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

*Per.* I, mortall *Dian*.

*Th.* Now I knowe you better; when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gave you such a ring.

*Per.* This, this, no more, you geue, your presence kindness makes my past miseries sports; you shall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may suck, and no more be  
sore,

*Parish Priest of Tyre.*

*Secur.* O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

*McC.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

*Per.* Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

*Th.* Blest, and mine owne.

*Hell.* Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

*Th.* I knowe you not.

*Per.* You haue heard mee say, when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'd him off.

*Th.* 'Twas *Hellucanus* then.

*Per.* Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how possiblie preserued? and who to thanke (besides the gods) for this great miracle?

*Th.* Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue shoune their power, ~~that~~ can from first to last resolue you.

*Per.* Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer, more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

*Cer.* I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall he shew you all was found with her. How she came plac'd here in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure *Diana* blisse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaisa*, this Prince, the saide betrothed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pestopolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy matridge day, Ile beautife.

*Th.* Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

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*Per.* Heauen

*Pericles Prince of Tyre*

*Per.* Heavens make a Starre of him, yet there my  
Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptialls, and our selues  
will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne  
and daughter shall in *Tyre* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing stay,  
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

**FINIS.**

*Gower.*

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard  
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward  
In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter scene,  
Although assayl'd with *Fortune* fierce and keene.  
Vertue p'ferd from fell destructions blast,  
Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at last.

In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,  
A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie:  
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appears,  
The worth that learned charitie aye wears.

For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame  
Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name  
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,  
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:  
The gods for murder seemde so content,  
To punish, although not done, but meant.  
So on your Patience euermore attending,  
New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

**FINIS.**

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